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JACOB FAITHFUL

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*The Toms' bazarious mode of Rising in the World*



# JACOB FAITHFUL

BY

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

WITH TWELVE PLATES IN COLOUR

BY R. W. BUSS

AND

AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

BY GEORGE

SAINTSBURY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME ONE

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## INTRODUCTION

To say that Captain Marryat is forgotten nowadays would no doubt be excessive. He is reprinted—sometimes even in that singular form, betokening something between honour and dishonour, which used to be called Bowdlerising. Good critics do sometimes take notice of him : and, as they cannot help doing if they *are* good critics, make the notice favourable. There must still be a remnant of the Old Guard that thought of him something more than merely favourably. But help is probably still desirable to let him have the benefit of that slow but salutary reaction from a certain disease of the last thirty or forty years which seems at last to be taking place. The learned call this disease *Chthesophobia*,<sup>1</sup> or ‘horror of yesterday.’

The symptoms of this fell complaint have been various, but they have generally turned on an inability to recognise, as agreeable, or meritorious, or even tolerable, anything which does not display the features, submit to the conditions and meet the demands of the present day.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Some prefer *Chthizophobia*.

<sup>2</sup> What is getting really funny, if anything connected with the war could be, is that ‘pre-war’ seems to be something like ‘pre-Adamite’ to our brisker ones.

Marryat's ships are queer old hulks without so much as a steam—much less an oil—engine of the most rudimentary kind in them, and without any screws to hand except those one drives with screwdrivers. Instead of sinking each other not so much at sight as out of sight, they come close together and the crews indulge in vulgar 'rags' on each others' decks. The separation of classes is awful: and there is actually flogging of those who don't and, which is worse, of those who do deserve it. There is much too much rum drunk: though, by the way, Marryat himself is not very partial to rum. There is not so much as mention of a submarine or an aircraft-carrier. Turning to land matters, the boys fight at school—a disgusting habit. The girls, when they are ladies, are much too submissive to the men, and when they are not, display in the treatment of them the same undue 'class'-feelings which offended before. The technique is lamentable: and though there can hardly be said to be a deficiency of 'pattern,' it isn't the pattern we want and like. The 'values' are wrong.

All which, without any apologies to those who may have uttered it or who may have been influenced by it, is simply rubbish.

There might be some small danger in

attempting to cure it, get rid of it, or turn it to useful stuff by pointing out that even were all of it true, the books provide most interesting and trustworthy illustration of that wonderful naval effort which for a quarter of a century played *Britannia contra mundum* ; made it possible for the Army to win the last round of that game, and, as long as history is history, will be a more and more notable part of our English record. One could add that the social ‘illustration’ generally is not inconsiderable. But in the good old phrase we ‘have no care’ and need have no care to take this line, which is only one of several and often treacherous side-paths leading away from the highroad of literary criticism. ‘Are Marryat’s novels good novels?’—of their own class, of course—and ‘Is Marryat a good novelist?’, which, albeit most closely allied, is not a wholly identical question, though the difference is not quite the same as in that other pair which has puzzled some: ‘Is this a great piece of poetry?’ and ‘Is the author a great poet?’ One can, however, answer both cheerfully, ‘Yes! Marryat’s novel-romance-stories are good novel-romance-stories—very good sometimes; never or hardly ever very bad. And he is a good novelist-romancer-story-teller, though for the reason given in the last few

words, and perhaps for others, to be called so with certain qualifications and limitations.

The most important of these others we may perhaps take at once.

There are several touchstones, dividing-lines of good and bad, or whatever term be preferred—which affect novels ; but there is one of pre-eminent importance though common to the other kinds of ‘fiction’ or creation in the lower depth, that is to say drama, poetry which is not *merely* poetry, and (some would add) history. The question which best applies this test is, ‘Are the people in this story live people, and are the things done what live people would do?’ If the answer is ‘Yes,’ the book is saved offhand : though it may be placed in lower or higher divisions of the Heaven of human creations. If ‘No,’ it must be shut out, though of course again there are several—indeed many—mansions in the corresponding Inferno. Whether there is also a Purgatory for such books is a very subtle question which, fortunately, we need not discuss here. There *have*, however, been cases which suggested it ; while there have even been some suggesting both promotion from the mid region, and degradation to it. But they also are not for us.

It will be obvious to all but the meanest



capacity that the enemy will have a speedy demurrer to this. Perhaps he will say, 'But who is to be the judge of "liveness"? A person or thing may seem "live" to you because you were contemporary with it and not to us because we were not: and in the same way an actual life may seem not living to you because it has left you behind.' This is plausible: but the plausibility won't stand examination. The contents of literature are fortunately not limited to the actions and reactions of the longest single life: and our supposed judge can try his judicial powers on, in round numbers, the productions of certainly more than two thousand years, perhaps much more. Necessarily he will be able, having many more assistances, to feel modern incidents, actions and characters closer to him than ancient, and therefore clearer. But the 'certain vital marks' are quite distinguishable, in the very oldest examples, and (if they are there) should be distinguishable in the most modern. I venture to think that I can see the 'liveness,' the *different* liveness, of Circe and Calypso and Nausicaa, pretty clearly. If I did not see Dido too I should be the more generous in my estimate of Virgil. And so I do at intervals all through the ages even to the present day—when they are to be seen.

Guinevere is all right (I mean the original Guinevere of the French romances) and Lancelot. Except Pepys was there ever a greater autobiographer than Dante? There is hardly a not-live person in all Shakespeare's 'crowd,' as we may call it without descending to slang. Liveness indeed for a time took refuge in poetry and drama mainly. Is not Milton's Satan alive? Dryden's Melantha, though less brilliantly so than her spiritual daughter Millamant, is alive. As for the great eighteenth century novelists, even Richardson, though in an artificial sort of way, has liveness: and others show it in ascending measure to Fielding where it is simply in quintessence.

Towards the end of this century this liveness certainly began to die down again, a fact of which we have one most curious evidence in a single person, namely Fanny Burney who is quite alive in *Evelina* and able to contribute liveness but quite unable to do so in *The Wanderer*.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps a still more curious and almost uncanny piece of evidence to the same effect is the strange way in which such a creative faculty as Miss Austen's was actually held back—compelled as it were to keep its

<sup>1</sup> People I believe have 'taken up' as they are always doing, its heroine, 'the penetrated Juliet.' But she is quite hopeless.

## I N T R O D U C T I O N

‘childfuls of Life’ not ‘bodiless’ but ‘in the gloom’ till the nineteenth set them free. As for Scott he is perhaps the best touchstone of all : and he brings us up to Marryat’s own time : indeed they overlapped.

But it is of Marryat himself that we are to speak, and I certainly have not the least fear of his not being able to meet the test in himself and apply the counter-test to his readers. He died only a year or two after I was born : he reflected, I think, a rather older type of life than that contemporary with even his earlier books ; and (which is not perhaps quite irrelevant) though I was born in a port and have as a small boy lunched under the star of cutlasses in the gunroom (or whatever it was) of the *Victory*, I have all my life known very little of the navy or of maritime ways generally. But except when he transgresses into land ‘society’ where he never strikes one as being much at home, I find him and his alive almost everywhere—quite infinitely more alive than some later novelists and novels who and which date from times when I have been myself quite conversant with the very society they depict, or would depict if they could. It may be excusable—and indeed it is here my business—to work this out somewhat in detail.

Of his life there is no need to say much.

Anyone who wants the details may find them, not at too great length and told with excellent knowledge and sympathy, in my friend Mr. David Hannay's book. The naval part of it, if not of the longest and beginning too late for participation in any of the great Nelson fights, was meritorious and lively, starting with exceedingly active service under Cochrane in the north-western Mediterranean and ending, as far as the 'activity' was concerned, with some sharp business in Burmese rivers. The home part, of not quite twenty later years, was busy with literature, and with, for avocation, not very wise but very sailor-like expenditure of well-earned money on not so well-chosen matters. At the last of all he did some bookmaking, and indulged in some not too fortunate collaboration, but with that we need not have much to do. I will only say that *The Children of the New Forest* seems to me (not at all because I am a Hampshire man) to be a very good sort of children's book indeed. I remember reading it myself, with others of the most various kinds from Shakespeare to Mayne Reid and from *Robinson Crusoe* to Scott, and finding it not at all out of place in that well-varied menu. *The Little Savage* is less good, but not bad. But we should begin with the beginning, not the end.

# I N T R O D U C T I O N

*Frank Mildmay* or *The Naval Officer*, though not a very delectable book to read, is an exceedingly interesting one to study from our point of view. It is extraordinarily ‘matterful,’ as the late Dr. Grosart used to be fond of saying. From his own experiences under Donald and other captains, from the ‘yarns’ of comrades and from the *publica materies* of naval tradition and gossip, Marryat drew good stuff enough for two or three novels at least. But he had not as yet, or had very partially, perceived or mastered the immense difference between anecdotes told merely for their matter, and anecdotes wrought into the character and artistic presentation of special human beings, not merely acting for themselves but reacting on others. This again is at least partly due to, and more than partly connected with, the fact that there is only one character and that a pretty bad character in the book—Mr. Lieutenant and Commander Frank Mildmay himself, who, if not quite such an unmitigated young ruffian as Peregrine Pickle, is saved (to the small extent to which he *is* saved) chiefly by living half a century later ; and in whom this advantage is counterbalanced by a corresponding indulgence in very nauseous moralising, from which ‘Perry,’ to do him justice, is entirely free. One feels, to do

Marryat justice also, that he thought he was doing the proper thing when he made this naval officer deplore the moral lapses of a girl who, but for him, would probably not have morally lapsed at all ; whom he seduced, deserted and actually plundered. But one also feels that it would have been much nicer if he had *not* thought it the proper thing. And one sees the novice when, after a long sketch of by no means bad but more or less historical matter, he winds up with an ultra-melodramatic *dénouement* of discoveries, gambling, duels, unhappy deaths, and recommendations to people who go to Bordeaux to drink *vin de Beaune* ! How far ‘out of it’ he was at this time, the last item will enable almost any properly educated reader to see. Had he done that *at* Bordeaux, one smiles to think how the Bordelais would probably have revenged Eugenia on him.

Still, this first book has a peculiar interest of its own *as* a first book. Critics with a fair knowledge of general literary history, to back a pretty long experience of books coming fresh from the press also, know, or ought to know, some classifying points about these latter. If there are any instances of an utterly bad beginning turning to a good ending here I do not know them. Beginnings as yet



characterless may turn to splendid after-developments. Milton is almost one of these, and Shelley and Tennyson are quite two. Uncomfortably numerous, especially in novel-writing, are those which seem to shew a certain promise, never to be fulfilled. Innumerable, of course, are those which—what shall one say?—are like the beginnings of Milton and Shelley and Tennyson but are not in the least degree followed by followings similar to theirs. But *Frank Mildmay* belongs to none of these classes. It is a piece of quite genuine and (though it may be rash to say this when one was not present at its actual first appearance and did not read it till one was familiar with some at least of its best successors) obvious novice—or apprentice—work. The writer has both experience and invention of life ; he can tell a story ; and he can make if not characters, character-*parts*. But there is a sort of coarseness in him which may worsen into brutality, and a roughness which may draw near to ruffianism ; though he can tell a story, he does not know how to manage it ; he tries other things that he cannot manage, and he leaves the reader with rather a bad taste in his mouth.

Now Marryat evidently saw this, set to work to correct it, and did to a very great extent

succeed. He was always a little ruthless, which perhaps the traditions of the eighteenth century navy excused if they did not demand. Poor old Mr. Easy *had* to be got rid of, and the way of doing it probably hurt him very little. But there was not the slightest reason why we should be told anything at all about the end of that excellent 'super' Dr. Tod—or Tadpole in *Poor Jack*, and anyhow, it need not have been made perhaps the most painful of all—the actual and practical though unpoetic equivalent of the 'broken heart' of metaphor. Still it would hardly have done for the population of the *Arethusas* on the one side and the *Belles-Poules* on the other to be too tender-hearted. That he was aware of some of the faults of his *Naval Officer* is, I think, clear from the structure of *The King's Own*. He has tried several new dodges there. There is little or nothing of the dangerous suggestion of camouflaged autobiography, as perhaps there was before ; but there is quite open presentation of the captain of the *Ariadne*, to give the book a 'real' flavour at the beginning, while at the end the historic thrill of the destruction of the *Droits de L'homme* plays something of a similar part. He has, however, extra-melodramatised this by the poisoning of Seymour ; while a little earlier there is an even worse mixture—

this time of melodrama with ugly farce—in the other successful attempt to murder, followed by the horse-play with the murdered woman's heart. I believe the introduction of the great Fleet mutinies at the opening has pleased some people more than it does me ; but the privateer-smuggler business is not bad, and the off-cruise where Jerry and Seymour distinguish themselves is capital. It has not always been the case that editorship has been good for a man's own literary work ; but directly or indirectly his captaincy of the *Metropolitan Magazine* seems, no doubt partly because it came after these comparative failures, to have done Marryat a surprising deal of good. *Newton Forster*, his first contribution, may perhaps still be regarded as a trial piece—some people I know, though I do not, think it uninteresting, but it is much more faultless than either of its forerunners. And then in three years or a little more came his four best—*Peter Simple*, the present book, *Japhet in Search of a Father*, and *Mr. Midshipman Easy*.

Of praising and, what is not always the same thing, enjoying *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, there will, I hope, be no end with me till I myself end. It was given me as a birthday present (not, I am happy to say, in an expurgated copy) when I cannot have been much more than

eight, and I have read it at frequent intervals and with never-failing satisfaction till now when I am something more than eighty. It seems to me almost perfect of its kind. In the words of an old friend of mine on something else ‘there is nothing to omit and nothing to deplore.’ It is amusing all through, and there is also in it, and blowing over it all through, something which, if not ‘better than amusement,’ is unfortunately not always found where amusement is—a thoroughly clean, healthy, manly and gentlemanly spirit. By his own frank confession Mr. Jack Easy was not an expert theologian and not exactly first class in the higher parts of seamanship and navigation. But he never did a shabby thing, and as far as one can see never said (after his ‘Rights of Man’ stage) a silly one : he was prompt to punch anyone’s head who deserved it, and not in the least afraid of having his own punched in the process. Perhaps he drew rather freely on his papa ; but other people were welcome to a share of his drawings. I have heard from experts hints of doubt as to the Spanish he learnt at the Zaffarine Islands ; but the circumstances of his learning have to be considered. It may be urged that he ought to have had a sister for Gascoigne to marry ; but this deficiency was hardly his

fault. He must in his later days have made one of the best squires in Hampshire : and he had not been long enough in the navy to acquire some of those harmless, but sometimes slightly annoying, oddities which are occasionally displayed by retired men of both those services which Pacifists hate and good folk love. I should very much like to have known Jack : and I think I did once know a person of his later status who was not altogether unlike him, though very much older, and a soldier not a sailor in his earlier days.

The general public, I believe, have generally preferred *Peter Simple*, and the preference has got itself registered after the usual vague manner in the form of stock descriptions of it as his ' best ' book. Far be it from me to say a word against Peter as a whole :

I would we had upon our shelves  
Ten thousand good as he,

or even half a dozen, which is more within human and literary probability. But I should like the whole or almost the whole Privilege business (the incident of the wicked uncle's being checkmated in the matter of O'Brien's appointment is good) removed—and if, as it probably would, it took Peter's papa with it I should not mind. With this removal I

should have nothing but praise left for it though I should never like Peter quite so well as Jack and though he ought not to have had that fatal conversation with the gunner on the taffrail. For when one turns to the rest one is almost ashamed at having found any fault at all. Peter is great—much greater than his captain—on the sacredness of conversation between two gentlemen ; and he is, if not great, quite engagingly innocent and polite in his adventure with the ‘ nicely dressed young lady.’ Nor does he ever fail on board (the prison adventures, which are partly borrowed, are good but not so good). O’Brien is the jewel he ought to be throughout : and the captains (not least the great liar) and the lieutenants and the crews likewise. Peter’s pass-examination (a matter to which Marryat returns more than once) is well staged and spoken up to : and in fact the book is full of good things, not the least of them being Swinburne’s yarns. Céleste is of course shadowy—rather more so than Agnes, whose introduction scene at least is quite lively and almost adapted to the modern theatre. But she is at any rate a nice little girl, and no doubt did not become a nasty ‘ great ’ one as they called them then. When did ‘ great girl ’ go out ? I do not think it passed the mid-nineteenth century.



If we take *Japhet in Search of a Father* third in order (the exact chronological succession of the four does not matter) no doubt a certain falling off may have to be confessed: in fact it is the most unequal of all the group. Edgar Poe, of whose rather curious review of a later book of Marryat's we may have something to say presently, and who, as one of his countrymen, contemporaries and indeed colleagues said, had a monomania for detecting plagiarism, would probably have shaken his head over the copying in the title from Hannah More and her *Coelebs in Search of a Wife*: and no doubt, as we may ourselves see, Marryat did latterly rather tend to 'follow' on land if not on sea. But this matters here hardly anything at all. The earliest part, after *Japhet* had left the Foundling, is quite good, though (or rather partly because) it contains that tantalising personage the prophetess Aramathea Judd, of whom a really remarkable character might have been made, but of whom Marryat—either not recognising her possibilities or feeling himself unequal to them—makes us lose sight at a police station after a vulgar 'rag' of which itself we are only given a sort of 'headline' account. The subsequent adventures of the two boys with the gipsies are again not bad: but after this the book tails off a good

deal ; though the gambling Major is fair. Marryat's attempt to follow the fashionable novel of his day were never very happy,<sup>1</sup> and things do not get much better when he changes for a time to the melodramatic, and the ci-devant 'Melchior' gets murdered (for I suppose it was technically murder) in endeavouring to get somebody else murdered. The actual finding of the 'father,' however, is not badly managed, and the de-Quakerising of the Quaker damsel has its merits. Perhaps poor Mr. Cophagus need not have been killed : but there the old question of comparative ruthlessness, as in the other case of Mr. Easy *père*, comes in.

I believe *Jacob Faithful* has some pretensions to be at the top of the competition among Marryat's novels for favour of the 'best' kind. It has something like a prerogative vote—in the Latin rather than in the English sense—from Thackeray ; and if it has but little of the sea in which its author is novelist-Admiral, it seldom quits '*the river*,' which ranks next to 'the sea' at large as an English water. The present writer, however, who was brought up on Marryat, among others of the best things in books, never heard, till the present piece of welcome work was proposed to him, of a *Jacob*

<sup>1</sup> Nor is his satire on it in *Olla Podrida*.

‘plated’ by the part-illustrator of *Pickwick*,<sup>1</sup> or indeed of most of its companions receiving any elaborate decoration except Stanfield’s to *Poor Jack*. And the Captain came just a little though not entirely early for the system of publication in parts with pictures which Dickens established or re-established, and which he and Thackeray and Lever and Trollope made the cause of a real flourishing time of novel ‘illustration.’ In one way, of course, few novelists could be more fertile in ‘subjects’ than himself; though these subjects might be rather too much of one class. But *Jacob* is perhaps less open to this objection than some others, and it may not be impertinent to compare it a little with these others as well as to consider itself and Buss’s work on it.

It has sometimes been charged against Marryat that, when he had no actual fighting to season and light up his books, he was too apt to take to melodrama. We certainly here start with spontaneous combustion and end with a man saved from shooting when the

<sup>1</sup> The fact seems to be that a complete illustrated series was planned; that *Peter* was issued at first with uncoloured cuts, though a few coloured copies exist; that *Jacob* followed coloured; but that Marryat’s quarrel with Saunders and Otley prevented anything further.

order to fire is all but given ; while, earlier than the middle, we have the hero chucked overboard with every chance of being knocked on the head if he tried to get on board again. But none of these incidents is allowed too big a place ; and in particular Marryat was wiser than Dickens in not attempting any elaborate defence of the spontaneous combustion business.

Again, it may have been—and to go farther, probably has been—said that Marryat had better have left women out altogether, or kept himself to ‘ Susan on my knee ’ and the already mentioned ‘ young lady very nicely dressed ’ who got Peter sent on board. He obviously had the traditional sailors’ limitations in his knowledge of them ; though, oddly enough, he knew or imagined originals suggesting good working up, such as the prophetess in *Japhet*, also just mentioned, and that Eugenia in *Frank Mildmay* who, proper or improper, is so far in advance of her rather ruffianly lover. But Agnes and Céleste in his two chief books and Minnie in *Percival Keene* are little more than outline ; the heroine, if you can call her so, of *The King’s Own* is even less ; and as for Poor Jack’s first love, Janet Wilson, who makes a fool of him and nearly prevents him from making a happy man of himself, she is simply spoken of, and never

seen at all. Bessy in this last book and Sarah here are pleasant sensible girls and no doubt made capital wives, but that is all. Of Amine in *The Phantom Ship*, for whom some claims have been made, more later. Mary, the other heroine here, is, with the exception of Amine, by far his most elaborate and certainly his most successful sketch. Of course, she is an outrageous flirt, and one has a pretty shrewd idea that she was not likely to cease flirting, though she was also not likely to come to actual mischief. If she did it would probably be Tom's fault. Jacob is rather a prig with her after the very first : and the Dominie had himself quite as much as herself to blame if, in the circumstances, he let his heart get so very much the better of his head. Her own head seems, bar the excessive flirtatiousness, to have had an inside worthy of the out. I have always very much liked her speech to Jacob, ' You can't help thinking kindly of a girl you've kissed,' with its quite obvious and almost audible aside ' unless you're a brute as well as a prig.' But the fact is that Mary ought to have been in a station of life quite different from that in which she found herself. Her mother was admittedly a rather queer person ; one wonders—but let us not be scandalous.

The rest of the book requires no extensive criticism in detail, but should have a little, such criticism being, not as some moderns do seem vainly to think, an impertinent intrusion, but a comely salute and performance of ushership. Jacob himself, one sometimes fancies, is that not infrequent and nearly always interesting *persona* in which the author puts a good deal of himself, or his own idea of himself, with characteristics strikingly different to disguise this. He is certainly, to an excessive extent, *rancunier* against Mr. Drummond, and there is perhaps rather too much not quite 'sweet' reasonableness about him. But this was probably intended in part to set off and apologise for the opposites in Young Tom. I own, though this is perhaps not sweetly reasonable, that I should have liked both better if a slight proportion (not too much) of their respective attributes had been deducted from each and transferred to the other.

The inset of the wicked uncle and the kidnapped will is good ; that of Mrs. Turnbull and her follies less so. But a strong point in favour of the book, and one which, I should imagine, has had a great deal to do with its popularity, is the very considerable *variety* of its subjects, and their appeals. A kind of novelist who has been growing commoner



and commoner since Marryat's time could spin three or four books out of *Jacob*. And from this partly results freedom from that curse which did undoubtedly fall on the beloved 'old three-decker,' the frequent emptiness of its middle deck. The desert (to change the picture conveniently) of the second volume had to be overstepped, honestly or by skipping, by almost every novel reviewer between 1830 and 1890. There were three volumes of *Jacob Faithful*, but the second is not a desert at all. And though the run-in at the end of the third, to change the phrases again, is certainly a rush, there is nothing at all extravagant in it, however one may shake one's head over the future of Tom and Mary, and fail to be rapturously envious of that of Jacob and Sarah.

The *D.N.B.* describes Buss as not merely a book-illustrator but a painter of theatrical portraits and of historical and humorous subjects. He seems to have exhibited at the Royal Academy well within the time when my own habits of frequenting that institution began ; but I do not remember seeing anything of his. From the date of his birth he may very well have been a pupil of Gandish's, and I daresay his historical works were like those which Thackeray describes with so much

relish. If his theatrical portraits included actresses, I hope he was kinder to them than he is to Mary here. Sarah (in the Earthly Paradise at the end) is not ugly ; but her immunity is only achieved by conferring on her a Grecian profile of the hardest and least expressive or attractive type.

Women, however, as has been said, play but small part in Marryat's stories. Feminine beauty would therefore be a sort of bonus in illustrations to our author. In the directly required qualifications Buss was not ill provided. He may not have the draughtsmanship which has made technical critics pardon and more than pardon Cruikshank's revel in ugliness. He certainly has not Rowlandson's *brio*. He is unequal and extravagant. But he has plenty of the rollicking farce which, though it does not exhaust Marryat's appeal, at any rate forms part of it ; and he can sometimes be very effective in composition, if not also in single figures. The best thing here, it seems to me, is the scene in the Brentford Grammar school when the plot against Jacob is detected and punished. The Dominie there is really fine ; and the contrast of the wretched little usher slinking out of the room is almost as good. Very effective too is the picture of the

just averted tragedy brought about by Young Tom's idiotic practical joke, in hanging on to his hoisted father. Some of the wickeder of us may think Jacob's completed happiness, with the statuary-profiled Sarah and some dozen singularly ugly children crawling about, somewhat dubious ; and the idea of Captain Maclean standing and scowling like a deliberate caricature of a barn-stormer when he bids his crew to ' look in his face,' more dubious still. But the two scenes at the boat-repairing establishment—the one where Tom throws the cat at his mother (I never have been sure that Tom ought not to have been shot) and the other where the boat-arbour breaks down, are good of their kind. It is a very interesting and delicate question whether this consideration also saves the great convivial scene which was fatal to the Dominie's nose. On the other hand, there is no doubt about the poaching one ; it has some claims to be at least bracketed as best. In the frozen river tableau the extreme smallness of the figures hurts the effect, while Buss has not managed, as some painters have done, to prevent this by diffused effectiveness of the whole. And though I never saw an ox roasted, I do not think it would look like this. But that, we know, is sometimes held a merit.

On the whole, however, I think that Buss, if he has not quite illustrated *my* Marryat, has no doubt illustrated his, and that of his contemporaries, with probably a good deal of Marryat's own Marryat. And yet further, putting even this consideration aside, the things are interesting in themselves, wholly or partially. Even if Mary is ill-treated in the plate referred to above, the plate that goes with the singing of 'Love's Young Dream' (the undervaluation of Moore nowadays and for long past is really rather silly), makes some amends, and if the Dominie does not quite 'come off,' the thing is not wholly bad; while Jacob himself is perhaps more satisfactorily given than anywhere else.

Perhaps, for anyone who has been permitted by nature to mingle genuine with critical enjoyment, there is no book of Marryat's which gives his character as a novelist more obligingly than that which, if one remembers rightly, did so much good to, and was so ungraciously thanked for it by, Thomas Carlyle in one of the severest trials that an author has ever been subjected to. *Snarley-yow, or the Dog-Fiend*, is of course inferior as literature to the four which have been selected as Marryat's best. It is almost throughout an

example of what the Greek rhetoricians called *rhyparography*—coarse writing, or at least writing about coarse stuff which sometimes, as in the dog's-tail business, becomes disgusting. It sometimes also outrages probability if not possibility, in more than one detail as well as the total effect of the attempt of Vanslyperken's greater fiend of a mother to murder Smallbones. Its history (not an unimportant item) is more than once queer.

And yet, somehow or other, readers—even readers who are not fond of *rhyparography*, who cannot help reading critically, and to whom it is not even new—find themselves reading it again with interest from cover to cover. That this reading is to some extent, as in the case of *Poor Jack*, bribed by the inter-spersion of the songs, may be true. Some of these songs are of the very best of their kind. It would not be easy to beat 'Susan on my knee' or 'The Captain stood on the carronade.' But perhaps 'Port Admiral, you be d——d' is the pearl of greatest price. All the three ought to be illustrated, and all give charming subjects to accompany and point their verse-appeal. But the majesty of scene and action provided by Poll with her apron twisted round her arms, between the supporting but shivering figures of Bet and Sue (one's mind

glances to the happier Susan-on-the-knee poem) is unsurpassable.<sup>1</sup>

However, the songs come mostly (all these three do) early in the book, and their absence, though it would certainly lessen, would not destroy the pleasure it gives. The secret of this pleasure is that the man *can tell*.

Besides his display of the mysterious and invaluable gift so often displayed by the spinsters and the knitters in the sun, and so often missing in gentlemen who are acquainted with the very latest theories of novel-technique, there is something else to be noted in this book which is not quite so fully present in the quartet of 'firsts' themselves—at least in the two best of them, for both *Jacob* and *Japhet* have something. This is, if not exactly plot, something like plot—an end proposed, forwarded, and reached. In the present writer's favourite the only end except the printed 'finis' is that of poor old Mr. Easy, who has really little or nothing to do with the book after its beginning, except to pay Jack's drafts. The Privilege estate and peerage business may, for some readers, provide a story with an end ; but for my part I rather wish it wasn't

<sup>1</sup> People have a stupid habit of calling these things 'doggerel.' Doggerel is verse which takes liberties in prosody, and these take none.

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there, and to speak frankly, I don't believe Peter ever *was* Lord Privilege. Now Japhet does find his father, and Jacob is satisfactorily (and much more 'conformably' than in Peter's case) provided with plentiful coin, a pleasant wife and so forth, though the real story-end (one fears it was not an end at all) is that of Tom and Mary.

In *Snarley-yow* things are completely different from all these. The interwoven fates of this hell-hound and his more disgusting if less terrible master seize you at once, hold you throughout and only let you go when the fiend and the scoundrel have ceased kicking at their several yardarms. The re-appearances of Snarley-yow are extremely well managed, and combined with those of Smallbones in a really ingenious manner, while the humours of the crew and the Dutch widow are adjusted as relieving touches quite *secundum artem*. In everything but quality of substance it really would not be extravagant to call this Marryat's best book—from some modern points of view it probably is.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> And would be more so if the story of Nancy Corbett had been more fully worked out. Marryat is rather fond of or liable to these experiments in tantalising or confessions of inability. Compare the other Nancy in *The Poacher*.



Of Marryat as a short story-teller—his performances as such belong mainly to the period before his American journey—it is difficult to say much. I do not remember anything of his in this way which pleases me more than the story, in *The Pasha of Many Tales*, of the wind which was so strong that it blew a drowning man in ricochets from the crest of one wave to that of another, till the last landed him on the keel of a capsized boat and he was saved. There is really a great deal there that you can recommend to a friend: the great deal consisting of things of the most different kind, from the enormous audacity of the conception to the picture, not in the least impossible to the imagination, of its carrying out in fact. But this occupies only a few lines.<sup>1</sup> On the other hand, such a thing as the, in size and some other things fairly normal, *rencontre* which one finds oddly tucked in as a sort of make-weight with *The Poacher* is practically null. It tells of a lady who had broken her nose; who was on her way from France to England to get Liston to set it; and who very naturally kept her veil down when there were several men travelling with her. It is not at all unlikely to have been fact, more or less, but

<sup>1</sup> The wind was again kind to Marryat in "S.W. by W.  $\frac{3}{4}$  W." (*v. infra*).

not at all inordinately, embroidered. Unfortunately there is nothing or next to nothing in it, and it is not amusingly told.

Perhaps the best place to look for this and other miscellaneous work—much if not all of it the magazine matter, which he discusses as well as furnishes—is *Olla Podrida*. The bulk of it is indeed composed of a smaller ‘Continental’ Diary illustrating, like the bigger American one, his very odd notion of the meaning of that name. There are no doubt a few date-headed chapters or paragraphs here : and he refers now and then to ‘memoranda,’ but on the whole we meet the same sermons on texts, instead of jottings of particular experience, in both. And the whole is made in a manner to explain and justify the American adventure itself. He finds fault with the Continental governments, and so must go and see the Transatlantic.

Of the smaller pieces in the *Olla* by far the best are the first and the last. This last, ‘Moonshine,’ is a combined tale of niggers and smugglers—two divisions of humanity to which Marryat was eccentrically well disposed, and with which, perhaps in consequence, he usually succeeded. The other, entitled with sufficient unusualness ‘S.W. and by W.  $\frac{3}{4}$  W.,’ lives up to its challenge remarkably well. It

is half farce and half fairy tale of a kind which rather suggests German ways of the time, so different from this, when one expected to meet and did meet in things Teutonic the tones of Fouqué or even of *The Story without an End*. Its hero is a good-looking but nearly idiotic midshipman who gets into trouble about reporting the rather complicated wind described above, but is compensated till his death, and at it, by the Spirit of the Wind herself falling in love with him and giving him the most unequivocal proofs of her affection. If you are not twentieth century enough to find the thing preposterous it may possibly dawn on you that it is at least pretty. But the satirical-critical pieces on 'How to write' various kinds of novels, travels, etc., are not very strong. It is better to go straight to his own biggest (and *very* big) experiment in travel-writing, which, as it happened, makes something of a dividing line in the history of his whole literary product.

The *Diary in America* is a very curious book, though perhaps not, to the general reader, a very interesting one. The pages of the London Library copy do not look as if they had been often turned over, unless the fingers that turned them were unusually delicate. In the first place, it is not a 'Diary' in the usual sense at

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all, though it may have been based upon one, and the "remarks on Institutions" which (to be quite fair) are also mentioned on the title-page, almost constitute the six volumes, the greater part of which comes actually under general headings, 'Law,' 'Army,' 'Religion,' 'Education,' 'Slavery,' etc. Marryat was distinctly unlucky in his times and season, for he landed at New York in the midst of a financial 'crash' and during almost the whole of his sojourn the Canadian troubles were going on. In these he was much on our side of the frontier, and the actual share which, as a Queen's officer, he took, almost necessitated trouble on the other side. In fact, on more than one occasion, when he returned to Those States, he got into situations which, if Fear and he had not been utter strangers, might have been unpleasant. But for its immense length, and a kind of pillar-to-post wandering of treatment which is rather irritating—to which must be added a constant bickering with Harriet Martineau which is more irritating still—the book would be both pleasant and instructive.

There are passages in it which anticipate things written at this very moment, and every now and then there are others, especially those dealing with the Indians, which are history

and worth saving ; while, above all, it helps one to form an idea of its author which otherwise is anything but easy to make out. The official *Life* of him by his daughter Florence would give very little help if it were not for the letters it contains ; and these do not help very much. Mrs. Ross-Church was herself a voluminous novelist, and (from legends one has heard of her) a lady of attraction and character. But she was very young at her father's death ; it was some quarter of a century before she undertook his *Life* ; and she complains or confesses that documentary materials were by that time woefully wanting. Also, though he was intimate for years with people of whom we know a good deal—Dickens, Bulwer, Forster, Macready, and others ; though he seems to have been popular with those who knew him, we hear, unless I mistake, very little about him *from* them ; and there are strange gaps in the knowledge we have. From the American book, though perhaps not from that only, one sees or seems to see—what indeed the unamiable reader may say might be seen or seem to be seen about other people—that Marryat had desires, ambitions, ‘inklings,’ or whatever you like to call them, which his defects of education and the character of his early experience made

it impossible for him to carry out. There is certainly no need to be unhappy about this from the selfish point of view : for no alteration of the scheme of things in this direction could possibly have given us anything better than *Mr. Midshipman Easy* and *Peter Simple* ; or could even possibly have given us *them*, while it might probably have given nothing at all. But it is interesting to find him so little of a Captain Cutwater, with no ideas in his head except those connected with regions bounded by rudder, bowsprit, topgallant mast, and keel, prodigal of delight though the ideas actually connected with that region may have been to us. Let it only be added that, if there are things in his book which could not please American men, there is no ill-nature or ill-manners whatever, and that, from a very early page to the very last opportunity towards the end, the Captain is never tired of asserting that American girls are the prettiest in the whole world, with occasional italics to enforce his declaration. It is also pleasing, though sad now, to find in his pages the really poetical item that you might then distinguish the grave of a Virginian gentleman by the mint growing from his precedent juleps. The rose and briar of the ballad may have suggested this ; but they can still grow ; this no more.



In some ways Marryat may be said not to have made a bad thing out of his two years 'over there.' He seems to have quite enjoyed his experiences as a whole, though there are one or two sharp expressions ; he received sixteen hundred pounds for the *Diary*, a transaction which, it has been suggested, was probably not very lucrative to the publishers ; and he must have had more, though we do not know how much more, for the *Phantom Ship*, the whole of which seems to have been written abroad. This book has interested different people rather differently. I have myself never been able, either when I first read it in midway of life or now, to enjoy it much. I have no objection to its *diablerie*, or magic or whatever you may call its furbishing up the Legend of Vanderdecken. I admit that Amine the heroine is not merely the most ambitious but the most heroine-like of all Marryat's heroines. Her fate in the Inquisition does not of itself make me dislike the book ; for though I have no foolish contempt for happy endings I grant that unhappy ones can be made effective. But it seems to me on the whole *heavy*, and destitute of the 'liveness' of which we have talked. At the same time it is interesting as further evidence of what was said above in connection



with the *Diary* itself—that there was always more or less a kind of ‘quest’ in Marryat, or at least a temptation to questing. It is not his only historical novel or romance, for *Snarley-Yow* had been that in a way ; but it is his only romance in the sense in which that term is more generally used.

In *Poor Jack* he returned in another sense to England, home, and if not beauty such as he had found in America, the life on river if not on sea, which he knew so well and could tell of so vividly ; while here as in *Snarley-yow* he was rather prodigal of capital verse of the kind which some call doggerel, but which can be famously good *of* its kind. The ruffian is not very good ; Marryat was never good at ruffians except when he didn’t mean to make them such ; but nearly all the rest is excellent.

I am rather afraid of getting myself regarded as, if not a quack of anti-modernity, a hopeless crank of it, when I say that I put down *Masterman Ready* almost with Marryat’s best work and certainly as a most remarkable example of his extraordinary *naturalezza* when he had his hand thoroughly ‘in.’ ‘Why ! the thing is a mere suggestion from the *Swiss Family Robinson* !’ says the enemy. Of course it is : and that is part, though very far indeed from the whole, of the beauty of it. For a duller

thing than the supposed original—except for the riding on the ostrich (which I own I always wished to do in my earlier years) and the agreeable variation in liquor effected in the cocoanut milk—has never I think been put into the hands of defenceless childhood. I remember that about the same time when I rejected the Swiss thing with scorn, I rather enjoyed Eugénie Foa's mild but (like cocoanut milk in its inception) rather refreshing *Petit Robinson de Paris*. The other has in quintessence the dull stupidity which used at one time to be associated with some things German, though others were as different as possible. Of course the people who blame it for associating things not associable are as dull as itself. I should not have minded if not merely this insult to science had been committed, but the 'family' had discovered a tribe of leprechauns who were accustomed to work a quarry of the philosopher's stone and whose queen was as exceptionally charming as Youwarkee in *Peter Wilkins*. But the book is as dull as ditchwater and as heavy as Mr. Jingle's baggage. *Masterman Ready* is bright and light, and all that it according to any reasonable specification ought to be. Once more we may say that the sea has still been a refresher of such powers as he had.

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*Percival Keene* (in which this refresher has been once more constantly applied) has had hard measure in some competent quarters, but I have always had a certain kindness for it. Not for the hero, in whom we must, I fear, allow an unpleasant lapse or even relapse into something like the character of Frank Mildmay. It is not his fault that he is an illegitimate child, born and brought up under very unromantic circumstances ; and charity may excuse him as a most mischievous one—even, or perhaps especially, when he turns a catch-word (“ it’ll end in a blow-up ”) of his ruffianly Irish schoolmaster into a fact by setting fire to a collection of fireworks which the fellow has commandeered from his scholars and stowed in an empty case under his chair. Indeed one almost says *Macte virtute* then. But there is not much virtue about Percival. He discovers precociously, and more than precociously works on, his illegitimate relationship to his captain ; he himself has more than a touch of Frank Mildmay’s bad blood ; he is even snob enough to avoid, as below him, when he is rising in the service, a rather charming aunt—who as a girl has comforted and petted him as a child ; and when we leave him with a very nice wife, ‘ the name and arms of Delmar ’ and eight thousand a year

which he has not exactly stolen but worked himself into—we can't give him the other tag about *meruit* and *ferat*. But the book—the last but one of Marryat's mainly sea-books—recovers much of the freshness and liveness of his best efforts ; the explosion of the school-master at the beginning puts one—especially if one has known much of ' education ' from the inside—into a good humour, and there is an excellent sailor-man named Cross who comes in just after and continues till the very end. He is of the same type as Swinburne in *Peter*, though perhaps a little ' lower,' as is the tone of the whole book. Still, he is of the type also of God's and Mr. Baldwin's, if not perhaps exactly of Mr. Milton's, ' Englishmen,' and one is glad to shake hands with him and to thank his secondary creator. When I read this book again after some half-century's interval it was at once quite familiar and quite fresh. The fighting is plentiful and excellent.

A glance has already been given to the odd conjunction of Poe and Marryat—two writers as different in character as any you could find in the whole world of literature—through the American poet's review of *Joseph Rushbrook or The Poacher*. That it is a very unfavourable one was only to be expected. No American at that time had any particular reason to go

out of his way to be kind to the Captain, and there was much in him—putting ‘politics’ quite aside—which might excite that almost frantic rage with which Poe greeted Lever’s *Charles O’Malley* and its detestable ‘devilled kidneys.’ But undoubtedly the book is not a good book, and those ‘vital spirits’ which we have noted in its author’s best work not merely begin to ‘fail’ here, but, with the exception of a few flashes, fail altogether. It is true that the first part is the worst, being simply packed with uninteresting improbabilities. Shamming drunkenness is never very easy, but to make a practice of it on the nights when you are going out poaching and never be detected or ‘have things put together’ is rather too much. And that a boy of twelve should devise an elaborate scheme of running away, having so disposed things that it may seem as if he and not his father had fired a fatal shot, is (if one may be allowed or pardoned an irregular comparative) rather too *much*.

By way of rest and refreshment after some eighty pages of these enormous demands on credulity Marryat next treats his reader to a good many more of very weak Teaguary (as they might have called it in the eighteenth century) in conversation between two Irish half-pay officers, with a long visit to Russia which has

nothing more to do with the whole thing than one of the 'inset' stories of that same eighteenth century had to do with its encircling text. This and other adventures of the boy Joey are strung together by a hunt after him for the sake of the reward announced, when he has been committed for trial *in absentia*. There are certain similarities to *Poor Jack*; a girl no better than she should be who repents and whom Poe thought too like her namesake Nancy in *Oliver Twist*: a big fortune for Joey at the end after a narrow escape from transportation certainly, if not the gallows. In the middle of the book there is a long and unfortunately not so much wildly as dully improbable episode of a gentleman-tinker, who courts and marries an heiress. There is thus stuff enough and more than stuff enough in the book for a very lively story, but the liveliness is exactly what is wanting.

Something might have been made of the Magdalen (she actually calls herself after her repentance 'Mary') Nancy, who reminded us (*v. sup.*) not of Bill Sikes's victim but of that other of Marryat's own Nancies whose story is half told in *Snarley-yow*. But she is wasted on work that anybody could do, and on mere repentance—excellent for herself, no doubt, but not specially interesting to the general reader.



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Interest of course is not wanting to a particular kind of that reader—the rather inhuman kind who may be called the critical student. For him it is worth while to compare the book with *Percival Keene*, also a work of the declining years. For that goes back to the sea : and on the sea Marryat could never be wholly dead ; in *The Poacher* he is almost wholly so. Everybody knows, of course, or should know, that mere improbabilities, nay sheer impossibilities, need matter of themselves little or nothing in a novel. You do not only forgive them but you hardly notice them till you are familiar with the book and have leisure to attend to its minor details. But, in order to make you thus inattentive or thus forgiving at first, there must be the driving power which is only conferred or infused by very interesting incident or very live character. And as in life so in literature, the character need not be, though it may be, intricate and problematical. It must be *live*, according to its own scheme and schedule of liveness. Dukes and cooks, fairies and charwomen, saints and sinners, bookmen and illiterates, they can all be made to live, and they must be so made if the book is to live itself.

Unfortunately the actually last sea-book, *The Privateersman*, cannot be so well spoken of,



as it was possible, though with qualification, to speak of its last predecessor as such on the great scale. My friend Mr. Hannay may have been stern to Percival, he is simply just to Alexander the *brevet*-hero of this other book, who commits the almost unmentionable crime of deserting a woman when they are together in flight from pursuing Indians. It makes the matter worse not better, of course, that she has been a sort of Amazonian tyrant to him, although (or rather *and* that) she has at the same time coveted if not loved him. He was apparently impervious to the stings of salvation which Henry Kingsley has indicated in the famous words of his scoundrel Lord Welter, 'There are some things a fellow *can't* do.' And this is not all. Marryat had saddled himself with the too often crushing handicap-weight of apparent autobiography in some of his best books, and had come in a winner. Here it is altogether too much for him. Few things are odder, in the differential calculus of novel criticism, than the way in which the autobiographical form ceases to be drama and becomes mere *récit*.<sup>1</sup> It has become so here, and though there is adventure, fighting, and so forth all through the book, it communicates

<sup>1</sup> It suggests in an odd manner a more unsuccessful imitation of the most unsuccessful work of Defoe.

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no liveness. If it does not displace *The Poacher* from that uncomfortable position of 'last' which racing reports (I never quite knew why: does anybody bet on it?) cruelly and specially publish, it is because it attempts less. Both Mr. Hannay and Mr. Courtney have allowed it a slight recommendation to mercy as a document of its title-subject, but I do not find that much of a one.

As for *The Pirate and the Three Cutters* little more than mention is required. It has no great positive faults like the two just noticed, but its melodrama in the *Pirate* is a sort of enlarged replica of the pirate episode in *Percival Keene* and its farce in the *Cutters* is mainly Marryat's second or third best fun. I would rather read it again, though I have just done so, than either the *Poacher* or the *Privateersman*, but that is about all I can say.

To some readers (or skippers) it may seem that this examination of Marryat's actual work has been somewhat too extensive. But long and wide practice of my own in criticism, and rather exceptional acquaintance with the work of other critics both past and present, has convinced me that such examination is absolutely necessary in order to attain a really satisfactory result. It may be said, 'Yes: it should be made, but only the results should be

published.' That is perhaps the natural sentiment of a tabloid age, but it is a very unsound one. Superficial generalisations are perhaps not the least tempting things in criticism, but, like other tempting things, they are not the safest. And I think this examination may have shown that Marryat was something more than a mere retailer of naval yarns, though his sea stories are far above all his others and at the very top of their own kind.<sup>1</sup> The adventures of Peter and O'Brien in their escape have long been traced to actual records ; and just recently the very interesting experiences of a contemporary midshipman (published first in *Blackwood*) have been said to be origins likewise. I am not quite sure about this, for there must have been hundreds if not thousands of Peters and Jacks, not to say Franks and Percevals, about between 1790 and 1815. But every artist is entitled to his material : he need only contribute the skill in working it up.

Now the Navy richly deserved its artist and had hitherto lacked him. If Chaucer had given us a ' Shipman's Tale ' of the *métier* it would have been worth having, though from a certain famous line in the Prologue it might

<sup>1</sup> This is no challenge to partisans of Clark Russell or of the late Mr. Conrad. Their kinds are different. I certainly prefer Marryat to Fenimore Cooper.

have resembled unpleasantly in some parts the blacker incidents in Marryat's piratical melodramas. There is splendid stuff in the great Elizabethan time, and for my part I decline to agree with those naval expert friends of mine who tell me that the loss of the *Revenge* deserved a court-martial and (had he survived) the dismissal of Sir Richard from the service. But though people were beginning to write history in English they had not begun to write novels proper. Towards the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, Congreve and still more Charles Shadwell introduced sailors to dramas, but the stock sailor was rather like the stage Irishman. Defoe, contemporary with both, seems in his usual uncanny fashion to do more than he really does. There is a lot about ships in *Robinson Crusoe*, some in *Captain Singleton*, and a whole 'Voyage Round the World' in the book of that name with 'New' before it in the title. But it does not come to very much on the whole; and it has nothing or next to nothing to do with the Navy proper. Smollett, of course, almost opens the ball on that subject, if to rather jazz music. Fanny Burney's Captain Mirvan is not far from deserving some of the lashes which he had no doubt distributed liberally among his crews:

while, on the other hand, Miss Austen's sailors, though or because she was so closely connected with them, are the most sentimental, and to some out-and-out 'Janites' the least attractive of her characters. Scott hardly touches the sea, though Nanty Ewart has considerable possibilities, and Lieut. Taffril is a good super.<sup>1</sup> So Marryat had a pretty clear field as far as literature went : and such a collection of material as perhaps, fresh but not too fresh, subject for subject, nobody has ever had before and perhaps nobody will ever have again. The Navy had to a great extent worn off the squalor and the brutality which had clung to it so long : though no doubt cases like that of the *Hermione* were still possible. The system of 'press,' which Marryat disliked and which William IV disliked him for disliking, was not on the whole a pretty one ; but one rather fails to understand, on its own showing, why the men made it necessary. There was a great demand for novels ; there were ample and profitable ways and means of disposing of them ; the hour was there, and had only to find the man with powers to suit. It got him.

<sup>1</sup> Cleveland in the *Pirate* ought to be on the stage, and that much better fellow his lieutenant Bunce has avowedly come off it.

These powers were of course powers of no exceptionally 'highbrow' cast ; but they partook, as I have endeavoured to show in gross and in detail, of what is the central driving force of the novelist : and though this force was probably more or less exhausted at his death and had undoubtedly flagged some time before his death, this failing or flagging has no retrospective effect. You see the force in *Frank Mildmay* not yet in hand, and in *The King's Own* getting into hand rather imperfectly ; in *Newton Forster* working more evenly but rather less effectually and then sharing the fate of other kinds of life as they flourish and fade. I think I have seen the word 'autobiographic' applied, with or without a suspicion of depreciation not merely to *Frank Mildmay*, where it is certainly nearly unavoidable, but to the histories of Jack and Peter which though as certainly not without autobiographic touches, are different in substance. Now, of course, actual experience will help a novelist mightily ; and is almost of necessity found in the best novelists ; while want of it, as in the case of Richardson, will probably account to no small extent for shortcomings. We find it in Fielding and very specially in Smollett ; in Dickens and again very specially in Thackeray. But it is not the mere repro-



duction of autobiographic experience ; it is the working upon and of it that is needed : and that is what we find in Marryat's two best books as they have been ranked here, in all the best parts of his books everywhere.

Of plot he was no master : and oddly enough from one point of view, less so from another, there is more of it in his worst book, *The Poacher*, than anywhere else. The beginning and the end are here really, or at least might be, connected. But the middle is mere packing, not weaving. It is at the best "strung" by the chase after Joey, whose successive adventures might have happened to half a dozen different persons. The characters, too, are almost entirely external—sometimes actually labelled or ticketed by catch-words. The one most curious exception to this has been touched on more than once : but not the least part of its curiosity has yet to be noticed—that it is a sort of anticipation in reverse, failure, refusal, or whatever you like to call it, of one of the most modern of novel personages. Eugenia in *Frank Mildmay* ; Aramathea Judd in a slightly different order ; the two Nancys in *Snarley-yow* and *The Poacher*, are all no better than they should be, though Aramathea, as far as we are allowed to know, was spiritually rather than bodily improper.



The other three are more elaborate, but the dealings with them are uncertain and insufficient. If Marryat had been a modern novelist he would have combined them all, added to the combination a good deal of what he has actually given Mary in *Jacob*, but also added a very great deal else. Whether it would have been a success in the hands of a modern novelist one cannot say, and it is not necessary to guess ; that it would certainly not have been a success in any such hands as Marryat has shown is certain, and so he was no doubt wise not to try. What he could do with those hands he has also shown us : and ‘ while it was day ’—to borrow not the least great of phrases—he succeeded.

His character was, as admitted, always what is called external character and what has just been said practically implies that : but it was external character that was wanted. So in the third great novel-requisite of description the picturesque if not out of place would have been superfluous—a distinction by no means without a difference. Marryat has done some fair description of the regulation sort in his two diaries, and there are some striking bits elsewhere—especially that of the death trap at the desolate island in *Frank Mildmay* where the dog saves its master at the price of its own life, and at the same time shows the cause of

former fatalities, by mistaking the wet moss overhanging a cliff-edge for solid turf. But of that very different kind of description which deals with action he is a wonderful master. It is not merely experts who admire the club-hauling of the *Diomède* though it be more technical than fighting, and as for the fighting itself one could almost sit through a Pacifist lecture if one concentrated one's remembrance in abstraction over the battle of the *Aurore* and the Russian frigate in *Mr. Midshipman Easy*: the unlucky but this time really historical and autobiographical mistake over the Maltese privateer in *Frank Mildmay*; Willy Seymour's chucking of his hat in the French Captain's face in *The King's Own*, and even the quieter but still not unlively escape of the *Calliope* from the line-of-battleships, with the pretty boat-fighting for sauce, in *Percival Keene*.

So again of the fourth dimension—dialogue. Marryat here as elsewhere is not what the Greeks called a pancratiast. His funny talk is too often merely punny: and though puns are much better things than it is the fashion to think now, and has been the fashion to think before, you can have too much of them, and they do vary in merit. Nor is his 'society' talk very good; nor some other kinds. But when he has got, as remarked before, his hand

## I N T R O D U C T I O N

in, he 'can do it.' And this brings us naturally to the last, but far from the least interesting, division of the matter—the general question of Marryat's style. Criticism of it may be comfortably divided into the sacred three parts. There is the view expressed in its extremest form by Poe, in the review above referred to, that it is a bad style or no style at all. This shades down into a milder judgment that you wouldn't expect any style here, and it doesn't matter if there's none. And this again colours up into more of an approval, sometimes into frank declaration that at least at its best it is the very style for the purpose, the very spirit of the man ; and that so it hits both wings of the best definition of style itself. And as far as this last the present writer would certainly go.

If my memory does not deceive me, the light-of-love hero (not of course, Celadon) in the *Astrée*, reproached for adding a new lady to his list of beloveds, retorts that a particular place or niche was vacant in his heart and that this lady exactly fitted it. Now it seems to me that a hundred years ago a particular place was vacant in the hearts or heads of good novel-lovers and that Marryat just fitted it.

That should be enough to say.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.



JACOB FAITHFUL



# JACOB FAITHFUL

## CHAPTER I

My birth, parentage, and family pretensions—Unfortunately I prove to be a detrimental or younger son, which is remedied by a trifling accident—I hardly receive the first elements of science from my father, when the elements conspire against me, and I am left an orphan.

GENTLE reader, I was born upon the water—not upon the salt and angry ocean, but upon the fresh, and rapid-flowing river. It was in a floating sort of box, called a lighter, and upon the River Thames, at low water, that I first smelt the mud. This lighter was manned (an expression amounting to bullism, if not construed *kind-ly*) by my father, my mother, and your humble servant. My father had the sole charge—he was monarch of the deck ; my mother of course was queen, and I was the heir apparent.

Before I say one word about myself, allow me dutifully to describe my parents. First, then, I will portray my queen mother. Report says, that when first she came on board of the lighter, a lighter figure and a lighter step never pressed a plank ; but as far as I can tax my recollection, she was always a fat, unwieldy woman. Locomotion was not to her taste—gin was. She



seldom quitted the cabin—never quitted the lighter : a pair of shoes may have lasted her for five years, for the wear and tear that she took out of them. Being of this domestic habit, as all married women ought to be, she was always to be found when wanted ; but, although always at hand, she was not always on her feet. Towards the close of the day, she lay down upon her bed—a wise precaution when a person can no longer stand. The fact was, that my honoured mother, although her virtue was unimpeachable, was frequently seduced by liquor ; and although constant to my father, was debauched and to be found in bed with that insidious assailer of female uprightness—*gin*. The lighter, which might have been compared to another garden of Eden, of which my mother was the Eve, and my father the Adam to consort with, was entered by this serpent who tempted her ; and if she did not eat, she drank, which was even worse. At first, indeed—and I mention it to prove how the enemy always gains admittance under a specious form—she drank it only to keep the cold out of her stomach, which the humid atmosphere from the surrounding water appeared to warrant. My father took his pipe for the same reason ; but at the time that I was born, he smoked and she drank, from morning to night, because habit had rendered it almost necessary to their existence. The pipe was always to his lips, the glass incessantly to her's. I would have defied any cold ever to have penetrated into their stomachs ;—but I have said enough of my

mother for the present, I will now pass on to my father.

My father was a puffy, round-bellied, long-armed, little man, admirably calculated for his station in, or rather out of, society. He could manage a lighter, as well as any body ; but he could do no more. He had been brought up to it from his infancy. He went on shore for my mother, and came on board again—the only remarkable event in his life. His whole amusement was his pipe ; and, as there is a certain indefinable link between smoking and philosophy, my father, by dint of smoking, had become a perfect philosopher. It is no less strange than true, that we can puff away our cares with tobacco, when, without it, they remain an oppressive burthen to existence. There is no composing draught like the draught through the tube of a pipe. The savage warriors of North America enjoyed the blessing before we did ; and to the pipe is to be ascribed the wisdom of their councils, and the laconic delivery of their sentiments. It would be well introduced into our own legislative assembly. Ladies, indeed, would no longer peep down through the ventilator ; but we should have more sense and fewer words. It is also to tobacco that is to be ascribed the stoical firmness of those American warriors, who, satisfied with the pipe in their mouths, submitted with perfect indifference to the torture of their enemies. From the well-known virtues of this weed arose that peculiar expression, when you irritate another, that you ‘ put his pipe out.’

My father's pipe, literally and metaphorically, was never put out. He had a few apothegms which brought every disaster to a happy conclusion ; and, as he seldom or ever indulged in words, these sayings were deeply impressed upon my infant memory. One was, '*It's no use crying ; what's done can't be helped.*' When once these words escaped his lips, the subject was never renewed. Nothing appeared to move him : the adjurations of those employed in the other lighters, barges, vessels, and boats of every description, who were contending with us for the extra foot of water, as we drifted up or down with the tide, affected him not, further than an extra column or two of smoke rising from the bowl of his pipe. To my mother, he used but one expression, '*Take it coolly ;*' but it always had the contrary effect with my mother, as it put her more in a passion. It was like pouring oil upon flame ; nevertheless, the advice was good, had it ever been followed. Another favourite expression of my father's, when any thing went wrong, and which was of the same pattern as the rest of his philosophy, was, '*Better luck next time.*' These aphorisms were deeply impressed upon my memory. I continually called them to mind, and thus I became a philosopher long before my wise teeth were in embryo, or I had even shed the first set with which kind Nature presents us, that in the petticoat age we may fearlessly indulge in lollipop.

My father's education had been neglected. He could neither write nor read ; but although

he did not exactly, like Cadmus, invent letters, he had accustomed himself to certain hieroglyphics, generally speaking sufficient for his purposes, and what might be considered as an artificial memory. 'I can't write nor read, Jacob,' he would say, 'I wish I could ; but look, boy, I means this mark for three-quarters of a bushel. Mind you recollects it when I axes you, or I'll be blowed if I don't wallop you.' But it was only a case of peculiar difficulty which would require a new hieroglyphic, or extract such a long speech from my father. I was well acquainted with his usual scratches and dots, and having a good memory, could put him right when he was puzzled with some misshapen  $x$  or  $z$ , representing some unknown quantity, like the same letters in algebra.

I have said that I was heir apparent, but I did not say that I was the only child born to my father in his wedlock. My honoured mother had had two more children ; but the first, who was a girl, had been provided for by a fit of the measles ; and the second, my elder brother, by tumbling over the stern of the lighter when he was three years old. At the time of the accident, my mother had retired to her bed, a little the worse for liquor ; my father was on deck forward, leaning against the windlass, soberly smoking his evening pipe. 'What was that ?' exclaimed my father, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and listening : 'I shouldn't wonder if it wasn't Joe.' And my father put in his pipe again, and smoked away as before.

My father was correct in his surmises. It was

Joe—who had made the splash which roused him from his meditations, for the next morning Joe was nowhere to be found. He was, however, found some days afterwards ; but, as the newspapers say, and as may well be imagined, the ‘vital spark was extinct ;’ and moreover, the eels and chubs had eaten off his nose and a portion of his chubby face, so that, as my father said, ‘he was of no use to nobody.’ The morning after the accident, my father was up early and had missed poor little Joe. He went into the cabin, smoked his pipe, and said nothing. As my brother did not appear as usual for his breakfast, my mother called out for him in a harsh voice ; but Joe was out of hearing, and as mute as a fish. Joe opened not his mouth in reply, neither did my father. My mother then quitted the cabin, and walked round the lighter, looked into the dog-kennel to ascertain if he was asleep with the great mastiff—but Joe was no where to be found.

‘Why, what can have become of Joe ?’ cried my mother, with maternal alarm in her countenance, appealing to my father, as she hastened back to the cabin. My father spoke not, but taking his pipe out of his mouth, dropped the bowl of it in a perpendicular direction till it landed softly on the deck, then put it into his mouth again, and puffed mournfully. ‘Why, you don’t mean to say that he is overboard ?’ screamed my mother.

My father nodded his head, and puffed away at an accumulated rate. A torrent of tears, exclamations, and revilings, succeeded to this

characteristic announcement. My father allowed my mother to exhaust herself. By the time that she had finished, so was his pipe ; he then knocked out the ashes, and quietly observed, ‘ It’s no use crying ; what’s done can’t be helped,’ and proceeded to refill the bowl.

‘ Can’t be helped ! ’ cried my mother ; ‘ but it might have been helped.’

‘ Take it coolly,’ replied my father.

‘ Take it coolly ! ’ replied my mother in a rage—‘ take it coolly ! Yes, you’re for taking every thing coolly : I presume, if I fell overboard, you would be taking it coolly.’

‘ You would be taking it coolly, at all events,’ replied my imperturbable father.

‘ O dear ! O dear ! ’ cried my poor mother ; ‘ two poor children, and lost them both ! ’

‘ Better luck next time,’ rejoined my father ; ‘ so, Sall, say no more about it.’

My father continued for some time to smoke his pipe, and my mother to pipe her eye, until at last my father, who was really a kind-hearted man, rose from the chest upon which he was seated, went to the cupboard, poured out a tea-cup full of *gin*, and handed it to my mother. It was kindly done of him, and my mother was to be won by kindness. It was a pure offering in the spirit, and taken in the spirit in which it was offered. After a few repetitions, which were rendered necessary from its potency being diluted with her tears, grief and recollection were drowned together, and disappeared like two lovers who sink down entwined in each other’s arms.



With this beautiful metaphor, I shall wind up the episode of my unfortunate brother Joe.

It was about a year after the loss of my brother, that I was ushered into the world without any other assistants or spectators than my father and Dame Nature, who I believe to be a very clever midwife, if not interfered with. My father, who had some faint ideas of Christianity, performed the baptismal rites, by crossing me on the forehead with the end of his pipe, and calling me Jacob : as for my mother being churched, she had never been but once to church in her life. In fact, my father and mother never quitted the lighter, unless when the former was called out by the superintendent or proprietor, at the delivery or shipment of a cargo, or was once a month for a few minutes on shore to purchase necessities. I cannot recall much of my infancy : but I recollect that the lighter was often very brilliant with blue and red paint, and that my mother used to point it out to me as ‘so pretty,’ to keep me quiet. I shall therefore pass it over, and commence at the age of five years, at which early period I was of some little use to my father. Indeed, I was almost as forward as some boys at ten. This may appear strange ; but the fact is, that my ideas, although bounded, were concentrated. The lighter, its equipments, and its destination, were the microcosm of my infant imagination ; and my ideas and thoughts being directed to so few objects, these objects were deeply impressed, and their value fully under-





*Jacob's Christmas*



stood. Up to the time that I quitted the lighter, at eleven years old, the banks of the river were the boundaries of my speculations. I certainly comprehended something of the nature of trees and houses ; but I do not think that I was aware that the former *grew*. From the time that I could recollect them on the banks of the river, they appeared to be exactly of the same size as they were when first I saw them, and I asked no questions. But by the time that I was ten years old, I knew the name of every reach of the river, and every point—the depth of water, and the shallows, the drift of the current, and the ebb and flow of the tide itself. I was able to manage the lighter as it floated down with the tide ; for what I lacked in strength I made up with the dexterity arising from constant practice.

It was at the age of eleven years that a catastrophe took place which changed my prospects in life, and I must therefore say a little more about my father and mother, bringing up their history to that period. The propensity of my mother to ardent spirits had, as always is the case, greatly increased upon her, and her corpulence had increased in the same ratio. She was now a most unwieldy, bloated mountain of flesh, such a form as I have never since beheld, although, at the time, she did not appear to me to be disgusting, accustomed to witness imperceptibly her increase, and not seeing any other females, except at a distance. For the last two years she had seldom quitted her bed—certainly she did not crawl out of the cabin more than

five minutes during the week—indeed her obesity and habitual intoxication rendered her incapable. My father went on shore for a quarter of an hour once a month, to purchase gin, tobacco, red herrings, and decayed ship biscuit—the latter was my principal fare, except when I could catch a fish over the sides, as we lay at anchor. I was therefore a great water drinker, not altogether from choice, but from the salt nature of my food, and because my mother had still sense enough left to discern that ‘Gin wasn’t good for little boys.’ But a great change had taken place in my father. I was now left almost altogether in charge of the deck, my father seldom coming up except to assist me in shooting the bridges, or when it required more than my exertions to steer clear of the crowds of vessels which we encountered when between them. In fact, as I grew more capable, my father became more incapable, and passed most of his time in the cabin, assisting my mother in emptying the great stone bottle. The woman had prevailed upon the man, and now both were guilty in partaking of the forbidden fruit of the Juniper Tree. Such was the state of affairs in our little kingdom, when the catastrophe occurred which I am now about to relate.

One fine summer’s evening, we were floating up with the tide, deeply laden with coals, to be delivered at the proprietor’s wharf, some distance above Putney Bridge ; a strong breeze sprang up, and checked our progress, and we could not, as we expected, gain the wharf that

night. We were about a mile and a half above the bridge when the tide turned against us, and we dropped our anchor. My father, who, expecting to arrive that evening, had very unwillingly remained sober, waiting until the lighter had swung to the stream, and then saying to me, 'Remember Jacob, we must be at the wharf early to-morrow morning, so keep alive,' he went into the cabin to indulge in his potations, leaving me in possession of the deck, and also of my supper, which I never ate below, the little cabin being so unpleasantly close. Indeed, I took all my meals *al fresco*, and unless the nights were intensely cold, slept on deck, in the capacious dog-kennel abaft, which had once been tenanted by the large mastiff, but he had been dead some years, was thrown overboard, and, in all probability, had been converted into savory sausages at 1s. per pound. Some time after his decease, I had taken possession of his apartment and had performed his duty. I had finished my supper, which I washed down with a considerable portion of Thames water, for I always drank more when above the bridges, having an idea that it tasted more pure and fresh. I had walked forward and looked at the cable to see if all was right, and then having nothing more to do, I lay down on the deck, and indulged in the profound speculations of a boy of eleven years old. I was watching the stars above me, which twinkled faintly, and appeared to me ever and anon to be extinguished and then relighted. I was wondering what they could be made of,

and how they came there, when of a sudden I was interrupted in my reveries by a loud shriek, and perceived a strong smell of something burning. The shrieks were renewed again and again, and I had hardly time to get upon my legs when my father burst up from the cabin, rushed over the side of the lighter, and disappeared under the water. I caught a glimpse of his features as he passed me, and observed fright and intoxication blended together. I ran to the side where he had disappeared, but could see nothing but a few eddying circles as the tide rushed quickly past. For a few seconds I remained staggered and stupified at his sudden disappearance and evident death, but I was recalled to recollection by the smoke which encompassed me, and the shrieks of my mother, which were now fainter and fainter, and I hastened to her assistance.

A strong empyreumatic, thick smoke ascended from the hatchway of the cabin, and, as it had now fallen calm, it mounted straight up the air in a dense column. I attempted to go in, but so soon as I encountered the smoke, I found that it was impossible ; it would have suffocated me in half a minute. I did what most children would have done in such a situation of excitement and distress—I sat down and cried bitterly. In about ten minutes I removed my hands, with which I had covered up my face, and looked at the cabin hatch. The smoke had disappeared, and all was silent. I went to the hatchway, and although the smell



was still overpowering, I found that I could bear it. I descended the little ladder of three steps, and called ‘Mother,’ but there was no answer. The lamp fixed against the after bulk-head, with a glass before it, was still alight, and I could see plainly to every corner of the cabin. Nothing was burning—not even the curtains to my mother’s bed appeared to be singed. I was astonished—breathless with fear, with a trembling voice, I again called out ‘Mother.’ I remained more than a minute panting for breath, and then ventured to draw back the curtains of the bed—my mother was not there ! but there appeared to be a black mass in the centre of the bed. I put my hand fearfully upon it—it was a sort of unctuous, pitchy cinder. I screamed with horror, my little senses reeled,—I staggered from the cabin and fell down on the deck in a state amounting almost to insanity : it was followed by a sort of stupor, which lasted for many hours.

As the reader may be in some doubt as to the occasion of my mother’s death, I must inform him that she perished in that very peculiar and dreadful manner, which does sometimes, although rarely, occur, to those who indulge in an immoderate use of spirituous liquors. Cases of this kind do indeed present themselves but once in a century, but the occurrence of them is too well authenticated. She perished from what is termed *spontaneous combustion*, an inflammation of the gases generated from the spirits absorbed into the system. It is to be presumed that the flames issuing from my mother’s body,



J A C O B F A I T H F U L

completely frightened out of his senses my father, who had been drinking freely ; and thus did I lose both my parents, one by fire and the other by water, at one and the same time.

## CHAPTER II

I fulfil the last injunctions of my father, and I am embarked upon a new element—First bargain in my life very profitable, first parting with old friends very painful—First introduction into civilized life very unsatisfactory to all parties.

It was broad daylight when I awoke from my state of bodily and mental imbecility. For some time I could not recall to my mind all that had happened : the weight which pressed upon my feelings told me that it was something dreadful. At length, the cabin hatch, still open caught my eye ; I recalled all the horrors of the preceding evening, and recollected that I was left alone in the lighter. I got up and stood upon my feet in mute despair. I looked around me—the mist of the morning was hanging over the river, and the objects on shore were with difficulty to be distinguished. I was chilled from lying all night in the heavy dew, and perhaps still more from previous and extraordinary excitement. Venture to go down into the cabin I dare not. I had an indescribable awe, a degree of horror at what I had seen, that made it impossible ; still I was unsatisfied, and would have given worlds, if I had had them, to explain the mystery. I turned my eyes from the cabin hatch to the water, thought of my father, and then for more than half an hour watched the tide as it ran up, my mind in a

state of vacancy. As the sun rose, the mist gradually cleared away ; trees, houses, and green fields, other barges coming up with the tide, boats passing and repassing, the barking of dogs, the smoke issuing from the various chimneys, all broke upon me by degrees ; and I was recalled to the sense that I was in a busy world, and had my own task to perform. The last words of my father—and his injunctions had ever been a law to me—were, ‘ Mind Jacob, we must be up at the wharf early to-morrow morning.’ I prepared to obey him. Purchase the anchor I could not ; I therefore slipped the cable, lashing a broken sweep to the end of it, as a buoy rope, and once more the lighter was at the mercy of the stream, guided by a boy of eleven years old. In about two hours I was within a hundred yards of the wharf, and well in-shore. I hailed for assistance, and two men who were on board of the lighters moored at the wharf, pushed off in a skiff to know what it was that I wanted. I told them that I was alone in the lighter, without anchor or cable, and requested them to secure her. They came on board, and in a few minutes the lighter was safe alongside of the others. As soon as the lashings were passed, they interrogated me as to what had happened, but although the fulfilling of my father’s last injunctions had borne up my spirits, now that they were obeyed, a re-action took place. I could not answer them ; I threw myself down on the deck in a paroxysm of grief, and cried as if my heart would break.

The men, who were astonished not only at

my conduct, but at finding me alone in the lighter, went on shore to the clerk, and stated the circumstances. He returned with them, and would have interrogated me, but my paroxysm was not yet over, and my replies, broken by my sobs, were unintelligible. The clerk and two men went down into the cabin, returned hastily, and quitted the lighter. In about a quarter of an hour I was sent for, and conducted to the house of the proprietor—the first time in my life that I had ever put my foot on *terra firma*. I was led into the parlour, where I found the proprietor at breakfast with his wife and his daughter, a little girl nine years old. By this time I had recovered myself, and on being interrogated, told my story clearly and succinctly, while the big tears coursed each other down my dirty face.

‘How strange and how horrible!’ said the lady to her husband; ‘I cannot understand it even now.’

‘Nor can I; but still it is true, from what Johnson the clerk has witnessed.’

In the mean time my eyes were directed to every part of the room, which appeared to my ignorance as a Golconda of wealth and luxury. There were few things which I had seen before, but I had an innate idea that they were of value. The silver tea-pot, the hissing urn, the spoons, the pictures in their frames, every article of furniture, caught my wondering eye, and for a short time I had forgotten my father and my mother; but I was recalled from my musing speculations by the proprietor inquiring how

far I had brought the lighter without assistance.

‘Have you any friends, my poor boy?’ inquired the lady.

‘No.’

‘What! no relations on shore?’

‘I never was on shore before in my life.’

‘Do you know that you are a destitute orphan?’

‘What’s that?’

‘That you have no father or mother,’ said the little girl.

‘Well,’ replied I, in my father’s words, having no answer more appropriate, ‘it’s no use crying; what’s done can’t be helped.’

‘But what do you intend to do now?’ inquired the proprietor, looking hard at me after my previous answer.

‘Don’t know, I’m sure. Take it coolly,’ replied I, whimpering.

‘What a very odd child!’ observed the lady.

‘Is he aware of the extent of his misfortune?’

‘Better luck next time, missus,’ replied I, wiping my eyes with the back of my hand.

‘What strange answers from a child who has shown so much feeling,’ observed the proprietor to his wife. ‘What is your name?’

‘Jacob Faithful.’

‘Can you write or read?’

‘No,’ replied I, again using my father’s words: ‘No, I can’t; I wish I could.’

‘Very well, my poor boy, we’ll see what’s to be done,’ said the proprietor.

‘I know what’s to be done,’ rejoined I, ‘you

must send a couple of hands to get the anchor and cable, afore they cut the buoy adrift.'

'You are right, my lad, that must be done immediately,' said the proprietor; 'but now you had better go down with Sarah into the kitchen; cook will take care of you. Sarah, my love, take him down to cook.'

The little girl beckoned me to follow her. I was astonished at the length and variety of the *companion ladders*, for such I considered the stairs, and was at last landed below, when little Sarah, giving cook the injunction to take care of me, again tripped lightly up to her mother.

I found the signification of 'take care of any one,' very different on shore from what it was on the river, where taking care of you means getting out of your way, and giving you a wide berth; and I found the shore-reading much more agreeable. Cook did take care of me; she was a kind-hearted, fat woman, who melted at a tale of woe, although the fire made no impression on her. I not only beheld, but I devoured, such things as never before entered into my mouth or my imagination. Grief had not taken away my appetite. I stopped occasionally to cry a little, wiped my eyes, and sat down again. It was more than two hours before I laid down my knife, and not until strong symptoms of suffocation played round the regions of my trachea, did I cry out, 'hold, enough.' Somebody has made an epigram about the vast ideas which a miser's horse must have had of corn. I doubt, if such ideas were existent, whether they were at all equal to my

astonishment at a leg of mutton. I had never seen such a piece of meat before, and wondered if it were fresh or otherwise. After such refec-tion I naturally felt inclined to sleep ; in a few minutes I was snoring upon two chairs, cook having covered me up with her apron to keep away the flies. Thus was I fairly embarked upon an element new to me—my mother earth ; and it may be just as well to examine now into the capital I possessed for my novel enterprise. In person I was well looking ; I was well made, strong, and active. Of my habiliments the less said the better ; I had a pair of trowsers with no seat to them, but this defect when I stood up was hid by my jacket, composed of an old waistcoat of my father's, which reached down as low as the morning frocks worn in those days. A shirt of coarse duck, and a fur cap, which was as rough and ragged as if it had been the hide of a cat pulled to pieces by dogs, completed my attire. Shoes and stockings I had none ; these supernumerary appendages had never confined the action of my feet. My mental acquisitions were not much more valuable—they consisted of a tolerable knowledge of the depth of water, names of points and reaches, in the river Thames, all of which was not very available on dry land—of a few hieroglyphics of my father's, which, as the crier says, sometimes winding up his oration, were of ' no use to nobody but the owner.' Add to the above, the three favourite maxims of my taciturn father, which were indelibly imprinted upon my memory, and you have the whole inventory of my stock in trade.



These three maxims were, I may say, incorporated into my very system, so continually had they been quoted to me during my life ; and before I went to sleep that night, they were again conned over. ‘What’s done, can’t be helped,’ consoled me for the mishaps of my life ; ‘Better luck next time,’ made me look forward with hope ; and, ‘Take it coolly,’ was a subject of deep reflection, until I fell into a deep sleep, for I had sufficient penetration to observe, that my father had lost his life by not adhering to his own principles ; and this perception only rendered my belief in the infallibility of these maxims to be even still more stedfast.

I have stated what was my father’s legacy, and the reader will suppose that from the maternal side the acquisition was *nil*. Directly such was the case, but indirectly she proved a very good mother to me, and that was by the very extraordinary way in which she had quitted the world. Had she met with a common death, she would have been worth nothing. Burke himself would not have been able to dispose of her ; but dying as she did, her ashes were the source of wealth. The bed, with her remains, lying in the centre, even the curtains of the bed, were all brought on shore, and locked up in an outhouse. The coroner came down in a post-chaise and four, charged to the county ; the jury was empannelled, my evidence was taken, surgeons and apothecaries attended from far and near to give their opinions, and after much examination, much arguing, and much disagreement, the verdict was brought in that she

‘died by the visitation of God.’ As this, in other phraseology, implies that ‘God only knows how she died,’ it was agreed to *nem. con.*, and gave universal satisfaction. But the extraordinary circumstance was spread every where, with all due amplifications, and thousands flocked to the wharfinger’s yard to witness the effects of spontaneous combustion. The proprietor immediately perceived that he could avail himself of the public curiosity to my advantage. A plate, with some silver and gold, was placed at the foot of my poor mother’s flock mattress, with, ‘For the benefit of the orphan,’ in capital text, placarded above it ; and many were the shillings, half-crowns, and even larger sums, which were dropped into it by the spectators, who shuddered as they turned away from this awful specimen of the effects of habitual intoxication. For many days did the exhibition continue, during which time I was domiciled with the cook, who employed me in scouring her saucepans, and any other employment in which my slender services might be useful, little thinking at the time that my poor mother was holding her levee for my advantage. On the eleventh day the exhibition was closed, and I was summoned up stairs by the proprietor, whom I found in company with a little gentleman in black. This was a surgeon, who had offered a sum of money for my mother’s remains, bed and curtains, in a lot. The proprietor was willing to get rid of them in so advantageous a manner, but did not conceive that he was justified in taking this step, although

for my benefit, without first consulting me, as heir-at-law.

‘ Jacob,’ said he, ‘ this gentleman offers 20*l.*, which is a great deal of money, for the ashes of your poor mother. Have you any objection to let him have them ? ’

‘ What do you want ’em for ? ’ inquired I.

‘ I wish to keep them, and take great care of them,’ answered he.

‘ Well,’ replied I, after a little consideration, ‘ if you’ll take care of the old woman, you may have her,’—and the bargain was concluded. Singular that the first bargain I ever made in my life should be that of selling my own mother. The proceeds of the exhibition and sale amounted to 47*l.* odd, which the worthy proprietor of the lighter, after deducting for a suit of clothes, laid up for my use. Thus ends the history of my mother’s remains, which proved more valuable to me than ever she did when living. In her career she somewhat reversed the case of Semele, who was first visited in a shower of gold, and eventually perished in the fiery embraces of the god ; whereas my poor mother perished first by the same element, and the shower of gold descended to her only son. But this is easily explained. Semele was very lovely and did not drink gin—my mother was her complete antithesis.

When I was summoned to my master’s presence to arrange the contract with the surgeon, I had taken off the waistcoat which I wore as a garment over all, that I might be more at my ease in chopping some wood for the cook, and

the servant led me up at once, without giving me time to put it on. After I had given my consent, I turned away to go down stairs again, when having, as I before observed, no seat to my trowsers, the solution of continuity was observed by a little spaniel, who jumped from the sofa, and arriving at a certain distance, stood at bay, and barked most furiously at the exposure. He had been bred up among respectable people, and had never seen such an exposé. Mr. Drummond, the proprietor, observed the defect pointed out by the dog, and forthwith I was ordered to be suited with a new suit, certainly not before they were required. In twenty-four hours I was thrust into a new garment, by a bandy-legged tailor, assisted by my friend the cook, and turn or twist whichever way I pleased, decency was never violated. A new suit of clothes is generally an object of ambition, and flatters the vanity of young and old ; but with me it was far otherwise. Encumbered with my novel apparel, I experienced at once feelings of restraint and sorrow. My shoes hurt me, my worsted stockings irritated the skin, and as I had been accustomed to hereditarily succeed to my father's cast off skins, which were a world too wide for my shanks, having but few ideas, it appeared to me as if I had swelled out to the size of the clothes which I had been unaccustomed to wear, not that they had been reduced to my dimensions. I fancied myself a man, but was very much embarrassed with my manhood. Every step that I took I felt as if I was checked back by strings. I could not swing

my arms as I was wont to do, and tottered in my shoes like a rickety child. My old apparel had been consigned to the dust-hole by cook, and often during the day would I pass, casting a longing eye at it, wishing that I dare recover it, and exchange it for that which I wore. I knew the value of it, and like the magician in Aladdin's tale, would have offered new lamps for old ones, cheerfully submitting to ridicule, that I might have repossessed my treasure.

With the kitchen and its apparatus I was now quite at home ; but at every other part of the house and furniture I was completely puzzled. Every thing appeared to me foreign, strange, and unnatural, and Prince Le Boo or any other savage, never stared or wondered more than I did. Of most things I knew not the use, of many not even the names. I was literally a savage, but still a kind and docile one. The day after my new clothes had been put on, I was summoned into the parlour. Mr. Drummond and his wife surveyed me in my altered habiliments, and amused themselves at my awkwardness, at the same time that they admired my well-knit, compact, and straight figure, set off by a fit, in my opinion, much too strait. Their little daughter, Sarah, who often spoke to me, went up and whispered to her mother. ' You must ask papa,' was the reply. Another whisper, and a kiss, and Mr. Drummond told me that I should dine with them. In a few minutes I followed them into the dining-room, and for the first time I was seated to a repast which could boast of some of the



supernumerary comforts of civilized life. There I sat, perched on a chair, with my feet swinging close to the carpet, glowing with heat from the compression of my clothes, and the novelty of my situation, and all that was around me. Mr. Drummond helped me to some scalding soup, a silver spoon was put into my hand, which I twisted round and round, looking at my face reflected in miniature on its polish.

‘Now Jacob, you must eat the soup with the spoon,’ said little Sarah, laughing ; ‘we shall all be done. Be quick.’

‘Take it coolly,’ replied I, digging my spoon into the burning preparation, and tossing it into my mouth. It burst forth from my tortured throat in a diverging shower, accompanied with a howl of pain.

‘The poor boy has scalded his mouth,’ cried the lady, pouring out a tumbler of water.

‘It’s no use crying,’ replied I, blubbering with all my might, ‘what’s done can’t be helped.’

‘Better that you had not been helped,’ observed Mr. Drummond, wiping off his share of my liberal spargefication from his coat and waistcoat.

‘The poor boy has been shamefully neglected,’ observed the good-natured Mrs. Drummond. ‘Come, Jacob, sit down and try it again ; it will not burn you now.’

‘Better luck next time,’ said I, shoving in a portion of it, with a great deal of tremulous hesitation, and spilling one half of it in its transit. It was now cool, but I did not get on

very fast ; I held my spoon awry, and soiled my clothes.

Mrs. Drummond interfered, and kindly showed me how to proceed ; when Mr. Drummond said, ‘ Let the boy eat it after his own fashion, my dear—only be quick, Jacob, for we are waiting.’

‘ Then I see no good losing so much of it, taking it in tale,’ observed I, ‘ when I can ship it all in bulk in a minute.’ I laid down my spoon, and stooping my head, applied my mouth to the edge of the plate, and sucked the remainder down my throat without spilling a drop. I looked up for approbation, and was very much astounded to hear Mrs. Drummond quietly observe, ‘ That is not the way to eat soup.’

I made so many blunders during the meal, that little Sarah was in a continued roar of laughter ; and I felt so miserable, that I heartily wished myself again in my dog-kennel on board of the lighter, gnawing biscuit in all the happiness of content, and dignity of simplicity. For the first time I felt the pangs of humiliation. Ignorance is not always debasing. On board of the lighter, I was sufficient for myself, my company, and my duties. I felt an elasticity of mind, a respect for myself, and a consciousness of power, as the immense mass was guided through the waters by my single arm. There, without being able to analyze my feelings, I was a spirit guiding a little world ; and now at this table, and in company with rational and well-informed beings, I felt humiliated and de-



graded ; my heart was overflowing with shame, and at one unusual loud laugh of the little Sarah, the heaped up measure of my anguish overflowed, and I burst into a passion of tears. As I lay with my head upon the table-cloth, regardless of those decencies I had so much feared, and awake only to a deep sense of wounded pride, each sob coming from the very core of my heart, I felt a soft breathing warm upon my cheek, that caused me to look up timidly, and I beheld the glowing and beautiful face of little Sarah, her eyes filled with tears, looking so softly and beseechingly at me, that I felt at once I was of some value, and panted to be of more.

‘ I won’t laugh at you any more,’ said she ; ‘ so don’t cry, Jacob.’

‘ No more I will,’ replied I, cheering up. She remained standing by me, and I felt grateful. ‘ The first time I get a piece of wood,’ whispered I, ‘ I’ll cut you out a barge.’

‘ Oh, papa ! Jacob says he’ll cut me out a barge.’

‘ That boy has a heart,’ said Mr. Drummond to his wife.

‘ But will it swim, Jacob ? ’ inquired the little girl.

‘ Yes ; and if it’s *lopsided*, call me a lubber.’

‘ What’s lopsided, and what’s a lubber ? ’ replied Sarah.

‘ Why, don’t you know ? ’ cried I ; and I felt my confidence return, when I found that in this little instance I knew more than she did.

### CHAPTER III

I am sent to a charity school, where the boys do not consider charity as a part of *their* education—The peculiarities of the master, and the magical effects of a blow, of the nose—A disquisition upon the letter A, from which I find all my previous learning thrown away.

BEFORE I quitted the room, Sarah and I were in deep converse at the window, and Mr. and Mrs. Drummond employed likewise at the table. The result of the conversation between Sarah and me was the intimacy of children ; that of Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, that the sooner I was disposed of, the more it would be for my own advantage. Having some interest with the governors of a charity school near Brentford, Mr. Drummond lost no time in procuring me admission ; and before I had quite spoiled my new clothes, having worn them nearly three weeks, I was suited afresh in a formal attire—a long coat of pepper and salt, yellow leather-breeches tied at the knees, a worsted cap with a tuft on the top of it, stockings and shoes to match, and a large pewter plate upon my breast marked with No. 63, which, as I was the last entered boy, indicated the sum total of the school. It was with regret that I left the abode of the Drummonds, who did not think it advisable to wait for the completion of the barge, much to the annoyance of Miss Sarah and my-

self. I was conducted to the school by Mr. Drummond, and before we arrived met them all out walking. I was put into the ranks, received a little good advice from my worthy patron, who then walked away one way, while we walked another, looking like a regiment of yellow-thighed fieldfares straightened into human perpendiculars. Behold, then, the last scion of the Faithfuls, peppered, salted, and plated, that all the world might know that he was a charity-boy, and that there was charity in this world. But if heroes, kings, great and grave men, must yield to destiny, lighter-boys cannot be expected to escape ; and I was doomed to receive an education, board, lodging, raiment, etc., free, gratis, and for nothing.

Every society has its chief ; and I was about to observe that every circle has its centre, which certainly would have been true enough, but the comparison is of no use to me, as our circle had two centres, or, to follow up the first idea, had two chiefs—the chief schoolmaster, and the chief domestic—the chief masculine and the chief feminine—the chief with the ferula and the chief with the brimstone and treacle—the master and the matron, each of whom had their appendages—the one in the usher, the other in the assistant housemaid. But of this quartette, the master was not only the most important, but the most worthy of description ; and, as he will often appear in the pages of my narrative long after my education was complete, I shall be very particular in my description of Domine Dobiensis, as he delighted to be called, or

Dreary Dobbs, as his dutiful scholars delighted to call him. As, in our school, it was necessary that we should be instructed in reading, writing, and ciphering, the governors had selected the Domine as the most fitting person that had offered for the employment, because he had, in the first place, written a work that nobody could understand upon the Greek particles ; secondly, he had proved himself a great mathematician, having, it was said, squared the circle by algebraical false quantities, but would never show the operation for fear of losing the honour by treachery. He had also discovered as many errors in the demonstrations of Euclid, as ever did Joey Hume in army and navy estimates, and with as much benefit to the country at large. He was a man who breathed certainly in the present age, but the half of his life was spent in *antiquity*, or algebra. Once carried away by a problem, or a Greek reminiscence, he passed away, as it were, from his present existence, and every thing was unheeded. His body remained, and breathed on his desk, but his soul was absent. This peculiarity was well known to the boys, who used to say, ‘ Domine is in his dreams, and talks in his sleep.’

Domine Dobiensis left reading and writing to the usher, contrary to the regulations of the school, putting the boys, if possible, into mathematics, Latin, and Greek. The usher was not over competent to teach the two first ; the boys not over willing to learn the latter. The master was too clever, the usher too ignorant ; hence the scholars profited little. The Domine

was grave and irascible, but he possessed a fund of drollery and the kindest heart. His features could not laugh, but his trachea did. The chuckle rose no higher than the rings of the windpipe, and then it was vigorously thrust back again by the impulse of gravity into the region of his heart, and gladdened it with hidden mirth in its dark centre. The Domine loved a pun, whether it was let off in English, Greek, or Latin. The last two were made by nobody but himself, and not being understood, were of course relished by himself alone. But his love of a pun was a serious attachment : he loved it with a solemn affection—with him it was no laughing matter.

In person, Domine Dobiensis was above six feet, all bone and sinews. His face was long, and his lineaments large ; but his predominant feature was his nose, which, large as were the others, bore them down into insignificance. It was a prodigy—a ridicule ; but he consoled himself—Ovid was called Naso. It was not an aquiline nose, nor was it an aquiline nose reversed. It was not a nose snubbed at the extremity, gross, heavy, or carbuncled, or fluting. In all its magnitude of proportions, it was an intellectual nose. It was thin, horny, transparent, and sonorous. Its snuffle was consequential, and its sneeze oracular. The very sight of it was impressive ; its sound, when blown in school hours, was ominous. But the scholars loved the nose for the warning which it gave : like the rattle of the dreaded snake, which announces its presence, so did the nose

indicate to the scholars that they were to be on their guard. The Domine would attend to this world and its duties for an hour or two, and then forget his scholars and his school-room, while he took a journey into the world of Greek or algebra. Then, when he marked  $x, y$ , and  $z$ , in his calculations, the boys knew that he was safe, and their studies were neglected.

Reader, did you ever witness the magic effects of a drum in a small village, when the recruiting party, with many-coloured ribbons, rouse it up with the spirit-stirring tattoo? Matrons leave their domestic cares, and run to the cottage door; peeping over their shoulders, the maidens admire and fear. The shuffling clowns raise up their heads gradually, until they stand erect and proud; the slouch in the back is taken out, their heavy walk is changed to a firm, yet elastic tread; every muscle appears more braced, every nerve, by degrees, new strung; the blood circulates rapidly; pulses quicken, hearts throb, eyes brighten, and, as the martial sound pervades their rustic frames, the Cimons of the plough are converted, as if by magic, into incipient heroes for the field;—and all this is produced by beating the skin of the most gentle, most harmless animal of creation.

Not having at hand the simile synthetical we have resorted to the antithetical. The blowing of the Domine's nose produced the very contrary effect. It was a signal that he had returned from his intellectual journey, and was once more in his school-room—that the master had



finished with his  $x$ ,  $y$ ,  $z$ 's, and it was time for the scholars to mind their  $p$ 's and  $q$ 's. At this note of warning, like the minute roll among the troops, every one fell into his place ; half-munched apples were thrust into the first pocket, pop-guns disappeared, battles were left to be decided elsewhere—books were opened, and eyes directed to them—forms that were fidgetting and twisting in all directions, now took one regimental inclined position over the desks—silence was restored, order resumed her reign, and Mr. Knapps, the usher, who always availed himself of these interregnums, as well as the scholars, by deserting to the matron's room, warned by the well-known sound, hastened to the desk of toil ;—such were the astonishing effects of a blow from Domine Dobiensis' sonorous and peace-restoring nose.

'Jacob Faithful, draw near,' were the first words which struck upon my tympanum the next morning, when I had taken my seat at the farther end of the school-room. I rose and threaded my way through two lines of boys, who put out their legs to trip me up, in my passage through their ranks, and surmounting all difficulties, found myself within three feet of the master's high desk, or pulpit, from which he looked down upon me like the Olympian Jupiter upon mortals, in ancient time.

'Jacob Faithful, canst thou read ?'

'No, I can't,' replied I ; ' I wish I could.'

'A well-disposed answer, Jacob ; thy wishes shall be gratified. Knowest thou thine alphabet ?'



‘ I don’t know what that is.’

‘ Then thou knowest it not. Mr. Knapps shall forthwith instruct thee. Thou shalt forthwith go to Mr. Knapps, who inculcateth the rudiments. *Levior Puer*, lighter-boy, thou hast a *crafty* look.’ And then I heard a noise in his thorax that resembled the ‘ cluck cluck,’ when my poor mother poured the gin out of the great stone bottle.

‘ My little naviculator,’ continued he, ‘ thou art a weed washed on shore, one of Father Thames’ cast-up wrecks. “*Fluviorum rex Eridanus*.” [Cluck, cluck.] To thy studies ; be thyself—that is, be Faithful. Mr. Knapps, let the Cadmean art proceed forthwith.’ So saying, Domine Dobiensis thrust his large hand into his right coat pocket, in which he kept his snuff loose, and taking a large pinch (the major part of which, the stock being low, was composed of hairs and cotton abrasions, which had collected in the corner of his pocket), he called up the first class, while Mr. Knapps called me to my first lesson.

Mr. Knapps was a thin, hectic-looking young man, apparently nineteen or twenty years of age, very small in all his proportions, red ferret eyes, and without the least sign of incipient manhood ; but he was very savage nevertheless. Not being permitted to pummel the boys when the Domine was in the school-room, he played the tyrant most effectually when he was left commanding officer. The noise and hubbub certainly warranted his interference—the respect paid to him was positively *nil*. His

practice was to select the most glaring delinquent, and let fly his ruler at him, with immediate orders to bring it back. These orders were complied with for more than one reason ; in the first place, was the offender hit, he was glad that another should have his turn ; in the second, Mr. Knapps being a very bad shot, (never having drove a Kamschatsdale team of dogs,) he generally missed the one he aimed at, and hit some other, who, if he did not exactly deserve it at that moment, certainly did for previous, or would for subsequent, delinquencies. In the latter case, the ruler was brought back to him because there was no injury inflicted, although intended. However, be it as it may, the ruler was always returned to him, and thus did Mr. Knapps pelt the boys as if they were cocks on Shrove Tuesday, to the great risk of their heads and limbs. I have little further to say of Mr. Knapps, except that he wore a black shalloon loose coat ; on the left sleeve of which he wiped his pen, and upon the right, but too often, his ever-snivelling nose.

‘What is that, boy?’ said Mr. Knapps, pointing to the letter A.

I looked attentively, and recognising, as I thought, one of my father’s hieroglyphics, replied, ‘That’s half a bushel ;’ and I was certainly warranted in my supposition.

‘Half a bushel. You’re more than half a fool. That’s the letter A.’

‘No ; it’s half a bushel ; father told me so.’

‘Then your father was as big a fool as yourself.’

‘ Father knew what half a bushel was, and so do I : that’s half a bushel.’

‘ I tell you it’s the letter A,’ cried Mr. Knapps, in a rage.

‘ It’s half a bushel,’ replied I, doggedly. I persisted in my assertion, and Mr. Knapps, who dared not punish me while the Domine was present, descended his throne of one step, and led me up to the master.

‘ I can do nothing with this boy, sir,’ said he, as red as fire, ‘ he denies the first letter in the alphabet, and insists upon it that the letter A is not A, but half a bushel.’

‘ Dost thou, in thine ignorance, pretend to teach when thou comest here to learn, Jacob Faithful ? ’

‘ Father always told me that that thing there meant half a bushel.’

‘ Thy father might, perhaps, have used that letter to signify the measure which thou speakest of, in the same way as I, in my mathematics, use divers letters for known and unknown quantities ; but thou must forget that which thy father taught thee, and commence *de novo*. Dost thou understand ? ’

‘ No, I don’t.’

‘ Then, little Jacob, that represents the letter A, and whatever else Mr. Knapps may tell thee, thou wilt believe. Return, Jacob, and be docile.’

## CHAPTER IV

Sleight of hand at the expense of my feet—Filling a man's pockets as great an offence as picking them, and punished accordingly—A turn out, a turn up, and a turn in—Early impressions removed, and redundancy of feeling corrected by a spell of the rattan.

I DID not quit Mr. Knapps until I had run through the alphabet, and then returned to my place, that I might con it over at my leisure, puzzling myself with the strange complexity of forms, of which the alphabet was composed. I felt heated and annoyed by the constraint of my shoes, always an object of aversion from the time I had put them on. I drew my foot out of one, then out of the other, and thought no more of them for some time. In the meanwhile the boys next to me had passed them on with their feet to the others, and thus they were shuffled along until they were right up to the master's desk. I missed them, and perceiving that there was mirth at my expense, I narrowly and quietly watched up and down, until I perceived one of the head boys of the school, who sat nearest to the Domine, catch up one of my shoes, and, the Domine being then in an absent fit, drop it into his coat pocket. A short time afterwards he got up, went to Mr. Knapps, put a question to him, and while it was being answered, he dropped the other into the pocket

of the usher, and tittering to the other boys returned to his seat. I said nothing, but when the hours of school were over, the Domine looked at his watch, blew his nose, which made the whole of the boys pop up their heads like the clansmen of Rhoderick Dhu, when summoned by his horn, folded up his large pocket-handkerchief slowly and reverently, as if it were a banner, put it into his pocket, and uttered in a solemn tone, '*Tempus est ludendi.*' As this Latin phrase was used every day at the same hour, every boy in the school understood so much Latin. A rush from all the desks ensued, and amidst shouting, yelling, and leaping, every soul disappeared except myself, who remained fixed to my form. The Domine rose from his pulpit and descended, the usher did the same, and both approached me on their way to their respective apartments.

'Jacob Faithful, why still porest thou over thy book—didst thou not understand that the hours of recreation had arrived? Why risest thou not upon thy feet like the others?'

'Cause I've got no shoes.'

'And where are thy shoes, Jacob?'

'One's in your pocket,' replied I, 'and t'other's in his'n.'

Each party placed their hands behind, and felt the truth of the assertion.

'Expound, Jacob,' said the Domine, 'who hath done this?'

'The boy with the red hair, and a face picked all over with holes like the strainers in master's kitchen,' replied I.

‘ Mr. Knapps, it would be *infra dig.* on my part, and also on yours, to suffer this disrespect to pass unnoticed. Ring in the boys.’

The boys were rung in, and I was desired to point out the offender, which I immediately did, and who as stoutly denied the offence ; but he had abstracted my shoe-strings, and put them into his own shoes. I recognised them, and it was sufficient.

‘ Barnaby Bracegirdle,’ said the Domine, ‘ thou art convicted, not only of disrespect towards me and Mr. Knapps, but further, of the grievous sin of lying. Simon Swapps, let him be hoisted.’

He was hoisted ; his nether garments descended, and then the birch descended with all the vigour of the Domine’s muscular arm. Barnaby Bracegirdle showed every symptom of his disapproval of the measures taken ; but Simon Swapps held fast, and the Domine flogged fast. After a minute’s flagellation, Barnaby was let down, his yellow tights pulled up, and the boys dismissed. Barnaby’s face was red, but the antipodes were redder. The Domine departed, leaving us together, he adjusting his inexpressibles, I putting in my shoe-strings. By the time Barnaby had buttoned up and wiped his eyes, I had succeeded in standing in my shoes. There we were, *tête-à-tête*.

‘ Now, then,’ said Barnaby, holding one fist to my face, while, with the other open hand he rubbed behind, ‘ come out in the play-ground, Mr. *Cinderella*, and see if I don’t drub you within an inch of your life.’



‘It’s no use crying,’ said I, soothingly ; for I had not wished him to be flogged. ‘What’s done can’t be helped. Did it hurt you much?’

This intended consolation was taken for sarcasm. Barnaby stormed.

‘Take it coolly,’ observed I.

Barnaby waxed even more wrath.

‘Better luck next time,’ continued I, trying to soothe him.

Barnaby was outrageous—he shook his fist and ran into the play-ground, daring me to follow him. His threats had no weight with me ; not wishing to remain in-doors, I followed him in a minute or two, when I found him surrounded by the other boys, to whom he was in loud and vehement harangue.

‘Cinderella, where’s your glass slippers?’ cried the boys, as I made my appearance.

‘Come out, you water-rat,’ cried Barnaby : ‘you son of a cinder.’

‘Come out and fight him, or else you’re a coward,’ exclaimed the whole host, from No. 1 to No. 62, inclusive.

‘He has had beating enough already, to my mind,’ replied I ; ‘but he’d better not touch me—I can use my arms.’

A ring was formed, in the centre of which I found Barnaby and myself. He took off his clothes, and I did the same. He was much older and stronger than I, and knew something about fighting. One boy came forward as my second. Barnaby advanced and held out his hand, which I shook heartily, thinking it was



all over ; but immediately received a right and left on the face, which sent me reeling backwards. This was a complete mystery, but it raised my bile, and I returned it with interest. I was very strong in my arms, as may be supposed ; and I threw them about like sails of a windmill, never hitting straight out, but with semi-circular blows, which descended on or about his ears. On the contrary, his blows were all received straight-forward, and my nose and face were soon covered with blood. As I warmed with pain and rage, I flung about my arms at random, and Barnaby gave me a knock-down blow. I was picked up, and sat upon my second's knee, who whispered to me, as I spat the blood out of my mouth, 'Take it coolly, and make sure when you hit.'

My own—my father's maxim—coming from another, it struck with double force, and I never forgot it during the remainder of the fight. Again we were standing up face to face ; again I received it right and left, and returned it upon his right and left ear. Barnaby rushed in—I was down again.

'Better luck next time,' said I to my second, as cool as a cucumber.

A third and a fourth round succeeded, all apparently in Barnaby's favour, but really in mine. My face was beat to a mummy, but he was what is termed groggy, from the constant return of blows on the sides of the head. Again we stood up, panting and exhausted. Barnaby rushed at me, and I avoided him : before he could return to the attack, I had again planted

two severe blows upon his ears, and he reeled. He shook his head, and, with his fists in the attitude of defence, asked me whether I had had enough.

‘*He* has,’ said my second ; ‘stick to him now, Jacob, and you’ll beat him.’

I did stick to him ; three or four more blows applied to the same part, finished him, and he fell senseless on the ground.

‘You’ve settled him,’ said my second.

‘What’s done can’t be helped,’ replied I. ‘Is he dead?’

‘What’s all this?’ cried Mr. Knapps, pressing his way through the crowd, followed by the matron.

‘Barnaby and Cinderella having it out, sir,’ said one of the elder boys.

The matron, who had already taken a liking for me, because I was good looking, and because I had been recommended to her care by Mrs. Drummond, ran to me.

‘Well,’ says she, ‘if the Domine don’t punish that big brute for this, I’ll see whether I’m any body or not ;’ and taking me by the hand, she led me away. In the mean time Mr. Knapps surveyed Barnaby, who was still senseless, and desired the other boys to bring him in, and lay him on his bed. He breathed hard, but still remained senseless, and a surgeon was sent for, who found it necessary to bleed him copiously. He then, at the request of the matron, came to me ; my features were undistinguishable, but elsewhere I was all right. As I stripped he examined my arms.

‘It seemed strange,’ observed he, ‘that the bigger boy should be so severely punished ; but this boy’s arms are like little *sledge-hammers*. I recommend you,’ said he to the other boys, ‘not to fight with him, for some day or other he’ll kill one of you.’

This piece of advice was not forgotten by the other boys, and from that day I was the cock of the school. The name of Cinderella, given me by Barnaby, in ridicule of my mother’s death, was immediately abandoned, and I suffered no more persecution. It was the custom of the Domine, whenever two boys fought, to flog them both ; but, in this instance, it was not followed up, because I was not the aggressor, and my adversary narrowly escaped with his life. I was under the matron’s care for a week, and Barnaby under the surgeon’s hands for about the same time.

Neither was I less successful in my studies. I learnt rapidly after I had conquered the first rudiments ; but I had another difficulty to conquer, which was my habit of construing every thing according to my confined ideas ; the force of association had become so strong that I could not overcome it for a considerable length of time. Mr. Knapps continually complained of my being obstinate, when, in fact, I was anxious to please, as well as to learn. For instance, in spelling, the first syllable always produced the association with something connected with my former way of life. I recollect the Domine once, and only once, gave me a caning, about a fortnight after I went to the school.

I had been brought up by Mr. Knapps as contumelious.

‘Jacob Faithful, how is this? thine head is good, yet wilt thou refuse learning. Tell me now, what does *c-a-t* spell?’

It was the pitch-pipe to *cat-head*, and I answered accordingly.

‘Nay, Jacob, it spells *cat*; take care of thy head on the next reply. Understand me, head is not understood. Jacob, thy head is in jeopardy. Now, Jacob, what does *m-a-t* spell?’

‘*Chafing-mat*,’ replied I.

‘It spells mat only, silly boy; the chafing will be on my part directly. Now, Jacob, what does *d-o-g* spell?’

‘Dog-kennel.’

‘Dog, Jacob, without the kennel. Thou art very contumelious, and deservest to be rolled in the kennel. Now, Jacob, this is the last time that thou triflest with me, what does *h-a-t* spell?’

‘Fur-cap,’ replied I, after some hesitation.

‘Jacob, I feel the wrath rising within me, yet would I fain spare thee; if *h-a-t* spell fur-cap, pray advise me, what doth *c-a-p* spell then!’

‘*Capstern*.’

‘Indeed, Jacob, thy stern, as well as thy head, are in danger, and I suppose then *w-i-n-d* spells windlass, does it not?’

‘Yes, sir,’ replied I, pleased to find that he agreed with me.

‘Upon the same principle, what does *r-a-t* spell?’

‘*Rat*, sir, replied I.

‘Nay, Jacob, *r-a-t* must spell *rattan*, and as thou hast missed thine own mode of spelling, thou shalt not miss the cane.’ The Domine then applied it to my shoulders with considerable unction, much to the delight of Mr. Knapps, who thought the punishment was much too small for the offence. But I soon extricated myself from these associations, as my ideas extended, and was considered by the Domine as the cleverest boy in the school. Whether it were from natural intellect, or from my brain having lain fallow, as it were, for so many years, or probably from the two causes combined, I certainly learnt almost by instinct. I read my lesson once over, and threw my book aside, for I knew it all. I had not been six months at the school, before I discovered that, in a thousand instances, the affection of a father appeared towards me under the rough crust of the Domine. I think it was on the third day of the seventh month that I afforded him a day of triumph and warming of his heart, when he took me for the first time into his little study, and put the Latin Accidence into my hands. I learnt my first lesson in a quarter of an hour ; and I remember well how that unsmiling, grave man, looked into my smiling eyes, parting the chestnut curls, which the matron would not cut off, from my brows, and saying, *Bene fecisti, Jacobe*. Many times afterwards, when the lesson was over, he would fix his eyes upon me, fall back on his chair, and make me recount all I could remember of my former life, which was really nothing but a record of perceptions and

feelings. He *could* attend to *me*, and as I related some early and singular impression, some conjecture of what I saw yet could not comprehend, on the shore which I had never touched, he would rub his hands with enthusiasm, and exclaim, ‘ I have found a new book—an album, whereon I may write the deeds of heroes and the words of sages. *Carissime Jacobe !* how happy shall we be when we get into Virgil ! ’ I hardly need say that I loved him—I did so from my heart, and learnt with avidity to please him. I felt that I was of consequence—my confidence in myself was unbounded. I walked proudly, yet I was not vain. My school-fellows hated me, but they feared me as much for my own prowess as my interest with the master ; but still many were the bitter jibes and inuendoes which I was obliged to hear as I sat down with them to our meals. At other times I held communion with the Domine, the worthy old matron, and my books. We walked out every day, at first attended by Mr. Knapps the usher. The boys would not walk with me without they were ordered, and if ordered, most unwillingly. Yet I had given no cause of offence. The matron found it out, told the Domine, and ever after that, the Domine attended the boys, and led me by the hand.

This was of the greatest advantage to me, as he answered all my questions, which were not few, and each day I advanced in every variety of knowledge. Before I had been eighteen months at school, the Domine was unhappy without my company, and I was equally



anxious for his presence. He was a father to me, and I loved him as a son should love a father, and, as it will hereafter prove, he was my guide through life.

But although the victory over Barnaby Bracegirdle, and the idea of my prowess, procured me an enforced respect, still the Domine's goodwill towards me was the occasion of a settled hostility. Affront me, or attack me openly, they dare not ; but supported as the boys were by Mr. Knapps, the usher, who was equally jealous of my favour, and equally mean in spirit, they caballed to ruin me, if possible, in the good opinion of my master. Barnaby Bracegirdle had a talent for caricature, which was well known to all but the Domine. His first attempt against me was a caricature of my mother's death, in which she was represented as a lamp supplied from a gin-bottle, and giving flame out of her mouth. This was told to me, but I did not see it. It was given by Barnaby to Mr. Knapps, who highly commended it, and put it into his desk. After which, Barnaby made an oft-repeated caricature of the Domine with a vast nose, which he showed to the usher as *my* performance. The usher understood what Barnaby was at, and put it into his desk without comment. Several other ludicrous caricatures were made of the Domine, and of the matron, all of which were consigned to Mr. Knapps by the boys, as being the production of my pencil ; but this was not sufficient—it was necessary I should be more clearly identified. It so happened, that one evening,



when sitting with the Domine at my Latin, the matron and Mr. Knapps being in the adjoining room, the light, which had burnt close down, fell in the socket and went out. The Domine rose to get another ; the matron also got up to fetch away the candlestick with the same intent. They met in the dark, and ran their heads together pretty hard. As this event was only known to Mr. Knapps and myself, he communicated it to Barnaby, wondering whether I should not make it a subject of one of my caricatures. Barnaby took the hint ; in the course of a few hours, this caricature was added to the others. Mr. Knapps, to further his views, took an opportunity to mention with encomium my talent for drawing, adding that he had seen several of my performances. ‘The boy hath talent,’ replied the Domine ; ‘he is a rich mine, from which much precious metal is to be obtained.’

‘I hear that thou hast the talent of drawing, Jacob,’ said he to me, a day or two afterwards.

‘I never had in my life, sir,’ replied I.

‘Nay, Jacob ; I like modesty, but modesty should never lead to a denial of the truth. Remember, Jacob, that thou do not repeat the fault.’

I made no answer, as I felt convinced that I was not in fault ; but that evening I requested the Domine to lend me a pencil, as I wished to try and draw. For some days, various scraps of my performance were produced, and received commendation. ‘The boy draweth well,’ observed the Domine to Mr. Knapps, as

he examined my performance through his spectacles.

‘Why should he have denied his being able to draw?’ observed the usher.

‘It was a fault arising from modesty or want of confidence—even a virtue, carried to excess, may lead us into error.’

The next attempt of Barnaby was to obtain the Cornelius Nepos, which I then studied. This was effected by Mr. Knapps, who took it out of the Domine’s study, and put it into Barnaby’s possession, who drew on the fly-leaf, on which was my name, a caricature head of the Domine; and under my own name, which I had written on the leaf, added, in my hand, *fecit*, so that it appeared, Jacob Faithful *fecit*. Having done this, the leaf was torn out of the book, and consigned to the usher with the rest. The plot was now ripe; and the explosion soon ensued. Mr. Knapps told the Domine that I drew caricatures of my school-fellows. The Domine taxed me, and I denied it. ‘So you denied drawing,’ observed the usher.

A few days passed away, when Mr. Knapps informed the Domine that I had been caricaturing him and Mrs. Bately, the matron, and that he had proofs of it. I had then gone to bed; the Domine was much surprised, and thought it impossible that I could be so ungrateful. Mr. Knapps said that he should make the charge openly, and prove it the next morning in the school-room; and wound up the wrong by describing me, in several points, as a cunning, good-for-nothing, although clever boy.

## CHAPTER V

Mr. Knapps thinks to catch me napping, but the plot is discovered, and Barnaby Bracegirdle is obliged to loosen his braces for the second time on my account—Drawing caricatures ends in drawing blood—The usher is ushered out of the school, and I am very nearly ushered into the next world, but instead of being bound on so long a journey, I am bound ‘prentice to a waterman.’

IGNORANT of what had passed, I slept soundly ; and the next morning found the matron very grave with me, which I could not comprehend. The Domine also took no notice of my morning salute : but supposing him to be rapt in Euclid at the time, I thought little of it. The breakfast passed over, and the bell rang for school. We were all assembled ; the Domine walked in with a very magisterial air, followed by Mr. Knapps, who, instead of parting company when he arrived at his own desk, continued his course with the Domine to his pulpit. We all knew that there was something in the wind ; but of all, perhaps, I was the least alarmed. The Domine unfolded his large handkerchief, waved it, and blew his nose and the school into profound silence. ‘Jacob Faithful, draw near,’ said he, in a tone which proved that the affair was serious. I drew near, wondering. ‘Thou hast been accused by Mr. Knapps of caricaturing, and holding up to the ridicule of the

school, me—thy master. Upon any other boy, such disrespect should be visited severely ; but from thee, Jacob, I must add, in the words of Cæsar, ‘ *et tu Brute,*’ I expected, I had a right to expect, otherwise. *In se animi ingrati crimen vitia omnia condit.* Thou understandest me, Jacob—guilty, or not guilty ?’

‘ Not guilty, sir,’ replied I, firmly.

‘ He pleadeth not guilty, Mr. Knapps : proceed, then, to prove thy charge.’

Mr. Knapps then went to his desk, and brought out the drawings with which he had been supplied by Barnaby Bracegirdle and the other boys. ‘ These drawings, sir, which you will please to look over, have been all given up to me as the performance of Jacob Faithful. At first, I could not believe it to be true ; but you will perceive at once, that they are all by the same hand.’

‘ That I acknowledge,’ said the Domine ; ‘ and all reflect upon my nose. It is true that my nose is of large dimensions, but it was the will of Heaven that I should be so endowed ; yet are the noses of these figures even larger than mine own could warrant, if the limner were correct, and not malicious. Still have they merit,’ continued the Domine, looking at some of them ; and I heard a gentle *cluck, cluck*, in his throat, as he laughed at his own *mis-representations*. *Artis adumbratæ meruit ceu sedula laudem,* as Prudentius hath it. I have no time to finish the quotation.’

‘ Here is one drawing, sir,’ continued Mr. Knapps, ‘ which proves to me that Jacob Faithful

is the party ; in which you and Mrs. Bately are shown up to ridicule. Who would have been aware that the candle went out in your study, except Jacob Faithful ? ’

‘ I perceive,’ replied the Domine, looking at it through his spectacles, when put into his hand. ‘ The arcana of the study have been violated.’

‘ But, sir,’ continued Mr. Knapps, ‘ here is a more convincing proof. You observe this caricature of yourself, with his own name put to it—his own hand-writing. I recognised it immediately ; and happening to turn over his Cornelius Nepos, observed the first blank leaf torn out. Here it is, sir ; and you will observe that it fits on to the remainder of the leaf in the book exactly.’

‘ I perceive that it doth ; and am grieved to find that such is the case. Jacob Faithful, thou art convicted of disrespect and falsehood. Where is Simon Swapps ? ’

‘ If you please, sir, may not I defend myself ? ’ replied I. ‘ Am I to be flogged unheard ? ’

‘ Nay, that were an injustice,’ replied the Domine, ‘ but what defence canst thou offer ? *O puer infelix et sceleratus !* ’

‘ May I look at those caricatures, sir ? ’ said I.

The Domine handed them to me in silence. I looked them all over, and immediately knew them to be drawn by Barnaby Bracegirdle. The last particularly struck me. I had felt confounded and frightened with the strong evidence brought against me ; but this re-

assured me, and I spoke boldly. ‘ These drawings are by Barnaby Bracegirdle, sir, and not by me. I never drew a caricature in my life.’

‘ So didst thou assert that thou couldst not draw, and afterwards provedst by thy pencil to the contrary, Jacob Faithful.’

‘ I knew not that I was able to draw when I said so ; but I wished to draw when you supposed I was able—I did not like that you should give me credit for what I could not do. It was to please you, sir, that I asked for the pencil.’

‘ I wish it were as thou statest, Jacob—I wish from my inmost soul that thou wert not guilty.’

‘ Will you ask Mr. Knapps from whom he had these drawings, and at what time ? There are a great many of them.’

‘ Answer, Mr. Knapps, to the question of Jacob Faithful.’

‘ They have been given to me by the boys at different times during this last month.’

‘ Well, Mr. Knapps, point out the boys who gave them.’

Mr. Knapps called out eight or ten boys, who came forward.

‘ Did Barnaby Bracegirdle give you none of them, Mr. Knapps ? ’ said I, perceiving that Barnaby was not summoned.

‘ No,’ replied Mr. Knapps.

‘ If you please, sir,’ said I to the Domine, ‘ with respect to the leaf out of my Nepos, the Jacob Faithful was written on it by me, on the day that you gave it to me ; but the *fecit*, and the caricature of yourself, is not mine. How it came there, I don’t know.’



‘Thou hast disproved nothing, Jacob,’ replied the Domine.

‘But I have proved something, sir. On what day was it that I asked you for the pencil to draw with? Was it not on a Saturday?’

‘Last Saturday week, I think it was.’

‘Well, then, sir, Mr. Knapps told you the day before, that I could draw?’

‘He did; and thou deniedst it.’

‘How, then, does Mr. Knapps account for not producing those caricatures of mine, which he says that he has collected for a whole month; Why didn’t he give them to you before?’

‘Thou puttest it shrewdly,’ replied the Domine. ‘Answer, Mr. Knapps, why didst thou, for a fortnight at the least, conceal thy knowledge of his offence?’

‘I wished to have more proofs,’ replied the usher.

‘Thou hearest, Jacob Faithful.’

‘Pray, sir, did you ever hear me speak of my poor mother but with kindness?’

‘Never, Jacob; thou hast ever appeared dutiful.’

‘Please, sir, to call up John Williams.’

‘John Williams, No. 37, draw near.’

‘Williams,’ said I, ‘did you not tell me that Barnaby Bracegirdle had drawn my mother flaming at the mouth?’

‘Yes, I did.’

My indignation now found vent in a torrent of tears. ‘Now, sir,’ cried I, ‘if you believe that I drew the caricatures of you and Mrs. Bately—did I draw this, which is by the same



person?' And I handed up to the Domine the caricature of my mother, which Mr. Knapps had inadvertently produced at the bottom of the rest. Mr. Knapps turned white as a sheet. The Domine looked at the caricature, and was silent for some time. At last he turned to the usher.

'From whom didst thou obtain this, Mr. Knapps?'

Mr. Knapps replied, in his confusion, 'From Barnaby Bracegirdle.'

'It was but this moment, thou didst state that thou hadst received none from Barnaby Bracegirdle. Thou hast contradicted thyself, Mr. Knapps. Jacob did not draw his mother; and the pencil is the same as that which drew the rest—*ergo*, he did not, I really believe, draw one of them. *Ite procul fraudes*. God, I thank thee, that the innocent have been protected. Narrowly hast thou escaped these toils, O Jacob—*Cum populo et duce fraudulento*. And now for punishment. Barnaby Bracegirdle, thou gavest this caricature to Mr. Knapps; from whence hadst thou it? Lie not.'

Barnaby turned red and white, and then acknowledged that the drawing was his own.

'You boys,' cried the Domine, waving his rod which he had seized, 'you who gave these drawings to Mr. Knapps, tell me from whom they came.'

The boys, frightened at the Domine's looks, immediately replied in a breath, 'From Barnaby Bracegirdle.'

'Then, Barnaby Bracegirdle, from whom





*The Dominic punishing Mr. Knapps and Barnaby Braggardle*

didst thou receive them ? ' inquired the Domine. Barnaby was dumb-founded. ' Tell the truth ; didst not thou draw them thyself, since thou didst not receive them from other people ? '

Barnaby fell upon his knees, and related the whole circumstances, particularly the way in which the Cornelius Nepos had been obtained, through the medium of Mr. Knapps. The indignation of the Domine was now beyond all bounds. I never had seen him so moved before. He appeared to rise at least a foot more in stature : his eyes sparkled, his great nose turned red, his nostrils dilated, and his mouth was more than half open, to give vent to the ponderous breathing from his chest. His whole appearance was withering to the culprits.

' For thee, thou base, degraded, empty-headed, and venomous little abortion of a man, I have no words to signify my contempt. By the governors of this charity I leave thy conduct to be judged ; but until they meet, thou shalt not pollute and contaminate the air of this school by thy presence. If thou hast one spark of good feeling in thy petty frame, beg pardon of this poor boy, whom thou wouldst have ruined by thy treachery. If not, hasten to depart, lest in my wrath I apply to the teacher the punishment intended for the scholar, but of which thou art more deserving than even Barnaby Bracegirdle.'

Mr. Knapps said nothing, hastened out of the school, and that evening quitted his domicile. When the governors met he was expelled with ignominy. ' Simon Swapps, hoist up Barnaby

Bracegirdle.' Most strenuously and most indefatigably was the birch applied to Barnaby, a second time through me. Barnaby howled and kicked, howled and kicked, and kicked again. At last the Domine was tired. '*Consonat omne nemus strepitu*, (for *nemus* read school-room,)' exclaimed the Domine, laying down the rod, and pulling out his handkerchief to wipe his face. '*Calcitrat, ardescunt germani cæde bimembres*, that last quotation is happy,' [cluck, cluck.] He then blew his nose, addressed the boys in a long oration—paid me a handsome compliment upon my able defence—proved to all those who chose to listen to him, that innocence would always confound guilt—intimated to Barnaby that he must leave the school, and then finding himself worn out with exhaustion, gave the boys a holiday, that they might reflect upon what had passed, and which they duly profited by, in playing at marbles, and peg in the ring. He then dismissed the school, took me by the hand, and led me into his study, where he gave vent to his strong and affectionate feelings towards me until the matron came to tell us that dinner was ready.

After this, every thing went on well. The Domine's kindness and attention were unremitting, and no one ever thought of caballing against me. My progress became most rapid ; I had conquered Virgil, taken Tacitus by storm, and was reading the odes of Horace. I had passed triumphantly through decimals, and was busily employed in mensuration of solids, when one evening I was seized with a giddiness in my

head. I complained to the matron ; she felt my hands, pronounced me feverish, and ordered me to bed. I passed a restless night ; the next morning I attempted to rise, but a heavy burning ball rolled as it were in my head, and I fell back on my pillow. The matron came, was alarmed at my state, and sent for the surgeon, who pronounced that I had caught the typhus fever, then raging through the vicinity. This was the first time in my life that I had known a day's sickness—it was a lesson I had yet to learn. The surgeon bled me, and giving directions to the matron, promised to call again. In a few hours I was quite delirious—my senses ran wild. One moment I thought I was with little Sarah Drummond, walking in green fields, holding her by the hand. I turned round, and she was no longer there, but I was in the lighter, and my hand grasped the cinders of my mother ; my father stood before me, again jumped overboard and disappeared ; again the dark black column ascended from the cabin, and I was prostrate on the deck. Then I was once more alone on the placid and noble Thames, the moon shining bright, and the sweep in my hand, tiding up the reach, and admiring the foliage, which hung in dark shadows over the banks. I saw the slopes of green, so pure and so fresh by that sweet light, and in the distance counted the numerous spires of the great monster city, and beheld the various bridges spanning over the water. The faint ripple of the tide was harmony, the reflection of the moon, beauty ; I felt happiness in my heart ; I was no longer



the charity-boy, but the pilot of the barge. Then, as I would survey the scene, there was something that invariably presented itself between my eyes and the object of my scrutiny ; whichever way I looked, it stood in my way, and I could not remove it. It was like a cloud, yet transparent, and with a certain undefined shape. I tried for some time, but in vain, to decypher it, but could not. At last it appeared to cohere into a form—it was the Domine's great nose, magnified into that of the Scripture, 'as the tower which looketh towards Damascus.' My temples throbbed with agony—I burned all over. I had no exact notions of death in bed, except that of my poor mother, and I thought that I was to die like her ; the horrible fear seized me that all this burning was but prefatory to bursting out into flame and consuming into ashes. The dread hung about my young heart and turned that to ice, while the rest of my body was on fire. This was my last recollection, and then all was blank. For many days I lay unconscious of either pain or existence : when I awoke from my stupor, my wandering senses gradually returning, I opened my eyes, and dimly perceived something before me that cut across my vision in a diagonal line. As the mist cleared away, and I recovered myself, I made out that it was the nose of Domine Dobiensis, who was kneeling at the bed-side, his nose adumbrating the coverlid of my bed, his spectacles dimmed with tears, and his long grey locks falling on each side, and shadowing his eyes. I was not frightened, but I was too

weak to stir or speak. His prayer-book was in his hand, and he still remained on his knees. He had been praying for me. Supposing me still insensible, he broke out in the following soliloquy :

‘*Naviculator parvus pallidus*—how beautiful even in death ! My poor lighter-boy, that hath mastered the rudiments, and triumphed over the Accidence—but to die ! *Levior puer*, a puerile conceit, yet I love it, as I do thee. How my heart bleeds for thee ! The icy breath of death hath whitened thee, as the hoar frost whitens the autumnal rose. Why wert thou transplanted from thine own element ? Young prince of the stream—lord of the lighter—‘*Ratis rex et magister*’—heir apparent to the tiller—betrothed to the sweep—wedded to the deck—how art thou laid low ! Where is the blooming cheek, ruddy with the browning air ? where the bright and swimming eye ? Alas ! where ? ‘*Tum breviter diræ mortis aperta via est*,’ as sweet Tibullus hath it ;’ and the Domine sobbed anew. ‘Had this stroke fallen upon me, the aged, the ridiculed, the little regarded, the ripe one for the sickle, it would have been well,—(yet fain would I have instructed thee still more before I quitted the scene—fain have left thee the mantle of learning.) Thou knowest, Lord, that I walk wearily, as in a desert, that I am heavily burdened, and that my infirmities are many. Must I then mourn over thee, thou promising one—must I say with the epigrammatist—

“Hoc jacet in tumulo, raptus puerilibus annis,  
“Jacob Faithful domini cura, dolorque sui.”

True, most true. Hast thou quitted the element thou so joyously controlledst, and hast come upon the terra firma for thy grave?

“Sis licet inde sibi tellus placata, levisque,  
“Artificis levior non potes esse manu.”

Earth, lay light upon the lighter-boy—the lotus, the water-lily, that hath been cast on shore to die. Hadst thou lived, Jacob, I would have taught thee the Humanities; we would have conferred pleasantly together. I would have poured out my learning to thee, my Absalom, my son!’

He rose, and stood over me; the tears coursed down his long nose from both his eyes, and from the point of it poured out like a little rain gutter upon the coverlid. I understood not all his words, but I understood the spirit of them—it was love. I feebly stretched forth my arms and articulated ‘Domine!’ The old man clasped his hands, looked upwards, and said, ‘O God, I thank thee—he will live. Hush, hush, my sweet one, thou must not prate;’ and he retired on tiptoe, and I heard him mutter triumphantly, as he walked away, ‘He called me “Domine!”’

From that hour I rapidly recovered, and in three weeks was again at my studies. I was now within six months of being fourteen years old, and Mr. Drummond, who had occasionally called to ascertain my progress, came to confer with the Domine upon my future prospects. ‘All that I can do for him, Mr. Dobbs,’ said my former master, ‘is to bind him apprentice to serve his time on the River Thames, and that

cannot be done until he is fourteen. Will the rules of the school permit his remaining ? ’

‘ The regulations do not exactly, but I will,’ replied the Domine ; ‘ I have asked nothing for my long services, and the governors will not refuse me such a slight favour ; should they, I will charge myself with him, that he may not lose his precious time. What sayest thou, Jacob, dost thou feel inclined to return to thy father Thames ? ’

I replied in the affirmative, for the recollections of my former life were those of independence and activity.

‘ Thou hast decided well, Jacob—the tailor at his needle, the shoemaker at his last, the serving boy to an exacting mistress, and all those apprenticed to the various trades, have no time for improvement, but afloat there are moments of quiet and of peace—the still night for reflexion, the watch for meditation ; and even the adverse wind or tide leaves moments of leisure, which may be employed to advantage. Then wilt thou call to mind the stores of learning which I have laid up in thy garner, and wilt add to them by perseverance and industry. Thou hast yet six months to profit by, and, with the blessing of God, those six months shall not be thrown away.’

Mr. Drummond having received my consent to be bound apprentice, wished me farewell, and departed. During the six months, the Domine pressed me hard, almost too hard, but I worked for *love*, and, to please him, I was most diligent. At last the time had flown away, the

six months had more than expired, and Mr. Drummond made his appearance, with a servant, carrying a bundle under his arm. I slipped off my pepper-and-salt, my yellows and my badge, dressed myself in a neat blue jacket and trousers, and, with many exhortations from the Domine, and kind wishes from the matron, I bade farewell to them, and to the charity school, and in an hour was once more under the roof of the kind Mrs. Drummond.

But how different were my sensations to those which oppressed me when I had before entered ! I was no longer a little savage, uneducated and confused in my ideas. On the contrary, I was full of imagination, confident in myself, and in my own powers, cultivated in mind, and proud of my success. The finer feelings of my nature had been called into play. I felt gratitude, humility, and love, at the same time that I was aware of my own capabilities. In person I had much improved, as well as much increased in stature. I walked confident and elastic, joying in the world, hoping, anticipating, and kindly disposed towards my fellow-creatures. I knew, I felt my improvement, my total change of character, and it was with sparkling eyes that I looked up at the window, where I saw Mrs. Drummond and little Sarah watching my return and re-appearance after an absence of three years.

Mrs. Drummond had been prepared by her husband to find a great change, but still, she looked for a second or two with wonder as I entered the room, with my hat in my hand, and

paid my obeisance. She extended her hand to me, which I took respectfully.

‘I should not have known you, Jacob. You have grown quite a man,’ said she, smiling. Sarah held back, looking at me with pleased astonishment ; but I went up to her, and she timidly accepted my hand. I had left her as my superior—I returned, and she soon perceived that I had a legitimate right to the command. It was some time before she would converse, and much longer before she would become intimate ; but when she did so, it was no longer the little girl encouraging the untutored boy by kindness, or laughing at his absurdities, but looking up to him with respect and affection, and taking his opinion as a guide for her own. I had gained the *power of knowledge*.

By the regulations of the Waterman’s Company, it is necessary that every one who wishes to ply on the river on his own account, should serve as an apprentice, from the age of fourteen to twenty-one ; at all events, he must serve an apprenticeship for seven years, and be fourteen years old before he signs the articles. This apprenticeship may be served in any description of vessel which sails or works on the river, whether it be barge, lighter, fishing-smack, or a boat of larger dimensions ; and it is not until that apprenticeship is served, that he can work on his own account, either in a wherry or any other craft. Mr. Drummond offered to article me on board of one of his own lighters, free of all expense, leaving me at liberty to change into



any other vessel that I might think proper. I gratefully accepted the proposal, went with him to Waterman's Hall, signed the papers, and thus was, at the age of fourteen, '*Bound 'prentice to a waterman.*'

## CHAPTER VI

I am recommended to learn to swim, and I take the friendly advice—Heavy suspicion on board of the lighter, and a mystery, out of which Mrs. Radcliffe would have made a romance.

‘JACOB, this is Marables, who has charge of the Polly barge,’ said Mr. Drummond, who had sent for me into his office, a few days after my arrival at his house. ‘Marables,’ continued my protector, addressing the man, ‘I have told you that this lad is bound ’prentice to the Polly. I expect you will look after him, and treat him kindly. No blows or ill treatment—if he does not conduct himself well, (but well I’m sure he will,) let me know when you come back from your trip.’

During this speech, I was scrutinizing the outward man of my future controller. He was stout and well-built, inclining to corpulence ; his features remarkably good, although his eyes were not large. His mouth was very small, and there was a good-natured smile on his lips, as he answered, ‘I never treated a cat ill, master.’

‘I believe not,’ replied Mr. Drummond ; ‘but I am anxious that Jacob should do well in the world, and therefore let you know that he will always have my protection, so long as he conducts himself properly.’

‘We shall be very good friends, sir, I’ll answer

for it, if I may judge from the cut of his jib,' replied Marables, extending to me an immense hand, as broad as it was long.

After this introduction, Mr. Drummond gave him some directions, and left us together.

'Come and see the craft, boy,' said Marables; and I followed him to the barge, which was one of those fitted with a mast which lowered down and hauled up again, as required. She plied up and down the river as far as the Nore, sometimes extending her voyage still farther; but that was only in the summer months. She had a large cabin abaft, and a cuddy forward. The cabin was locked, and I could not examine it.

'This will be your berth,' said Marables, pointing to the cuddy-hatch forward; 'you'll have it all to yourself. The other man and I sleep abaft.'

'Have you another man, then?'

'Yes, I have, Jacob,' replied he; and then muttering to himself, 'I wish I had not—I wish the barge was only between us, Jacob, or that you had not been sent on board,' continued he gravely. 'It would have been better—much better.' And he walked aft, whistling in a low tone, looking down sadly on the deck.

'Is your cabin large?' inquired I, as he came forward.

'Yes, large enough; but I cannot show it to you now—he has the key.'

'What, the other man under you?'

'Yes,' replied Marables, hastily. 'I've been thinking, Jacob, that you may as well remain on shore till we start. You can be of no use here.'

To this I had no objection ; but I often went on board during the fortnight that the barge remained, and soon became very partial to Marables. There was a kindness about him that won me, and I was distressed to perceive that he was often very melancholy. What surprised me most, was to find that during the first week the cabin was constantly locked, and that Marables had not the key. It appeared so strange that he, as master of the barge, should be locked out of his own cabin by his inferior.

One day I went early on board, and found not only the cabin doors open, but the other man belonging to her, walking up and down the deck with Marables. He was a well-looking, tall, active young man, apparently not thirty, with a general boldness of countenance strongly contrasted with a furtive glance of the eye. He had a sort of blue smock-frock over all, and the trousers which appeared below were of a finer texture than those usually worn by people of his condition.

‘ This is the lad who is bound to the barge,’ said Marables ; ‘ Jacob, this is Fleming.’

‘ So, younker,’ said Fleming, after casting an enquiring eye upon me, ‘ you are to sail with us, are you ? It’s my opinion that your room would be better than your company. However, if you keep your eyes open, I’d advise you to keep your mouth shut. When I don’t like people’s company, I sometimes give them a hoist into the stream—so keep a sharp look out, my joker.’

Not very well pleased with this address, I

answered, 'I thought Marables had charge of the craft, and that I was to look to him for orders.'

'Did you indeed !' replied Fleming, with a sneer. 'I say, my lad, can you swim ?'

'No, I can't,' replied I—'I wish I could.'

'Well, then, take my advice—learn to swim as fast as you can ; for I've a strong notion that one day or other, I shall take you by the scruff of the neck, and send you to look after your father.'

'Fleming ! Fleming ! pray be quiet !' said Marables, who had several times pulled him by the sleeve. 'He's only joking, Jacob,' continued Marables to me, as, indignant at the mention of my father's death, I was walking away to the shore, over the other lighters.

'Well,' replied I, turning round, 'if I am to be tossed overboard, it's just as well to let Mr. Drummond know, that if I'm missing he may guess what's become of me.'

'Pooh ! nonsense !' said Fleming, immediately altering his manner, and coming to me where I stood, in the barge next to them. 'Give us your hand, my boy ; I was only trying what stuff you were made of. Come, shake hands ; I wasn't in earnest.'

I took the proffered hand, and went on shore. 'Nevertheless,' thought I, 'I'll learn to swim ; for I rather think he was in earnest.' And I took my first lesson that day ; and, by dint of practice, soon acquired that very necessary art. Had it not been for the threat of Fleming, I probably should not have thought of it ; but

it occurred to me that I might tumble, even if I were not thrown overboard, and that a knowledge of swimming would do no harm.

The day before the barge was to proceed down the river to Sheerness, with a cargo of bricks, I called upon my worthy old master, Domine Dobiensis.

‘*Salve puer!*’ cried the old man, who was sitting in his study. ‘Verily, Jacob, thou art come in good time. I am at leisure, and will give thee a lesson. Sit down, my child.’

The Domine opened the *Æneid* of Virgil, and commenced forthwith. I was fortunate enough to please him with my off-hand translation; and, as he closed the book, I told him that I had called to bid him farewell, as we started at daylight the next morning.

‘Jacob,’ said he, ‘thou hast profited well by the lessons which I have bestowed upon thee: now take heed of that advice which I am now about to offer to thee. There are many who will tell thee that thy knowledge is of no use, for what avail can the Latin tongue be to a boy on board of a lighter? Others may think that I have done wrong thus to instruct thee, as thy knowledge may render thee vain—*nil exactius eruditiusque est*—or discontented with thy situation in life. Such is too often the case, I grant; but it is because education is not as general as it ought to be. Were all educated, the superiority acquired or presumed upon by education would be lost, and the nation would not only be wiser, but happier. It would judge more rightly, would not condemn the measures of its



rulers, which at present it cannot understand, and would not be led away by the clamour and misrepresentation of the disaffected. But I must not digress, as time is short. Jacob, I feel that thou wilt not be spoilt by the knowledge instilled into thee ; but mark me, parade it not, for it will be vanity, and make thee enemies. Cultivate thyself as much as thou canst, but in due season—thy duties to thy employer must be first attended to—but treasure up what thou hast, and lay up more when thou canst. Consider it as hidden wealth, which may hereafter be advantageously employed. Thou art now but an apprentice in a barge ; but what mayest thou not be, Jacob, if thou art diligent—if thou fear God and be honest ? I will now call to my mind some examples to stimulate thee in thy career.’

Here the Domine brought forward about forty or fifty instances from history, in which people from nothing had risen to the highest rank and consideration ; but, although I listened to them very attentively, the reader will probably not regret the omission of the Domine’s catalogue. Having concluded, the Domine gave me a Latin Testament, the Whole Duty of Man, and his blessing. The matron added to them a large slice of seed cake ; and by the time that I had returned to Mr. Drummond’s, both the Domine’s precepts and the matron’s considerable addition had been well digested.

It was at six o’clock the next morning that we cast off our fastenings and pulled into the

stream. The day was lovely, the sun had risen above the trees, which feathered their boughs down on the sloping lawns in front of the many beautiful retreats of the nobility and gentry, which border the river ; and the lamp of day poured a flood of light upon the smooth and rapidly ebbing river. The heavy dew which had fallen during the night studded the sides of the barge, and glittered like necklaces of diamonds ; the mist and the fog had ascended, except here and there, where it partially concealed the landscape ; boats laden with the produce of the market-gardens in the vicinity were hastening down with the tide to supply the metropolis ; the watermen were in their wherries, cleaning and mopping them out, ready for their fares ; the smoke of the chimneys ascended in a straight line to heaven ; and the distant chirping of the birds in the trees added to the hilarity and lightness of heart with which I now commenced my career as an apprentice.

I was forward, looking down the river, when Marables called me to take the helm, while they went to breakfast. He commenced giving me instructions, but I cut them short by proving to him that I knew the river as well as he did. Pleased at the information, he joined Fleming, who was preparing the breakfast in the cabin, and I was left on the deck by myself. There, as we glided by every object which for years I had not seen, but which was immediately recognised, and welcomed as an old friend, with what rapidity did former scenes connected with them flash into my memory ! There was the

inn at the waterside, where my father used to replenish the stone bottle ; it was just where the barge now was, that I had hooked and pulled up the largest chub I had ever caught. Now I arrived at the spot where we had run foul of another craft, and my father, with his pipe in his mouth, and his ‘Take it coolly,’ which so exasperated the other parties, stood as alive before me. Here—yes, it was here—exactly here—where we anchored on that fatal night, when I was left an orphan—it was here that my father disappeared ; and, as I looked down at the water, I almost thought I could perceive it again close over him, as it eddied by ; and it was here that the black smoke—The whole scene came fresh to my memory, my eyes filled with tears, and, for a little while, I could not see to steer. But I soon recovered myself ; the freshness of the air, the bright sky overhead, the busy scene before me, and the necessity of attending to my duty, chased away my painful remembrances ; and when I had passed the spot, I was again cheerful and content.

In half an hour I had shot Putney Bridge, and was sweeping clear of the shallows on the reach below, when Marables and Fleming came up. ‘How,’ exclaimed Marables, ‘have we passed the bridge ? Why did you not call us ?’

‘I have shot it without help many and many a time,’ replied I, ‘when I was but ten years old. Why should I call you from your breakfast ? But the tides are high now, and the stream rapid, you had better get a sweep out on the bow, or we may tail on the bank.’

‘Well,’ replied Fleming with astonishment, ‘I had no idea that he would have been any help to us ; but so much the better.’ He then spoke in a low tone to Marables.

Marables shook his head. ‘Don’t try it, Fleming, it will never do.’

‘So you said once about yourself,’ replied Fleming, with a laugh.

‘I did—I did,’ replied Marables, clenching both his hands, which at the time were crossed on his breast, with a look of painful emotion ; ‘but I say again, don’t try it ; nay, I say more, you *shall* not.’

‘Shall not,’ replied Fleming, haughtily.

‘Yes,’ replied Marables, coolly ; ‘I say shall not, and I’ll stand by my words. Now, Jacob, give me the helm, and get your breakfast.’

I gave up the helm to Marables, and was about to enter the cabin, when Fleming caught me by the arm, and *slewed* me round. ‘I say, my joker, we may just as well begin as we leave off. Understand me, that into that cabin you never enter ; and understand further, that if ever I find you in that cabin by day or night, I’ll break every bone in your body. Your berth is forward ; and as for your meals, you may either take them down there, or you may eat them on deck.’

From what I had already witnessed, I knew that for some reason or another, Fleming had the control over Marables ; nevertheless I replied, ‘If Mr. Marables says it is to be so, well and good ; but he has charge of this barge.’ Marables made no reply ; he coloured up,

seemed very much annoyed, and then looked up to the sky.

‘ You’ll find,’ continued Fleming, addressing me in a low voice, ‘ that I command here—so be wise. Perhaps the day may come when you may walk in and out of the cabin as you please, but that depends upon yourself. By-and-by, when we know more of each other—’

‘ Never, Fleming, never ! ’ interrupted Marables, in a firm and loud tone. ‘ It *shall* not be.’

Fleming muttered what I could not hear, and, going into the cabin, brought me out my breakfast, which I despatched with good appetite ; and soon afterwards I offered to take the helm, which offer was accepted by Marables, who retired to the cabin with Fleming, where I heard them converse for a long while in a low tone.

The tide was about three-quarters ebb, when the barge arrived abreast of Millbank. Marables came on deck, and taking the helm, desired me to go forward and see the anchor clear for letting go.

‘ Anchor clear ! ’ said I, ‘ why, we have a good hour more before we meet the flood.’

‘ I know that, Jacob, as well as you do ; but we shall not go farther to-night. Be smart, and see all clear.’

I went forward, and when the anchor and cable were ready, we let it go, and swung to the stream. I thought, at the time, that this was not making the best of our way, as in duty bound to our master ; but as I was not aware of what Marables’ orders might be, I held my

tongue. Whether Fleming thought that it was necessary to blind me, or whether it was true that they were only obeying their orders, he said to Marables in my hearing, 'Will you go on shore and give the letters to Mr. Drummond's correspondent, or shall I go for you?'

'You had better go,' replied Marables, carelessly; and shortly after they went to dinner in the cabin, Fleming bringing me mine out on deck.

The flood tide now made, and we rode to the stream. Having nothing to do, and Marables as well as Fleming appearing to avoid me, I brought the Domine's Latin Testament, and amused myself with reading it. About a quarter of an hour before dusk, Fleming made his appearance to go on shore. He was genteelly, I may say fashionably, drest in a suit of black, with a white neckcloth. At first I did not recognise him, so surprised was I at his alteration; and my thoughts, as soon as my suspense was over, naturally turned upon the singularity of a man who worked in a barge under another, now assuming the dress and appearance of a gentleman. Marables hauled up the little skiff which lay astern. Fleming jumped in and shoved off. I watched him till I perceived him land at the stairs, and then turned round to Marables: 'I can't understand all this,' observed I.

'I don't suppose you can,' replied Marables; 'but still I could explain it, if you will promise me faithfully not to say a word about it.'



‘ I will make that promise, if you satisfy me that all is right,’ answered I.

‘ As to all being right, Jacob, that’s as may be : but if I prove to you that there is no harm done to our master, I suppose you will keep the secret. However, I must not allow you to think worse of it than it really is ; no, I’ll trust to your good-nature. You wouldn’t harm me, Jacob ? ’ Marables then told me that Fleming had once been well to do in the world, and during the long illness and subsequent death of Marables’ wife, had lent him money ; that Fleming had been very imprudent, and had run up a great many debts, and that the bailiffs were after him. On this emergency he had applied to Marables to help him, and that, in consequence, he had received him on board of the barge, where they never would think of looking for him ; that Fleming had friends, and contrived to go on shore at night to see them, and get what assistance he could from them in money : in the mean time, his relations were trying what they could do to arrange with his creditors. ‘ Now,’ said Marables, after this narration, ‘ how could I help assisting one who has been so kind to me ? And what harm does it do Mr. Drummond ? If Fleming can’t do his work, or won’t, when we unload, he pays another man himself, so Mr. Drummond is not hurt by it.’

‘ That may be all true,’ replied I ; ‘ but I cannot imagine why I am not to enter the cabin, and why he orders about here as master.’

‘ Why, you see, Jacob, I owe him money,

and he allows me so much per week for the cabin, by which means I shall pay it off. Do you understand now ? ’

‘ Yes, I understand what you have said,’ replied I.

‘ Well, then, Jacob, I hope you’ll say nothing about it. It would only harm me, and do no good.’

‘ That depends upon Fleming’s behaviour towards me,’ replied I. ‘ I will not be bullied and made uncomfortable by him, depend upon it ; he has no business on board the barge, that’s clear, and I am bound ’prentice to her. I don’t wish to hurt you, and as I suppose Fleming won’t be long on board, I shall say nothing, unless he treats me ill.’

Marables then left me, and I reflected upon what he had said. It appeared all very probable, but still I was not satisfied. I resolved to watch narrowly, and if any thing occurred which excited more suspicions, to inform Mr. Drummond upon our return. Shortly afterwards Marables came out again, and told me I might go to bed, and he would keep the deck till Fleming’s return. I assented, and went down to the cuddy, but I did not much like this permission. It appeared to me as if he wanted to get rid of me, and I laid awake, turning over in my mind all that I had heard and seen. About two o’clock in the morning I heard the sound of oars, and the skiff strike the side of the barge. I did not go up, but I put my head up the scuttle to see what was going on. It was broad moonlight, and almost

as clear as day. Fleming threw up the painter of the skiff to Marables, and, as he held it, lifted out of the boat a blue bag, apparently well filled. The contents jingled as it was landed on the deck. He then put out a yellow silk handkerchief full of something else, and having gained the deck, Marables walked aft with the painter in his hand until the skiff had dropped astern, where he made it fast, and returned to Fleming, who stood close to the blue bag. I heard Fleming ask Marables, in a low voice, if I were in bed, and an answer given in the affirmative. I dropped my head immediately that I might not be discovered, and turned into my bed-place. I was restless for a long while ; thought upon thought, surmise upon surmise, conjecture upon conjecture, and doubt upon doubt, occupied my brain, until at last I went fast asleep—so fast, that I did not wake until summoned by Fleming. I rose, and when I came on deck, found that the anchor had been weighed more than two hours, and that we were past all the bridges. ‘Why, Jacob, my man, you’ve had a famous nap,’ said Fleming, with apparent good-humour ; ‘now go aft, and get your breakfast, it has been waiting for you this half-hour.’ By the manner of Fleming, I took it for granted that Marables had acquainted him with our conversation, and, indeed, from that time, during our whole trip, Fleming treated me with kindness and familiarity. The veto had not, however, been taken off the cabin, which I never attempted to enter.

## CHAPTER VII

The mystery becomes more and more interesting, and I determine to find it out—Prying after things locked up, I am locked up myself—Fleming proves to me that his advice was good when he recommended me to learn to swim.

ON our arrival off the Medway, I had just gone down to bed, and was undressing, when I heard Fleming come on deck and haul up the boat. I looked up the hatchway ; it was very dark, but I could perceive Marables hand him the bag and handkerchief, with which he pulled on shore. He did not return until the next morning at daylight, when I met him as he came up the side. ‘Well, Jacob, said he, ‘you’ve caught me. I’ve been on shore to see my sweetheart ; but you boys ought to know nothing about these things. Make the boat fast, there’s a good lad.’

When we were one night discharging our cargo, which was for government, I heard voices alongside. From habit, the least noise now awoke me ; a boat striking the side was certain so to do. It was then about twelve o’clock. I looked up the hatchway, perceived two men come on board and enter the cabin with packages. They remained there about ten minutes, and then, escorted to the side by Fleming, left the barge. When the barge was cleared, we

hauled off to return, and in three days were again alongside of Mr. Drummond's wharf. The kindness both of Marables and of Fleming had been very great. They lived in a style very superior to what they could be expected to do, and I fared well in consequence.

On our arrival at the wharf, Marables came up to me, and said, 'Now, Jacob, as I have honestly told you the secret, I hope you won't ruin me by saying a word to Mr. Drummond.' I had before made up my mind to say nothing to my master until my suspicions were confirmed, and I therefore gave my promise ; but I had also resolved to impart my suspicions, as well as what I had seen, to the old Domine. On the third day after our arrival I walked out to the school, and acquainted him with all that had passed, and asked him for his advice.

'Jacob,' said he, 'thou hast done well, but thou mightest have done better ; hadst thou not given thy promise, which is sacred, I would have taken thee to Mr. Drummond, that thou mightest impart the whole, instant. I like it not. Evil deeds are done in darkness. *Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem.* Still, as thou sayest, nought is yet proved. Watch, therefore, Jacob—watch carefully over thy master's interests, and the interests of society at large. It is thy duty, I may say, *Vigilare noctesque diesque.* It may be as Marables hath said—and all may be accounted for ; still, I say, be careful, and be honest.'

I followed the suggestions of the Domine : we

were soon laden with another cargo of bricks, to be delivered at the same place, and proceeded on our voyage. Marables and Fleming, finding that I had not said a word to Mr. Drummond, treated me with every kindness. Fleming once offered me money, which I refused, saying that I had no use for it. I was on the best terms with them, at the same time that I took notice of all that passed, without offering a remark to excite their suspicions. But not to be too prolix, it will suffice to say, that we made many trips during several months, and that during that time I made the following observations : that Fleming went on shore at night at certain places, taking with him bags and bundles—that he generally returned with others, which were taken into the cabin ; that sometimes people came off at night, and remained some time in the cabin with him, and that all this took place when it was supposed that I was asleep. The cabin was invariably locked when the barge was lying at the wharfs, if Fleming was on shore, and at no time was I permitted to enter it. Marables was a complete cypher in Fleming's hands, who ordered every thing as he pleased ; and, in the conversations which took place before me, with much less restraint than at first, there appeared to be no idea of Fleming's leaving us. As I felt convinced that there was no chance of discovery without further efforts on my part, and my suspicions increasing daily, I resolved upon running some hazard. My chief wish was to get into the cabin and examine its contents, but this was not easy, and



would, in all probability, be a dangerous attempt. One night I came on deck in my shirt. We were at anchor off Rotherhithe : it was a dark night, with a drizzling rain. I was hastening below, when I perceived a light still burning in the cabin, and heard the voices of Marables and Fleming. I thought this a good opportunity, and having no shoes, walked softly on the wet deck to the cabin-door, which opened forward, and peeped through the crevices. Marables and Fleming were sitting opposite each other, at the little table. There were some papers before them, and they were dividing some money. Marables expostulated at his share not being sufficient, and Fleming laughed and told him he had earned no more. Fearful of being discovered, I made a silent retreat, and gained my bed. It was well that I had made the resolution, for just as I was putting my head below the hatch, and drawing it over the scuttle, the door was thrown open, and Fleming came out. I pondered over this circumstance, and the remark of Fleming, that Marables had not earned any more, and I felt convinced that the story told me by Marables relative to Fleming, was all false. This conviction stimulated me more than ever to discover the secret, and many and many a night did I watch, with a hope of being able to examine the cabin, but it was to no purpose, either Fleming or Marables was always on board. I continued to report to the Domine all I had discovered, and he agreed at last, that it was better that I should not say any thing to

Mr. Drummond until there was the fullest proof of the nature of their proceedings.

The cabin was now the sole object of my thoughts, and many were the schemes resolved in my mind to obtain an entrance. Fatima never coveted admission to the dreadful chamber of Bluebeard, as I did to ascertain the secrets of this hidden receptacle. One night Fleming had quitted the barge, and I ascended from my dormitory. Marables was on deck, sitting upon the water cask, with his elbow resting on the gunwale, his hand supporting his head, as if in deep thought. The cabin doors were closed, but the light still remained in it. I watched for some time, and perceiving that Marables did not move, walked gently up to him. He was fast asleep ; I waited for some little time alongside of him. At last he snored. It was an opportunity not to be lost. I crept to the cabin-door ; it was not locked. Although I did not fear the wrath of Marables, in case of discovery, as I did that of Fleming, it was still with a beating heart and a tremulous hand that I gently opened the door, pausing before I entered, to ascertain if Marables were disturbed. He moved not, and I entered, closing the door after me. I caught up the light, and held it in my hand, as I hung over the table. On each side were the two bed places of Marables and Fleming, which I had before then had many a partial glimpse of. In front of the bed places were two lockers, to sit down upon. I tried them—they were not fast—they contained their clothes. At the after part of the cabin were

three cupboards ; I opened the centre one, it contained crockery, glass, and knives and forks. I tried the one on the starboard side ; it was locked, but the key was in it. I turned it gently, but being a good lock, it snapped loud. I paused in fear—but Marables still slept. The cupboard had three shelves, and every shelf was loaded with silver spoons, forks, and every variety of plate, mixed with watches, bracelets, and ornaments of every description. There was, I perceived, a label on each, with a peculiar mark. Wishing to have an accurate survey, and encouraged by my discovery, I turned to the cupboard opposite, on the larboard-side, and I opened it. It contained silk handkerchiefs, in every variety, lace veils, and various other articles of value ; on the lower shelf were laid three pairs of pistols. I was now satisfied, and closing the last cupboard, which had not been locked, was about to retreat, when I recollected that I had not re-locked the first cupboard, and, that they might not, by finding it open, suspect my visit, I turned the key. It made a louder snap than before. I heard Marables start from his slumber on deck ; in a moment I blew out the lamp, and remained quiet. Marables got up, took a turn or two, looked at the cabin doors, which were shut, and opened them a little. Perceiving that the lamp had, as he thought, gone out, he shut them again, and to my consternation, turned the key. There I was, locked up, until the arrival of Fleming—then to be left to his mercy. I hardly knew how to act : at last I resolved upon calling

to Marables, as I dreaded his anger less than Fleming's. Then it occurred to me, that Marables might come in, feel for the lamp to relight it, and, that as he came in on one side of the cabin, I might, in the dark, escape by the other. This all but forlorn hope prevented me for some time from applying to him. At last I made up my mind that I would, and ran from the locker to call through the door, when I heard the sound of oars. I paused again—loitered—the boat was along side, and I heard Fleming jump upon the deck.

‘Quick,’ said he to Marables, as he came to the cabin-door, and tried to open it ; ‘we’ve no time to lose—we must get up the sacks, and sink every thing. Two of them have peached, and the fence will be discovered.’

He took the key from Marables, and opened the door ; I had replaced the lamp upon the table. Fleming entered, took a seat on the locker on the larboard-side, and felt for the lamp. Marables followed him, and sat down on the starboard-locker—escape was impossible. With a throbbing heart I sat in silence, watching my fate. In the meantime Fleming had taken out of his pocket his phosphorus match box. I heard the tin top pulled open—even the slight rustling of the one match selected was perceived. Another second it was withdrawn from the bottle, and a wild flame of light illumined the deck cabin, and discovered me to their view. Staggered at my appearance, the match fell from Fleming's hand, and all was

dark as before ; but there was no more to be gained by darkness—I had been discovered.

‘ Jacob ! ’ cried Marables.

‘ Will not live to tell the tale,’ added Fleming, with a firm voice, as he put another match into the bottle, and then re-lighted the lamp. ‘ Come,’ said Fleming fiercely ; ‘ out of the cabin immediately.’

I prepared to obey him. Fleming went out, and I was following him round his side of the table, when Marables interposed.

‘ Stop : Fleming, what is that you mean to do ? ’

‘ Silence him ! ’ retorted Fleming.

‘ But not murder him, surely ? ’ cried Marables, trembling from head to foot. ‘ You will not, dare not do that.’

‘ What is it that I dare not do, Marables ? but it is useless to talk ; it is now his life or mine. One must be sacrificed, and I will not die yet to please him.’

‘ You shall not—by God, Fleming, you shall not ! ’ cried Marables, seizing hold of my other arm, and holding me tight.

I added my resistance to that of Marables ; when Fleming perceiving that we should be masters, took a pistol from his pocket, and struck Marables a blow on the head, which rendered him senseless. Throwing away the pistol, he dragged me out of the cabin. I was strong, but he was very powerful ; my resistance availed me nothing : by degrees he forced me to the side of the barge, and, lifting me up in his arms, dashed me into the dark and rapidly

flowing water. It was fortunate for me that the threat of Fleming, upon our first meeting, had induced me to practise swimming, and still more fortunate that I was not encumbered with any other clothes than my shirt, in which I had come on deck. As it was, I was carried away by the tide for some time before I could rise, and at such a distance that Fleming, who probably watched, did not perceive that I came up again. Still, I had but little hopes of saving myself in a dark night, and at nearly a quarter of a mile from shore. I struggled to keep myself afloat, when I heard the sound of oars ; a second or two more, and I saw them over my head. I grasped at and seized the last, as the other passed me, crying ‘ Help ! ’

‘ What the devil ! Oars, my men ; here’s somebody overboard,’ cried the man, whose oar I had seized.

They stopped pulling ; he dragged in his oar till he could lay hold of me, and then they hauled me into the boat. I was exhausted with cold and my energetic struggles in the water ; and it was not until they had wrapped me up in a great coat, and poured some spirits down my throat, that I could speak. They inquired to which of the craft I belonged.

‘ The Polly barge.’

‘ The very one we are searching for. Where about is she, my lad ? ’

I directed them ; the boat was a large wherry, pulling six oars, belonging to the River Police. The officer in the stern sheets, who steered her, then said, ‘ How came you overboard ? ’



‘I was thrown overboard,’ replied I, ‘by a man called Fleming.’

‘The name he goes by,’ cried the officer. ‘Give way, my lads. There’s murder, it appears, as well as other charges.’

In a quarter of an hour we were alongside ; the officer and four men sprang out of the boat, leaving the other two, with directions for me to remain in the boat. Cold and miserable as I was, I was too much interested in the scene not to rise up from the stern sheets, and pay attention to what passed. When the officer and his men gained the deck, they were met by Fleming in the advance, and Marables about a yard or two behind.

‘What’s all this?’ cried Fleming, boldly. ‘Are you river pirates, come to plunder us?’

‘Not exactly,’ replied the officer ; ‘but we are just come to overhaul you. Deliver up the key of your cabin,’ continued he, after trying the door, and finding it locked.

‘With all my heart, if you prove yourselves authorized to search,’ replied Fleming ; ‘but you’ll find no smuggled spirits here, I can tell you. Marables, hand them the key ; I see that they belong to the river guard.’

Marables, who had never spoken, handed the key to the officer, who, opening a dark lanthorn, went down into the cabin and proceeded in his search, leaving two of the men to take charge of Fleming and Marables. But his search was in vain ; he could find nothing, and he came out on the deck.

‘ Well,’ said Fleming, sarcastically, ‘ have you made a seizure ? ’

‘ Wait a little,’ said the officer ; ‘ how many men have you in this barge ? ’

‘ You see them,’ replied Fleming.

‘ Yes ; but you have a boy : where is he ? ’

‘ We have no boy,’ replied Fleming ; ‘ two men are quite enough for this craft.’

‘ Still I ask you, what has become of the boy ? for a boy was on your decks this afternoon.’

‘ If there was one, I presume he has gone on shore again.’

‘ Answer me another question : which of you threw him overboard ? ’

At this query of the officer, Fleming started, while Marables called out, ‘ It was not I ; I would have saved him. O that the boy were here to prove it ! ’

‘ I am here, Marables,’ said I, coming on the deck, ‘ and I am witness that you tried to save me, until you were struck senseless by that ruffian Fleming, who threw me overboard, that I might not give evidence as to the silver and gold which I found in the cabin ; and which I overheard him tell you must be put into sacks and sunk, as two of the men had ’peached.’

Fleming, when he saw me, turned round, as if not to look at me. His face I could not see ; but after remaining a few seconds in that position, he held out his hands in silence for the handcuffs, which the officer had already taken out of his pocket. Marables, on the contrary, sprang forward as soon as I had finished speaking, and caught me in his arms.

‘My fine honest boy ! I thank God—I thank God ! All that he has said is true, sir. You will find the goods sunk astern, and the buoy-rope to them fastened to the lower pintle of the rudder. Jacob, thank God, you are safe ; I little thought to see you again. There, sir,’ continued he to the officer, holding out his hands, ‘I deserve it all. I had not strength of mind enough to be honest.’

The handcuffs were put on Marables as well as on Fleming, and the officer allowing me time to go down and put on my clothes, hauled up the sacks containing the valuables, and leaving two hands in charge of the barge, rowed ashore with us all in the boat. It was then about three o’clock in the morning, and I was very glad when we arrived at the receiving house, and I was permitted to warm myself before the fire. As soon as I was comfortable, I laid down on a bench and fell fast asleep.

## CHAPTER VIII

More of the ups and downs of life—Up before the magistrates, then down the river again in the lighter—The Toms—A light heart upon two sticks—Receive my first lessons in singing—Our lighter well manned with two boys and a fraction.

I DID not awake the next morning till roused by the police, who brought us up before the magistrates. The crowd that followed, appeared to make no distinction between the prisoners and the witness, and remarks not very complimentary, and to me very annoying, were liberally made. ‘He’s a young hand for such work,’ cried one. ‘There’s gallows marked in his face,’ observed another, to whom, when I turned round to look at him, I certainly could have returned the compliment. The station was not far from the magistrates’ office, and we soon arrived. The principal officer went into the inner room, and communicated with the magistrates before they came out and took their seats on the bench.

‘Where is Jacob Faithful? My lad, do you know the nature of an oath?’

I answered in the affirmative; the oath was administered, and my evidence taken down. It was then read over to the prisoners, who were asked if they had any thing to say in their defence. Fleming, who had sent for his lawyer,

was advised to make no answer. Marables quietly replied, that all the boy had said was quite true.

‘Recollect,’ said the magistrate, ‘we cannot accept you as king’s evidence ; that of the boy is considered sufficient.’

‘I did not intend that you should,’ replied Marables ; ‘I only want to ease my conscience, not to try for my pardon.’

They were then committed for trial, and led away to prison. I could not help going up to Marables and shaking his hand, before he was led away. He lifted up his two arms, for he was still handcuffed, and wiped his eyes, saying, ‘Let it be a warning to you, Jacob—not that I think you need it ; but still I once was honest as yourself—and look at me now.’ And he cast his eyes down sorrowfully upon his fettered wrists. They quitted the room, Fleming giving me a look which was very significant of what my chance would be, if ever I fell into his clutches.

‘We must detain you, my lad,’ observed one of the magistrates, ‘without you can procure a sufficient bail for your appearance as witness on the trial.’

I replied, that I knew of no one, except my master Mr. Drummond, and my schoolmaster ; and had no means of letting them know of my situation.

The magistrate then directed the officer to go down by the first Brentford coach, acquaint Mr. Drummond with what had passed, and that the lighter would remain in charge of the

river police, until he could send hands on board of her ; and I was allowed to sit down on a bench behind the bar. It was not until past noon that Mr. Drummond, accompanied by the Domine, made his appearance. To save time, the magistrates gave them my deposition to read ; they put in bail, and I was permitted to leave the court. We went down by the coach, but, as they went inside and I was out, I had not many questions asked until my arrival at Mr. Drummond's house, when I gave them a detailed account of all that had happened.

‘ Proh ! Deus ! ’ exclaimed the Domine, when I had finished my story. ‘ What an escape ! How narrowly, as Propertius hath it femininely, “ *Eripitur nobis jam pridem carus puer.* ” Well was it, that thou hadst learnt to swim—verily thou must have struggled lustily. “ *Pugnat in adversas ire natator aquas,* ” yea, lustily for thy life, child. Now, God be praised ! ’

But Mr. Drummond was anxious that the lighter should be brought back to the wharf ; he therefore gave me my dinner, for I had eaten nothing that day, and then despatched me in a boat with two men, to bring her up the river. The next morning we arrived ; and Mr. Drummond, not having yet selected any other person to take her in charge, I was again some days on shore, dividing my time between the Domine and Mr. Drummond's, where I was always kindly treated, not only by him, but also by his wife, and his little daughter Sarah.

A master for the lighter was soon found,



and as I passed a considerable time under his orders, I must describe him particularly. He had served the best part of his life on board a man-of-war, had been in many general and single actions, and, at the battle of Trafalgar, had wound up his servitude with the loss of both his legs, and an out-pension from Greenwich Hospital, which he preferred, to being received upon the establishment, as he had a wife and child ; since that time he had worked on the river. He was very active, and broad-shouldered, and had probably, before he lost his legs, been a man of at least five feet eleven or six feet high ; but, as he found that he could keep his balance better upon short stumps than long ones, he had reduced his wooden legs to about eight inches in length, which, with his square body, gave him the appearance of a huge dwarf. He bore, and I will say most deservedly, an excellent character. His temper was always cheerful, and he was a little inclined to drink ; but the principal feature in him was lightness of heart ; he was always singing. His voice was very fine and powerful. When in the service, he used to be summoned to sing to the captain and officers, and was the delight of the forecastle. His memory was retentive, and his stock of songs incredible ; at the same time, he seldom or ever sang more than one or two stanzas of a song in the way of quotation, or if apt to what was going on, often altering the words to suit the occasion. He was accompanied by his son Tom, a lad of my own age, as merry as his father, and who had a good

treble voice and a good deal of humour : he would often take the song up from his father, with words of his own putting in, with ready wit and good tune. We three composed the crew of the lighter ; and, as there had already been considerable loss from demurrage, were embarked as soon as they arrived. The name of the father was Tom Beazeley, but he was always known on the river as ‘ old Tom,’ or, as some more learned wag had christened him, ‘ the *Merman on two sticks*.’ As soon as we had put our traps on board, as old Tom called them, he received his orders, and we cast off from the wharf. The wind was favourable. Young Tom was as active as a monkey, and as full of tricks. His father took the helm, while we two, assisted by a dog of the small Newfoundland breed, which Tom had taught to take a rope in his teeth, and be of no small service to two boys in bowsing on a tackle, made sail upon the lighter, and away we went, while old Tom’s strain might be heard from either shore.

‘ Loose, loose every sail to the breeze,  
 The course of the vessel improve.  
 I’ve done with the toil of the seas ;  
 Ye sailors, I’m bound to my love.’

‘ Tom, you beggar, is the bundle ready for your mother ? We must drop the skiff, Jacob, at Battersea Reach, and send the clothes on shore for the old woman to wash, or there’ll be no clean shirts for Sunday. Shove in your shirts, Jacob, the old woman won’t mind that. She used to wash for the mess. Clap on, both

of you, and get another pull at those haulyards. That'll do, my bantams.

‘ Hoist, hoist, every sail to the breeze,  
Come, shipmates, and join in the song,  
Let's drink while the barge cuts the seas,  
To the gale that may drive her along.’

‘ Tom, where's my pot of tea ? Come, my boy, we must pipe to breakfast. Jacob, there's a rope towing overboard. Now, Tom, hand me my tea, and I'll steer with one hand, drink with the other, and as for the legs, the less we say about them the better.

‘ No glory I covet, no riches I want,  
Ambition is nothing to me,  
But one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant—’

Here Tom's treble chimed in, handing him the pot,

‘ For *breakfast a good cup of tea.*’

‘ Silence, you sea-cook ! how dare you shove in your penny whistle ? How's tide, Tom ? ’

‘ Three-quarters ebb.’

‘ No it a'n't, you thief ; how is it, Jacob ? ’  
About half, I think.’

‘ And you're right.’

‘ What water have we down here on the side ? ’

‘ You must give the point a wide berth,’ replied I, ‘ the shoal runs out.’

‘ Thanky, boy, so I thought, but wasn't sure ; ’ and then old Tom burst out in a beautiful air.

‘ Trust not too much your own opinion,  
When your vessel's under weigh,  
Let good advice still bear dominion,  
That's a compass will not stray.’

‘ Old Tom, is that you ? ’ hallooed a man from another barge.

‘ Yes ; what’s left of me, my hearty.’

‘ You’ll not fetch the bridges this tide—there’s a strong breeze right up the reaches below.’

‘ Never mind, we’ll do all we can.

‘ If unassailed by squall or shower,

Wafted by the gentle gales,

Let’s not lose the favouring hour,

While success attends our sails.’

‘ Bravo, old Tom ! why don’t the boys get the lines out, for all the fishes are listening to you,’ cried the man, as the barges were parted by the wind and tide.

‘ I did once belong to a small craft, called the Arion,’ observed old Tom, ‘ and they say as how the story was, that that chap could make the fish follow him just when he pleased. I know that when we were in the North Sea, the shoals of seals would follow the ship if you whistled ; but those brutes have ears—now fish hav’n’t got none.

‘ Oh well do I remember that cold dreary land

Where the northern light

In the winter’s night,

Shone bright on its snowy strand.’

‘ Jacob, have you finished your breakfast ? Here, take the helm, while I and Tom put the craft a little into apple-pie order.’

Old Tom then stumped forward, followed by his son and the Newfoundland dog, who appeared to consider himself as one of the most useful personages on board. After coiling down

the ropes and sweeping the decks, they went into the cabin to make their little arrangements.

‘A good lock that, Tom,’ cried the father, turning the key of the cupboard. (I recollected it, and that its snapping so loud was the occasion of my being tossed overboard.) Old Tom continued : ‘I say, Tom, you won’t be able to open that cupboard, so I’ll put the sugar and the grog into it, you scamp. It goes too fast, when your purser’s steward.

‘For grog is our larboard and starboard,  
Our main-mast, our mizen, our log,  
On shore, or at sea, or when harbour’d,  
The mariner’s compass is grog.’

‘But it ar’n’t a compass to steer steady by, father,’ replied Tom.

‘Then don’t you have nothing to do with it, Tom.’

‘I only takes a little, father, because you mayn’t take too much.’

‘Thanky for nothing ; when do I ever take too much, you scamp ?’

‘Not too much for a man standing on his own pins, but too much for a man on two broomsticks.’

‘Stop your jaw, Mr. Tom, or I’ll unscrew one of the broomsticks, and lay it over your shoulders.’

‘Before it’s out of the socket, I’ll give you *leg-bail*. What will you do then, father ?’

‘Catch you when I can, Tom, as the spider takes the fly.’

‘What’s the good o’ that, when you can’t bear malice for ten minutes ?’

‘Very true, Tom ; then thank your stars that you have two good legs, and that your poor father has none.’

‘I very often do thank my stars, and that’s the truth of it ; but what’s the use of being angry about a drop of rum, or a handful of sugar ?’

‘Because you takes more than your allowance.’

‘Well, do you take less, then all will be right.’

‘And why should I take less, pray ?’

‘Because you’re only half a man ; you haven’t any legs to provide for, as I have.’

‘Now I tell you, Tom, that’s the very reason why I should have more, to comfort my old body for the loss of them.’

‘When you lost your legs you lost your ballast, father, and, therefore, you mus’n’t carry too much sail, or you’ll topple overboard some dark night. If I drink the grog it’s all for your good, you see.’

‘You’re a dutiful son in that way, at all events ; and a sweet child, as far as sugar goes ; but Jacob is to sleep in the cabin with me, and you’ll shake your blanket forward.’

‘Now that I consider quite unnatural ; why part father and son ?’

‘It’s not that exactly, it’s only parting son and the grog bottle.’

‘That’s just as cruel ; why part two such good friends ?’

‘’Cause, Tom, he’s too strong for you, and floors you sometimes.’



‘ Well, but I forgives him ; it’s all done in good humour.’

‘ Tom, you’re a wag ; but you wag your tongue to no purpose. Liquor ar’n’t good for a boy like you, and it grows upon you.’

‘ Well, don’t I grow too ? we grow together.’

‘ You’ll grow faster without it.’

‘ I’ve no wish to be a tall man cut short, like you.’

‘ If I hadn’t been a tall man, my breath would have been cut short for ever ; the ball which took my legs, would have cut you right in half.’

‘ And the ball that would take your head off, would whistle over mine ; so there we are equal again.’

‘ And there’s the grog, fast,’ replied old Tom, turning the key, and putting it into his pocket. ‘ That’s a stopper over all ; so now we’ll go on deck.’

I have narrated this conversation, as it will give the reader a better idea of Tom, and his way of treating his father. Tom was fond of his father, and although mischievous, and too fond of drinking, when he could obtain liquor, was not disobedient or vicious. We had nearly reached Battersea-fields when they returned on deck.

‘ Do you know, Jacob, how the parish of Battersea came into possession of those fields ? ’

‘ No, I do not.’

‘ Well, then, I’ll tell you ; it was because the Battersea people were more humane and charitable than their neighbours. There was a time

when those fields were of no value, now they're worth a mint of money, they say. The body of a poor devil, who was drowned in the river, was washed on shore on those banks, and none of the parishes would be at the expense of burying it. The Battersea people, though they had least right to be called upon, would not allow the poor fellow's corpse to be lying on the mud, and they went to the expense. Now, when the fields became of value, the other parishes were ready enough to claim them, but the case was tried, and as it was proved that Battersea had buried the body, the fields were decided to belong to that parish. So they were well paid for their humanity, and they deserved it. Mr. Drummond says you know the river well, Jacob.'

'I was born on it.'

'Yes, so I heard, and all about your father and mother's death. I was telling Tom of it, because he's too fond of *bowsing up his jib*.'

'Well, father, there's no occasion to remind Jacob; the tear is in his eye already,' replied Tom, with consideration.

'I wish you never had any other *drop* in your eye,—but never mind, Jacob, I didn't think of what I was saying. Look ye, d'ye see that little house with the two chimneys—that's mine, and there's my old woman—I wonder what she's about just now.' Old Tom paused for a while, with his eyes fixed on the object, and then burst out—

'I've cross'd the wide waters, I've trod the lone  
strand,  
I've triumphed in battle, I've lighted the brand ;

I've borne the loud thunder of death o'er the foam,  
Fame, riches, ne'er found them,—yet still found a  
home.'

'Tom, boy, haul up the skiff and paddle on shore with the bundle ; ask the old woman how she is, and tell her I'm hearty.' Tom was in the boat in a moment, and pulling lustily for the shore. 'That makes me recollect when I returned to my mother, a'ter the first three years of my sea service. I borrowed the skiff from the skipper—I was in a Greenland-man, my first ship, and pulled ashore to my mother's cottage under the cliff. I thought the old soul would have died with joy.' Here old Tom was silent, brushed a tear from his eye, and, as usual, commenced a strain, *sotto voce*.

'Why, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a wiping ?  
A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way.'

'How miserable,' continued he, after another pause, 'the poor thing was when I would go to sea—how she begged and prayed—boys have no feeling, that's sartain.

'O bairn, dinna leave me, to gang far away,  
O bairn, dinna leave me, ye're all that I hae,  
Think on a mither, the wind and the wave,  
A mither set on ye, her feet on the grave.'

'However, she got used to it at last, as the woman said, when she skinned the eels. Tom's a good boy, Jacob, but not steady, as they say you are. His mother spoils him, and I can't bear to be cross to him neither ; for his heart's in the right place, after all. There's the old

J A C O B F A I T H F U L

woman shaking her dishclout at us, as a signal. I wish I had gone on shore myself, but I can't step into those paper-built little boats, without my timber toes going through the bottom.'

## CHAPTER IX

The two Toms take to protocolling—Treaty of peace ratified between the belligerent parties—Lots of songs and supper—The largest mess of roast meat upon record.

TOM then shoved off the skiff. When half-way between the lighter and the shore, while his mother stood watching us, he laid on his oars. ‘Tom, Tom!’ cried his mother, shaking her fist at him, as he stooped down his head, ‘if you do, Tom!’

‘Tom! Tom!’ cried his father, shaking his fist also, ‘if you dare, Tom!’

But Tom was not within reach of either party; and he dragged a bottle out of the basket which his mother had intrusted to him, and putting it to his mouth, took a long swig.

‘That’s enough, Tom,’ screamed his mother, from the shore.

‘That’s too much, you rascal!’ cried his father, from the barge.

Neither admonition was, however, minded by Tom, who took what he considered his allowance; and then very coolly pulled alongside, and handed up the basket and bundle of clean clothes on deck. Tom then gave the boat’s painter to his father, who, I perceived, intended to salute him with the end of it, as soon as he came up; but Tom was too knowing

—he surged the boat a-head, and was on deck and forward, before his father could stump up to him. The main hatch was open, and Tom put that obstacle between his father and himself, before he commenced a parley.

‘What’s the matter, father?’ said Tom, smiling, and looking at me.

‘Matter, you scamp! How dare you touch the bottle?’

‘The bottle—the bottle’s there, as good as ever.’

‘The grog is what I mean—how dare you drink it?’

‘I was half way between my mother and you, and so I drank success and long life to you both. Arn’t that being a very dutiful son?’

‘I wish I had my legs back again, you rascal.’

‘You wish you had the grog back again, you mean, father. You have to choose between—for if you had the grog, you’d never keep your legs.’

‘For the matter of drinking the grog, you scamp, you seem determined to stand in my shoes.’

‘Well, shoes are of no use to you now, father—why shouldn’t I? Why don’t you trust me? If you hadn’t locked the cupboard, I wouldn’t have helped myself.’ And Tom, whose boot-lace was loose, stooped down to make it fast.

Old Tom, who was still wroth, thought this a good opportunity, as his son’s head was turned the other way, to step over the bricks, with which, as I before said, the lighter had been



laden level with the main hatchway, and take his son by surprise. Tom, who had no idea of his manoeuvre, would certainly have been captured, but, fortunately for him, one of the upper bricks turned over, and let his father's wooden leg down between two of the piles, where it was jammed fast. Old Tom attempted to extricate himself, but could not. 'Tom, Tom, come here,' cried he, 'and pull me out.'

'Not I,' replied Tom, coolly.

'Jacob, Jacob, come here ; Tom, run and take the helm.'

'Not I,' replied Tom.

'Jacob, never mind the helm, she'll drift all right for a minute,' cried old Tom ; 'come, and help me.'

But I had been so amused with the scene, and having a sort of feeling for young Tom, that I declared it impossible to leave the helm without her going on the banks. I therefore remained, wishing to see in what way the two Toms would get out of their respective scrapes.

'Confound these —— ! Tom, you scoundrel, am I to stick here all day ?'

'No, father, I don't suppose you will. I shall help you directly.'

'Well, then, why don't you do it ?'

'Because I must come to terms. You don't think I'd help myself to a thrashing, do you ?'

'I won't thrash you, Tom. Shiver my timbers if I do.'

'They're in a fair way of being shivered as it is, I think. Now, father, we're both even.'

'How's that ?'

‘Why you clapped a stopper over all on me this morning, and now you’ve got one on yourself.’

‘Well, then, take off mine, and I’ll take off your’s.’

‘If I unlock your leg, you’ll unlock the cupboard.’

‘Yes.’

‘And you promise me a *stiff one* after dinner?’

‘Yes, yes, as stiff as I stand here.’

‘No, that will be too much, for it would *set me fast*. I only like it about half-an-half, as I took it just now.’

Tom, who was aware that his father would adhere to his agreement, immediately went to his assistance, and throwing out some of the upper bricks, released him from his confinement. When old Tom was once more on the deck and on his legs, he observed, ‘It’s an ill wind that blows nobody good. The *loss* of my legs has been the *saving* of you many a time, Mr. Tom.’

It was now time to anchor, as we were meeting the flood. Tom, who officiated as cook, served up the dinner, which was ready; and we were all very pleasant, Tom treating his father with perfect confidence. As we had not to weigh again for some hours, our repast was prolonged, and old Tom, having fulfilled his promise to his son, of a *stiff one*, took one or two himself, and became very garrulous.

‘Come, spin us a good yarn, father; we’ve nothing to do, and Jacob will like to hear you.’

‘ Well, then, so I will,’ answered he, ‘ what shall it be about ? ’

‘ Fire and water, of course,’ replied Tom.

‘ Well, then, I’ll tell you something about both, since you wish it ; how I came into His Majesty’s sarvice through *fire*, and how the officer who pressed me went out of it through *water*. I was still ’prentice, and wanted about three months to sarve my time, when, of course, I should no longer be protected from sarving the king, when the ship I was in sailed up the Baltic with a cargo of bullocks. We had at least two hundred on board, tied up on platforms on every deck, with their heads close to the sides, and all their sterns looking in board. They were fat enough when they were shipped, but soon dwindled away : the weather was very bad, and the poor creatures rolled against each other, and slipped about in a way that it pitied you to see them. However, they were stowed so thick, that they held one another up, which proved of service to them in the heavy gales which tossed the ship about like a pea in a rattle. We had joined a large convoy, and were entering the sound, when, as usual, it fell calm, and out came the Danish gun-boats to attack us. The men-of-war who had charge of the convoy behaved nobly : but still they were becalmed, and many of us were a long way astern. Our ship was pretty well up, but she was too far in-shore ; and the Danes made a dash at us with the hope of making a capture. The men-of-war, seeing what the enemy were about, sent boats to beat them off ; but it was

too late to prevent them boarding, which they did. Not wishing to peep through the bars of the gaol at Copenhagen, we left the ship in our boats on one side, just as the Danes boarded on the other, and pulled towards the men-of-war's armed boats coming to our assistance. The men-of-war's boats pulled right for the ship to retake her, which they did certainly, but not before the enemy had set fire to the vessel, and had then pulled off towards another. Seeing this, the men-of-war's boats again gave chase to the Danes, leaving us to extinguish the flames, which were now bursting out fore and aft, and climbing like fiery serpents up to the main catharpings. We soon found that it was impossible : we remained as long as the heat and smoke would permit us, and then we were obliged to be off ; but I shall never forget the roaring and moaning of the poor animals who were then roasting alive. It was a cruel thing of the Danes to fire a vessel full of these poor creatures. Some had broken loose, and were darting up and down the decks goring others, and tumbling down the hatchways : others remained trembling, or trying to snuff up a mouthful of fresh air amongst the smoke ; but the struggling and bellowing, as the fire caught the vessel fore and aft, and was grilling two hundred poor creatures at once, was at last shocking, and might have been heard for a mile. We did all we could. I cut the throats of a dozen, but they kicked and struggled so much, falling down upon, and treading you under their feet ; and once one laid upon me,

and I expected to be burnt with them, for it was not until I was helped that I got clear of the poor animal. So we stayed as long as we could, and then left them to their fate ; and the smell of burnt meat as we shoved off, was as horrible as the cries and wailings of the poor beasts themselves. The men-of-war's boats returned, having chased away the Danes, and very kindly offered us all a ship, as we had lost our own, so that you see that by *fire* I was forced into His Majesty's sarvice. Now, the boat which took us, belonged to one of the frigates who had charge of the convoy, and the lieutenant who commanded the boat was a swearing, tearing sort of a chap, who lived as if his life was to last for ever. After I was taken on board, the captain asked me if I would enter, and I thought that I might as well sarve the king handsomely, so I volunteered. It's always the best thing to do when you're taken, and can't help yourself, for you are more trusted than a pressed man who is obstinate. I liked the sarvice from the first—the captain was not a particular man ; according to some people's idea of the sarvice, she wasn't in quite man-of-war fashion, but she was a happy ship, and the men would have followed and fought for the captain to the last drop of their blood. That's the sort of ship for me. I've seen cleaner decks, but I never saw merrier hearts. The only one of the officers disliked by the men was the lieutenant who pressed me ; he had a foul mouth, and no discretion ; and as for swearing, it was really terrible to hear the words which came out of his

mouth. I don't mind an oath rapped out in the heat of the moment, but he invented his oaths when he was cool, and let them out in his rage. We were returning home, after having seen the convoy safe, when we met with a gale of wind in our teeth, one of the very worst I ever fell in with. It had been blowing hard from the S.W., and then shifted to the N.W., and made a cross sea, which was tremendous. Now, the frigate was a very old vessel, and although they had often had her into dock and repaired her below, they had taken no notice of her upper works, which were as rotten as a medlar. I think it was about three bells in the middle watch, when the wind was howling through the rigging, for we had no canvass on her 'cept a staysail and trysail, when the staysail sheet went, and she broached-to afore they could prevent her. The lieutenant I spoke of had the watch, and his voice was heard through the roaring of the wind, swearing at the men to haul down the staysail, that we might bend on the sheet, and set it right again ; when, she having, I said, broached-to, a wave—aye, a wave as high as the maintop almost, took the frigate right on her broadside, and the bulwarks of the quarter-deck being, as I said, quite rotten, cut them off clean level with the main chains, sweeping them, and guns, and men, all overboard together. The mizzen-mast went, but the main-mast held on, and I was under its lee at the time, and was saved by clinging on like a nigger, while for a minute I was under the water, which carried almost all away with it to



leeward. As soon as the water passed over me, I looked up and around me—it was quite awful; the quarter-deck was cut off as with a knife—not a soul left there, that I could see; no man at the wheel—mizen-mast gone—skylights washed away—waves making a clear breach, and no defence; boats washed away from the quarters—all silent on deck, but plenty of noise below and on the main-deck, for the ship was nearly full of water, and all below were hurrying up in their shirts, thinking that we were going down. At last the captain crawled up, and clung by the stancheons, followed by the first lieutenant and the officers, and by degrees all was quiet, the ship was cleared, and the hands were turned up to muster, under the half-deck. There were forty-seven men who did not answer to their names—they had been summoned to answer for their lives, poor fellows! and there was also the swearing lieutenant not to be found. Well, at last we got the hands on deck, and put her before the wind, scudding under bare poles. As we went aft to the taffrail, the bulwark of which still remained, with about six feet of the quarter-deck bulwark on each side, we observed something clinging to the stern ladder, dipping every now and then into the sea, as it rose under her counter, and assisted the wind in driving her before the gale. We soon made it out to be a man, and I went down, slipped a bowling knot over the poor fellow, and with some difficulty we were both hauled up again. It proved to be the lieutenant, who had been washed under the counter

and clung to the stern ladder, and had thus miraculously been preserved. It was a long while before he came to, and he never did any duty the whole week we were out, till we got into Yarmouth Roads ; indeed, he hardly ever spoke a word to any one, but seemed to be always in serious thought. When we arrived, he gave his commission to the captain, and went on shore ; went to school again, they say, and *bore up for a parson*, and for all I know, he'll preach somewhere next Sunday. So you see, *water* drove him out of the service, and *fire* forced me in. There's a yarn for you, Jacob.'

' I like it very much,' replied I.

' And now, father, give us a whole song, and none of your little bits.' Old Tom broke out with the ' Death of Nelson,' in a style that made the tune and words ring in my ears for the whole evening.

The moon was up before the tide served, and we weighed our anchor ; old Tom steering, while his son was preparing supper, and I remaining forward, keeping a sharp look out, that we did not run foul of anything. It was a beautiful night, and as we passed through the several bridges, the city appeared as if it were illuminated, from the quantity of gas throwing a sort of halo of light over the tops of the buildings which occasionally marked out the main streets from the general dark mass—old Tom's voice was still occasionally heard, as the scene brought to his remembrance his variety of song.

‘ For the murmur of thy lip, love,  
 Come sweetly unto me,  
 As the sound of oars that dip, love,  
 At moonlight in the sea.’

I never was more delighted than when I heard these snatches of different songs poured forth in such melody from old Tom’s lips, the notes floating along the water during the silence of the night. I turned aft to look at him ; his face was directed upwards, looking on the moon which glided majestically through the heavens, silvering the whole of the landscape. The water was smooth as glass, and the rapid tide had swept us clear of the ranges of ships in the pool ; both banks of the river were clear, when old Tom again commenced.

‘ The moon is up, her silver beam  
 Shines bower, and grove, and mountain over,  
 A flood of radiance heaven doth seem  
 To light thee, maiden, to thy lover.

‘ Jacob, how does the bluff-nob bear ? on the starboard-bow ? ’

‘ Yes—broad on the bow ; you’d better keep up half a point, the tide sweeps us fast.’

‘ Very true, Jacob ; look out, and say when. Steady it is, boy.

‘ If o’er her orb a cloud should rest,  
 ’Tis but thy cheeks’ soft blush to cover ;  
 He waits to clasp thee to his breast,  
 The moon is up—go, meet thy lover.’

‘ Tom, what have you got for supper, boy ? What’s that frizzling in your frying-pan ? Smells good, anyhow.’

‘Yes, and I expect will taste good too. However, you look after the moon, father, and leave me and the frying-pan to play our parts.’

‘While I sing mine, I suppose, boy.

‘The moon is up, round beauty’s shrine,  
Love’s pilgrims bend at vesper hour,  
Earth breathes to heaven, and looks divine,  
And lovers’ hearts confess her power.’

Old Tom stopped, and the frying-pan frizzed on, sending forth an odour, which, if not grateful to heaven, was peculiarly so to us mortals, hungry with the fresh air. ‘How do we go now, Jacob?’

‘Steady, and all’s right; but we shall be met with the wind next reach, and had better brail up the mainsail.’

‘Go then, Tom, and help Jacob.’

‘I can’t leave the *ingons*, father, not if the lighter tumbled overboard; it would bring more tears in my eyes to spoil them, now that they are frying so merrily, than they did when I was cutting them up. Besides, the liver would be as black as the bends.’

‘Clap the frying-pan down on deck, Tom, and brail the sail up with Jacob, there’s a good boy. You can give it another shake or two afterwards.

‘Glide on, my bark, how sweet to rove,  
With such a beaming sky above!’

‘That’s right, my boys, belay all that; now to our stations; Jacob on the look-out, Tom to his frying-pan, and I to the helm.

‘ No sound is heard to break the spell,  
 Except the water’s gentle swell ;  
 While midnight, like a mimic day,  
 Shines on to guide our moonlight way.

‘ Well, the moon’s a beautiful creature—God bless her ! How often have we longed for her in the dark winter, channel-cruizing, when the waves were flying over the Eddystone, and trying in their malice to put out the light. I don’t wonder at people making songs to the moon, nor at my singing them. We’ll anchor when we get down the next reach.’

We swept the next reach with the tide, which was now slacking fast. Our anchor was dropped, and we all went to supper, and to bed. I have been particular in describing the first day of my being on board with my new shipmates, as it may be taken as a sample of our every-day life ; Tom and his father fighting and making friends, cooking, singing, and spinning yarns ; still, I shall have more scenes to describe. Our voyage was made, we took in a return cargo, and arrived at the proprietor’s wharf, when I found that I could not proceed with them the next voyage, as the trial of Fleming and Marables was expected to come on in a few days. The lighter, therefore, took in another cargo, and sailed without me ; Mr. Drummond, as usual, giving me the run of his house.

## CHAPTER X

I help to hang my late bargemate for his attempt to drown me—One good turn deserves another—The subject suddenly dropped, at Newgate—A yarn in the law line—With due precautions and preparation, the Domine makes his first voyage—to Gravesend.

It was on the 7th of November, if I recollect rightly, that Fleming and Marables were called up to trial at the Old Bailey, and I was in the court, with Mr. Drummond and the Domine, soon after ten o'clock. After the judge had taken his seat, as their trial was first on the list, they were ushered in. They were both clean, and well dressed. In Fleming I could perceive little difference : he was pale, but resolute ; but when I looked at Marables, I was astonished. Mr. Drummond did not at first recognize him—he had fallen away from seventeen stone to, at the most, thirteen ; his clothes hung loosely about him—his ruddy cheeks had vanished—his nose was become sharp, and his full round face had been changed to an oblong. Still there remained that natural good-humoured expression in his countenance, and the sweet smile played upon his lips. His eyes glanced fearfully round the court—he felt his disgraceful situation—the colour mounted to his temples and forehead, and he then became again pale



as a sheet, casting down his eyes, as if desirous to see no more.

After the indictment had been read over, the prisoners were asked by the clerk whether they pleaded guilty or not guilty. 'Not guilty,' replied Fleming, in a bold voice. 'John Marables—guilty or not guilty?' 'Guilty,' replied Marables—'guilty, my lord'; and he covered up his face with his hands.

Fleming was indicted on three counts—an assault, with intent to murder; having stolen goods in his possession; and for a burglary in a dwelling-house, on such a date; but I understand that they had nearly twenty more charges against him, had these failed. Marables was indicted for having been an accessory to the last charge, as receiver of stolen goods. The counsel for the crown, who opened the trial, stated that Fleming, *alias* Barkett, *alias* Wenn with many more *aliases*, had for a long while been at the head of the most notorious gang of thieves which had infested the metropolis for many years; that justice had long been in search of him, but that he had disappeared, and it had been supposed that he had quitted the kingdom to avoid the penalties of the law, to which he had subjected himself by his enormities. It appeared, however, that he had taken a step which not only blinded the officers of the police, but at the same time had enabled the gang to carry on their depredations with more impunity than ever. He had concealed himself in a lighter on the river, and appearing in her as one diligently performing his duty,

and earning his livelihood as an honest man, had by such means been enabled even to extend his influence, the number of his associates, and his audacious schemes. The principal means of detection in cases of burglary, was by advertising the goods, and the great difficulty on the part of such miscreants was to obtain a ready sale for them—the receivers of stolen goods being aware that the thieves were at their mercy, and must accept what was offered. Now, to obviate these difficulties, Fleming had, as we before observed, concealed himself from justice on board of a river barge, which was made the receptacle for stolen goods. Those which had been nefariously obtained at one place, being by him and his associates carried up and down the river in the craft, and disposed of at a great distance, by which means the goods were never brought to light, so as to enable the police to recognize or trace them. This system had now been carried on with great success for upwards of twelve months, and would, in all probability, have not been discovered even now, had it not been that a quarrel as to profits had taken place, which had induced two of his associates to give information to the officers ; and these two associates had also been permitted to turn king's evidence, in a case of burglary, in which Fleming was a principal, provided that it was considered necessary. But there was a more serious charge against the prisoner, that of having attempted the life of a boy, named Jacob Faithful, belonging to the lighter, and who, it appeared, had suspicions

of what was going on, and, in duty to his master, had carefully watched the proceedings, and given notice to others of what he had discovered from time to time. The lad was the chief evidence against the prisoner Fleming, and also against Marables, the other prisoner, of whom he could only observe, that circumstances would transpire, during the trial, in his favour, which he had no doubt would be well considered by his lordship. He would not detain the gentlemen of the jury any longer, but at once call on his witnesses.

I was then summoned, again asked the same questions as to the nature of an oath, and the judge being satisfied with my replies, I gave my evidence as before ; the judge, as I perceived, carefully examining my previous deposition, to ascertain if any thing I now said was at variance with my former assertions. I was then cross-examined by the counsel for Fleming, but he could not make me vary in my evidence. I did, however, take the opportunity, whenever I was able, of saying all I could in favour of Marables. At last, the counsel said he would ask me no more questions. I was dismissed, and the police-officer who had picked me up, and other parties who identified the various property as their own, and the manner in which they had been robbed of it, were examined. The evidence was too clear to admit of doubt. The jury immediately returned a verdict of guilty against Fleming and Marables, but strongly recommended Marables to the mercy of the crown. The judge rose, put on his black

cap, and addressed the prisoners as follows. The court was so still, that a pin falling might have been heard.

‘ You, William Fleming, have been tried by a jury of your countrymen, upon the charge of receiving stolen goods, to which you have added the most atrocious crime of intended murder. You have had a fair and impartial trial, and have been found guilty ; and it appears that even had you escaped in this instance, other charges equally heavy, and which would equally consign you to condign punishment, were in readiness to be preferred against you. Your life has been one of guilt, not only in your own person, but also in abetting and stimulating others to crime ; and you have wound up your shameful career by attempting the life of a fellow-creature. To hold out to you any hope of mercy is impossible. Your life is justly forfeited to the offended laws of your country, and your sentence is that you be removed from this court to the place from which you came, and from thence to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck till you are dead ; and may God, in His infinite goodness, have mercy on your soul !

‘ You, John Marables, have pleaded guilty to the charges brought against you ; and it has appeared, during the evidence brought out on the trial, that although you have been a party to these nefarious transactions, you are far from being hardened in your guilt. [“ No, no !” exclaimed Marables.] I believe sincerely that you are not, and much regret that one who,

from the evidence brought forward, appears to have been, previously to this unfortunate connexion, an honest man, should now appear in so disgraceful a situation. A severe punishment is however demanded by the voice of justice, and by that sentence of the law you must now be condemned ; at the same time I trust that an appeal to the mercy of your sovereign will not be made in vain.'

The judge then passed the sentence upon Marables, the prisoners were led out of court, and a new trial commenced ; while Mr. Drummond and the Domine conducted me home. About a week after the trial, Fleming suffered the penalty of the law ; while Marables was sentenced to transportation for life, which, however, previous to his sailing, was commuted to seven years.

In a few days, the lighter returned. Her arrival was announced to me, one fine, sunny morning, as I lay in bed, by a voice, whose well-known notes poured into my ear, as I was half dozing on my pillow.

'Bright are the beams of the morning sky,  
And sweet the dew the red blossoms sip,  
But brighter the glances of dear woman's eye—

'Tom, you monkey, belay the warp, and throw the fenders over the side. Be smart, or old Fuzzle will be growling about his red paint.

'And sweet is the dew on her lip.'

I jumped out of my little crib, threw open the window, the panes of which were crystallized with the frost in the form of little trees,

and beheld the lighter just made fast to the wharf, the sun shining brightly, old Tom's face as cheerful as the morn, and young Tom laughing, jumping about, and blowing his fingers. I was soon dressed, and shaking hands with my bargemates.

'Well, Jacob, how do you like the Old Bailey? Never was in it but once in my life, and never mean to go again if I can help it; that was, when Sam Bowles was tried for his life, but my evidence saved him. I'll tell you how it was. Tom, look a'ter the breakfast; a bowl of tea this cold morning will be worth having. Come, jump about.'

'But I never heard the story of Sam Bowles,' answered Tom.

'What's that to you? I'm telling it to Jacob.'

'But I want to hear it—so go on, father. I'll start you. Well, d'ye see, Sam Bowles—'

'Master Tom, them as play with *bowls* may meet with *rubbers*. Take care, I don't *rub* down your hide. Off, you thief, and get breakfast.'

'No, I wont; if I don't have your *Bowles*, you shall have no *bowls* of tea. I've made my mind up to that.'

'I tell you what, Tom, I shall never get any good out of you, until I have both your legs amputated. I've a great mind to send for the farrier.'

'Thanky, father; but I find them very useful.'

'Well,' said I, 'suppose we put off the story till breakfast time, and I'll go and help Tom to get it ready.'



‘ Be it so, Jacob. I suppose Tom must have his way, as I spoilt him myself. I made him so fond of yarns, so I was a fool to be vexed.

‘ Oh ! life is a river and man is the boat,  
That over its surface is destined to float,  
And joy is a cargo so easily stored,  
That he is a fool who takes sorrow on board.

‘ Now I’ll go on shore to master, and find out what’s to be done next. Give me my stick, boy, and I shall crawl over the planks a little safer. A safe stool must have three legs, you know.’

Old Tom then stumped away on shore. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, bringing half-a-dozen red herrings. ‘ Here, Tom, grill these sodgers. Jacob, who is that tall old chap, with such a devil of a cutwater, that I met just now with master. We are bound for Sheerness this trip, and I’m to land him at Greenwich.’

‘ What, the Domine ? ’ replied I, from old Tom’s description.

‘ His name did begin with a D, but that wasn’t it.’

‘ Dobbs ? ’

‘ Yes, that’s nearer ; he’s to be a passenger on board of us, going down to see a friend who’s very ill. Now, Tom, my hearty, bring out the crockery, for I want a little inside lining.’

We all sat down to our breakfast, and as soon as old Tom had finished, his son called for the history of Sam Bowles.

‘ Well, now you shall have it. Sam Bowles was a shipmate of mine on board of the Green-

landman ; he was one of our best harpooners, and a good, quiet, honest messmate, as ever slung a hammock. He was spliced to as pretty a piece of flesh as ever was seen, but she wasn't as good as she was pretty. We were fitting out for another voyage, and his wife had been living on board with him for some weeks, for Sam was devilish spoony on her, and couldn't bear her to be out of his sight. As we 'spected to sail in a few days, we were filling up our complement of men, and fresh hands came on board every day.

' One morning, a fine tall fellow, with a tail as thick as a hawser, came on board and offered himself ; he was taken by the skipper, and went on shore again to get his traps. While we was still on deck I went below, and seeing Sam with his little wife on his knee playing with his love-locks, I said that there was a famous stout and good-looking fellow that we should have as a shipmate. Sam's wife, who, like all women, was a little curious, put her head up the hatchway to look at him. She put it down again very quick, as I thought, and made some excuse to go forward in the eyes of her, where she remained some time, and then, when she came aft, told Sam that she would go on shore. Now, as it had been agreed that she should remain on board till we were clear of the river, Sam couldn't think what the matter was ; but she was positive, and go away she did, very much to Sam's astonishment and anger. In the evening, Sam went on shore and found her out, and what d'ye think the little Jezebel told him ?—

why, that one of the men had been rude to her when she went forward, and that's why she wouldn't stay on board. Sam was in a devil of a passion at this, and wanted to know which was the man ; but she fondled him, and wouldn't tell him, because she was afraid that he'd be hurt. At last she bamboozled him, and sent him on board again quite content. Well, we remained three days longer, and then dropped down the river to Greenwich, where the captain was to come on board, and we were to sail as soon as the wind was fair. Now, this fine tall fellow was with us when we dropped down the river, and as Sam was sitting down on his chest eating a basin o' soup, the other man takes out a 'baccy pouch of seal-skin—it was a very curious one, made out of the white and spotted part of a young seal's belly. "I say, shipmate," cried Sam, "hand me over my 'baccy pouch. Where did you pick it up?"

"Your pouch," says he to him, "I killed the seal, and my fancy girl made the pouch for me."

"Well, if that ar'n't cool! you'd swear a man out of his life, mate. Tom," says he to me, "ar'n't that my pouch which my wife gave me when I came back last trip?"

'I looked at it, and knew it again, and said it was. The tall fellow denied it, and there was a devil of a bobbery. Sam called him a thief, and he pitched Sam right down the main hatchway among the casks. After that there was a regular set-to, and Sam was knocked all to shivers, and obliged to give in. When the fight

was over, I took up Sam's shirt for him to put on. "That's my shirt," cried the tall fellow.

"That's Sam's shirt," replied I, "I know it's his."

"I tell you it's mine," replied the man, "my lass gave it to me to put on when I got up this morning. The other is his shirt."

'We looked at the other, and they both were Sam's shirts. Now when Sam heard this, he put two and two together, and became very jealous and uneasy : he thought it odd that his wife was so anxious to leave the ship when this tall fellow came on board ; and what with the pouch and the shirt, he was puzzled. His wife had promised to come down to Greenwich and see him off. When we anchored, some of the men went on shore—among others the tall fellow. Sam, whose head was swelled up like a pumpkin, told one of his shipmates to say to his wife that he could not come on shore, and that she must come off to him. Well, it was about nine o'clock, dark, and all the stars were twinkling, when Sam says to me, "Tom, let's go on shore, my black eyes can't be seen in the dark." As we hauled up the boat, the second mate told Sam to take his harpoon iron on shore for him, to have the hole for the becket punched larger. Away we went, and the first place of course that Sam went to, was the house where he knew that his wife put up at, as before. He went upstairs to her room, and I followed him. The door was not made fast,

and in we went. There was his little devil of a wife, fast asleep in the arms of the tall fellow. Sam couldn't command his rage, and having the harpoon iron in his hand, he drove it right through the tall fellow's body, before I could prevent him. It was a dreadful sight : the man groaned, and his head fell over the side of the bed. Sam's wife screamed, and made Sam more wroth by throwing herself on the man's body, and weeping over it. Sam would have pulled out the iron to run her through with, but that was impossible. The noise brought up the people of the house, and it was soon known that murder had been committed. The constables came, Sam was thrown into prison, and I went on board and told the whole story. Well, we were just about to heave up, for we had shipped two more men in place of Sam, who was to be tried for his life, and the poor fellow he had killed, when a lawyer chap came on board with what they call a *suppeny* for me ; all I know is, that the lawyer pressed me into his service, and I lost my voyage. I was taken on shore, and fed well till the trial came on. Poor Sam was at the bar for murder. The gentleman in his gown and wig began his yarn, stating how the late fellow, whose name was Will Errol, was with his own wife when Sam harpooned him.

“ That's a lie ! ” cried Sam, “ he was with my wife.”

“ My lord,” said the lawyer, “ that is not the case ; it was his own wife, and here are the marriage certificates.”

‘ “ False papers ! ” roared Sam. “ Here are mine,” and he pulled out his tin case, and handed them to the court.

‘ The judge said that this was not the way to try people, and that Sam must hold his tongue ; so the trial went on, and at first they had it all their own way. Then our turn came, and I was called up to prove what had passed, and I stated how the man was with Sam’s wife, and how he, having the harpoon iron in his hand, had run it through his body. Then they compared the certificates, and it was proved that the little Jezebel had married them both ; but she had married Sam first, so he had most right to her ; but fancying the other man a’terwards, she thought she might as well have two strings to her bow. So the judge declared that she was Sam’s wife, and that any man, even without the harpoon in his hand, would be justified in killing a man whom he had found in bed with his own wife. So Sam went scot free ; but the judge wouldn’t let off Sam’s wife, as she had caused murder by her wicked conduct ; he tried her a’terwards for *biggery*, as they call it, and sent her over the water for life. Sam never held up his head a’terwards ; what with having killed an innocent man, and the ’haviour of his wife, he was always down. He went out to the fishery, and a whale cut the boat in two with her tail ; Sam was stunned, and went down like a stone. So you see the mischief brought about by this little Jezebel, who must have two husbands, and be d——d to her.’

‘ Well, that’s a good yarn, father,’ said Tom



as soon as it was finished. ‘I was right in saying I would hear it. Wasn’t I?’

‘No,’ replied old Tom, putting out his large hand, and seizing his son by the collar; ‘and now you’ve put me in mind of it, I’ll pay you off for old scores.’

‘Lord love you, father, you don’t owe me any thing,’ said Tom.

‘Yes, I do; and now I’ll give you a receipt in full.’

‘O Lord! they’ll be drowned,’ screamed Tom, holding up both his hands with every symptom of terror.

Old Tom turned short round to look in the direction, letting go his hold. Tom made his escape, and burst out a laughing. I laughed also, and so at last did his father.

I went on shore, and found that old Tom’s report was correct—the Domine was at breakfast with Mr. Drummond. The new usher had charge of the boys, and the governors had allowed him a fortnight’s holiday to visit an old friend at Greenwich. To save expense, as well as to indulge his curiosity, the old man had obtained a passage down in the lighter. ‘Never yet, Jacob, have I put my feet into that which floateth on the watery element,’ observed he to me: ‘nor would I now, but that it saveth money, which thou knowest well is with me not plentiful. Many dangers I expect, many perils shall I encounter, such have I read of in books, and well might Horace exclaim—“*Ille robur et æs triplex*,” with reference to the first man who ventured afloat. Still doth Mr. Drummond

assure me that the lighter is of that strength as to be able to resist the force of the winds and waves ; and confiding in Providence, I intend to venture, Jacob, “ *te duce.*” ’

‘ Nay, sir,’ replied I, laughing at the idea which the Domine appeared to have formed of the danger of river navigation, ‘ old Tom is the *Dux.*’

‘ Old Tom, where have I seen that name ? Now I do recall to mind that I have seen the same painted in large letters upon a cask at the tavern bar of the inn at Brentford ; but what it did intend to signify, I did not inquire. What connexion is there ? ’

‘ None,’ replied I ; ‘ but I rather think they are very good friends. The tide turns in half an hour, sir, are you ready to go on board ? ’

‘ Truly am I, and well prepared, having my habiliments in a bundle, my umbrella and my great coat, as well as my spencer for general wear. But where I am to sleep hath not yet been made known to me. Peradventure one sleepeth not—“ *tanto in periculo.*” ’

‘ Yes, sir, we do. You shall have my berth, and I’ll turn in with young Tom.’

‘ Hast thou then a young Tom as well as an old Tom on board ? ’

‘ Yes, sir, and a dog, also of the name of Tommy.’

‘ Well, then, we will embark, and thou shalt make me known to this triad of Thomases. “ *Inde Tomos dictus locus est.*” [*Cluck, cluck.*] Ovid, I thank thee.’

## CHAPTER XI

Much learning afloat—Young Tom is very lively upon the dead languages—The Domine, after experiencing the wonders of the mighty deep, prepares to revel upon lobsouse—Though the man of learning gets many songs and some yarns from old Tom, he loses the best part of a tale, without knowing it.

THE old Domine's bundle and other paraphernalia being sent on board, he took farewell of Mr. Drummond and his family in so serious a manner, that I was convinced that he considered that he was about to enter upon a dangerous adventure, and then I led him down to the wharf where the lighter laid alongside. It was with some trepidation that he crossed the plank, and got on board, when he recovered himself and looked round.

'My sarvice to you, old gentleman,' said a voice behind the Domine. It was that of old Tom, who had just come from the cabin. The Domine turned round and perceived old Tom.

'This is old Tom, sir,' said I to the Domine, who stared with astonishment.

'Art thou indeed? Jacob, thou didst not tell me that he had been curtailed of his fair proportions, and I was surprised. Art thou then Dux?' continued the Domine, addressing old Tom.

'Yes,' interrupted young Tom, who had come from forward, 'he is *ducks*, because he

waddles on his short stumps ; and I won't say who be goose. Eh, father ?'

'Take care you don't *buy* goose, for your imperance, sir,' cried old Tom.

'A forward boy,' exclaimed the Domine.

'Yes,' replied Tom, 'I'm generally forward.'

'Art thou forward in thy learning ? Canst thou tell me Latin for goose ?'

'To be sure,' replied Tom ; 'Brandy.'

'Brandy !' exclaimed the Domine. 'Nay, child, it is *anser*.'

'Then I was right,' replied Tom. 'You had your *answer* !'

'The boy is apt.' [*Cluck, cluck.*]

'He is apt to be devilish saucy, old gentleman ; but never mind that, there's no harm in him.'

'This, then, is young Tom, I presume, Jacob,' said the Domine, referring to me.

'Yes, sir,' replied I. 'You have seen old Tom, and young Tom, and you have only to see Tommy.'

'Want to see Tommy, sir ?' cried Tom. 'Here, Tommy, Tommy !'

But Tommy, who was rather busy with a bone forward, did not immediately answer to his call, and the Domine turned round to survey the river. The scene was busy, barges and boats passing in every direction, others lying on shore, with waggons taking out the coals and other cargoes, men at work, shouting or laughing with each other. '“*Populus in fluviis,*” as Virgil hath it. Grand indeed is the vast river. “*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum,* as the

generations of men are swept into eternity,”’ said the Domine, musing aloud. But Tommy had now made his appearance, and Tom, in his mischief, had laid hold of the tail of the Domine’s coat, and shown it to the dog. The dog, accustomed to seize a rope when it was shown to him, immediately seized the Domine’s coat, making three desperate tugs at it. The Domine, who was in one of his reveries, and probably thinking it was I, who wished to direct his attention elsewhere, each time waved his hand, without turning round, as much as to say—‘I am busy now.’

‘Haul and hold,’ cried Tom to the dog, splitting his sides and the tears running down his cheeks with laughing. Tommy made one more desperate tug, carrying away one tail of the Domine’s coat ; but the Domine perceived it not, he was still ‘*in nubibus*,’ while the dog galloped forward with the fragment, and Tom chased him to recover it. The Domine continued in his reverie, when old Tom burst out—

‘O England, dear England, bright gem of the ocean,  
Thy valleys and fields look fertile and gay,  
The heart clings to thee with a sacred devotion,  
And memory adores when in far lands away.’

The song gradually called the Domine to his recollection ; indeed, the strain was so beautiful, that it would have vibrated in the ears of a dying man. The Domine gradually turned round, and when old Tom had finished, exclaimed, ‘Truly it did delight mine ear, and from such—and,’ continued the Domine,

looking down upon old Tom—‘without legs too!’

‘Why, old gentleman, I don’t sing with my *legs*,’ answered old Tom.

‘Nay, good *Dux*, I am not so deficient as not to be aware that a man singeth from the mouth, yet is thy voice mellifluous, sweet as the honey of Hybla, strong——’

‘As the Latin for goose,’ finished Tom. ‘Come, father, old *Dictionary* is in the dol-drums; rouse him up with another stave.’

‘I’ll rouse you up with the stave of a cask over your shoulders, Mr. Tom. What have you done with the old gentleman’s swallow tail?’

‘Leave me to settle that affair, father; I know how to get out of a scrape.’

‘So you ought, you scamp, considering how many you get into; but the craft are swinging and heaving up. Forward there, Jacob, and sway up the mast; there’s Tom and Tommy to help you.’

The mast was hoisted up, the sail set, and the lighter in the stream, before the Domine was out of his reverie.

‘Are there whirlpools here?’ said the Domine, talking more to himself than to those about him.

‘Whirlpools,’ replied young Tom, who was watching and mocking him, ‘yes, that there are, under the bridges. I’ve watched a dozen *chips* go down one after the other.’

‘A dozen *ships*!’ exclaimed the Domine, turning to Tom; ‘and every soul lost?’



‘Never saw them afterwards,’ replied Tom in a mournful voice.

‘How little did I dream of the dangers of those so near me,’ said the Domine, turning away, and communing with himself. ‘“Those who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters ;”—“*Et vastas aperit Syrtes ;*”—“These men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.”—“*Alternante vorans vasta Charybdis aqua.*”—“For at his word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof.”—“*Surgens a puppi ventus.—Ubi tempestas et cæli mobilis humor.*”—“They are carried up to the heavens, and down again to the deep.”—“*Gurgitibus miris et lactis vertice torrens.*”—“Their soul melteth away because of their trouble.”—“*Stant pavidî. Omnibus ignotæ mortis timor, omnibus hostem.*”—“They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man.”’

‘So they do, father, don’t they, sometimes?’ observed Tom, leering his eye at his father. ‘That’s all I’ve understood of his speech.’

‘They are at their wit’s end,’ continued the Domine.

‘Mind the end of your wit, master Tom,’ answered his father, wroth at the insinuation.

‘“So when they call upon the Lord in their trouble”—“*Cujus jurare timen et fallere nomen*”—“He delivereth them out of their distress, for he maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still ;” yea, still and smooth as the peaceful water which now floweth rapidly by our anchored vessel—yet it appeareth to me that the scene hath changed. These

fields met not mine eyes before. “*Riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis.*” Surely we have moved from the wharf——’ and the Domine turned round, and discovered, for the first time, that we were more than a mile from the place at which we had embarked.

‘Pray, sir, what’s the use of speech, sir?’ interrogated Tom, who had been listening to the whole of the Domine’s long soliloquy.

‘Thou askest a foolish question, boy. We are endowed with the power of speech to enable us to communicate our ideas.’

‘That’s exactly what I thought, sir. Then pray what’s the use of your talking all that gibberish, that none of us could understand?’

‘I crave thy pardon, child; I spoke, I presume, in the dead languages.’

‘If they’re dead, why not let them rest in their graves?’

‘Good: thou hast wit. [*Cluck, cluck.*] Yet, child, know that it is pleasant to commune with the dead.’

‘Is it? then we’ll put you on shore at Battersea churchyard.’

‘Silence, Tom. He’s full of his sauce, sir, —you must forgive it.’

‘Nay, it pleaseth me to hear him talk; but it would please me more to hear thee sing.’

‘Then here goes, sir, to drown Tom’s impudence.’

‘Glide on, my bark, the morning tide  
Is gently flowing by thy side;  
Around thy prow the waters bright,  
In circling rounds of broken light,

Are glittering, as if ocean gave  
Her countless gems unto the wave.

‘That’s a pretty air, and I first heard it sung by a pretty woman ; but that’s all I know of the song. She sang another—

‘I’d be a butterfly, born in a bower.’

‘You’d be a butterfly,’ said the Domine, taking old Tom literally, and looking at his person.

Young Tom roared, ‘Yes, sir, he’d be a butterfly, and I don’t see why he shouldn’t very soon. His legs are gone, and his wings ar’n’t come ; so he’s a grub now, and that, you know, is the next thing to it. What a funny old beggar, it is, father—arn’t it ?’

‘Tom, Tom, go forward, sir ; we must shoot the bridge.’

‘Shoot !’ exclaimed the Domine ; ‘shoot what ?’

‘You arn’t afraid of fire-arms, are ye, sir ?’ inquired Tom.

‘Nay, I said not that I was afraid of fire-arms ; but why should you shoot ?’

‘We never could get on without it, sir ; we shall have plenty of shooting, by-and-by. You don’t know this river.’

‘Indeed, I thought not of such doings ; or that there were other dangers besides that of the deep waters.’

‘Go forward, Tom, and don’t be playing with your betters,’ cried old Tom. ‘Never mind him, sir, he’s only humbugging you.’

‘Explain, Jacob. The language of both old

Tom and young Tom are to me as incomprehensible as would be that of the dog Tommy.'

'Or as your Latin is to them, sir.'

'True, Jacob, true. I have no right to complain; nay, I do not complain, for I am amused, although at times much puzzled.'

We now shot Putney Bridge, and as a wherry passed us, old Tom carolled out—

'Did you never hear tell of a jolly young waterman?'

'No, I never did,' said the Domine, observing old Tom's eyes directed toward him. Tom, amused by this *naïveté* on the part of the Domine, touched him by the sleeve on the other side, and commenced with his treble.

'Did you ne'er hear a tale  
Of a maid in the vale?'

'Not that I can recollect, my child,' replied the Domine.

'Then where have you been all your life?'

'My life has been employed, my lad, in teaching the young idea how to shoot.'

'So, you're an old soldier after all, and afraid of fire-arms. Why don't you hold yourself up? I suppose it's that enormous jib of yours that brings you down by the head.'

'Tom, Tom, I'll cut you into pork pieces, if you go on that gait. Go and get dinner under weigh, you scamp, and leave the gentleman alone. Here's more wind coming.

'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast.

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
 While, like the eagle free,  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee.'

'Jacob,' said the Domine, 'I have heard by the mouth of Rumour, with her hundred tongues, how careless and indifferent are sailors unto danger ; but I never could have believed that such lightness of heart could have been shown. Yon man, although certainly not in years, yet, what is he ?—a remnant of a man resting upon unnatural and ill-proportioned support. Yon lad, who is yet but a child, appears as blithe and merry as if he were in possession of all this world can afford. I have an affection for that bold child, and would fain teach him the rudiments, at least, of the Latin tongue.'

'I doubt if Tom would ever learn them, sir. He has a will of his own.'

'It grieveth me to hear thee say so, for he lacketh not talent, but instruction ; and the Dux, he pleaseth me mightily—a second Palinurus. Yet how that a man could venture to embark upon an element, to struggle through the horrors of which must occasionally demand the utmost exertion of every limb, with the want of the two most necessary for his safety, is to me quite incomprehensible.'

'He can keep his legs, sir.'

'Nay, Jacob, how can he *keep* what are *already gone* ? Even thou speakest strangely upon the water. I see the dangers that surround us, Jacob, yet am I calm ; I feel that I

have not lived a wicked life—*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus*, as Horace truly saith, may venture, even as I have done, upon the broad expanse of water. What is it that the boy is providing for us? it hath an inviting smell.’

‘Lobscouse, master,’ replied old Tom, ‘and not bad lining either.’

‘I recollect no such word—*unde derivatur*, friend?’

‘What’s that, master?’ inquired old Tom.

‘It’s Latin for lobscouse, depend upon it, father,’ cried Tom, who was stirring up the savoury mess with a large wooden spoon. ‘He be a *deadly* lively old gentleman, with his dead language. Dinner’s all ready. Are we to let go the anchor, or pipe to dinner first?’

‘We may as well anchor, boys. We have not a quarter of an hour’s more ebb, and the wind is heading us.’

Tom and I went forward, brailed up the mainsail, cleared away and let go the anchor. The lighter swung round rapidly to the stream. The Domine, who had been in a fit of musing, with his eyes cast upon the forests of masts which we had passed below London Bridge, and which were now some way astern of us, of a sudden exclaimed, in a loud voice, ‘*Parce precor! Periculosum est!*’

The lighter swinging short round to her anchor, had surprised the Domine with the rapid motion of the panorama, and he thought we had fallen in with one of the whirlpools mentioned by Tom. ‘What has happened,



good Dux ? tell me,' cried the Domine, to old Tom, with alarm in his countenance.

'Why, master, I'll tell you after my own fashion,' replied old Tom, smiling ; and then singing, as he held the Domine by the button of his spencer—

' Now to her berth the craft draws nigh,  
With slackened sail, she feels the tide—  
" Stand clear the cable ! " is the cry—  
The anchor's gone, we safely ride.

' And now, master, we'll bail out the lobscouse. We sha'n't weigh anchor again until to-morrow morning ; the wind's right in our teeth, and it will blow fresh, I'm sartain. Look how the scud's flying ; so now we'll have a jolly time of it, and you shall have your allowance of grog on board before you turn in.'

' I have before heard of that potation,' replied the Domine, sitting down on the coombings of the hatchway, ' and fain would taste it.'

## CHAPTER XII

Is a chapter of tales in a double sense—The Domine, from the natural effects of his single-heartedness, begins to see double—A new definition of philosophy, with an episode on jealousy.

WE now took our seats on the deck, round the saucepan, for we did not trouble ourselves with dishes, and the Domine appeared to enjoy the lobsouse very much. In the course of half an hour, all was over ; that is to say, we had eaten as much as we wished, and the Newfoundland dog, who, during our repast, lay close by young Tom, flapping the deck with his tail, and snuffing the savoury smell of the compound, had just licked all our plates quite clean, and was now finishing with his head in the saucepan ; while Tom was busy carrying the crockery into the cabin, and bringing out the bottle and tin pannikins, ready for the promised carouse.

‘ There, now, master, there’s a glass o’ grog for you that would float a marling-spike. See if that don’t warm the *cockles* of your old heart.’

‘ Aye,’ added Tom, ‘ and set all your *muscles* as taut as weather backstays.’

‘ Master Tom, with your leave, I’ll mix your grog for you myself. Hand me back that bottle, you rascal.’

‘ Just as you please, father,’ replied Tom, handing the bottle ; ‘ but recollect, none of

your *water bewitched*. Only help me as you love me.'

Old Tom mixed a pannikin of grog for Tom, and another for himself. I hardly need say which was the *stiffer* of the two.

'Well, father, I suppose you think the grog will run short. To be sure, one bottle arn't too much 'mong four of us.'

'One bottle, you scamp ! there's another in the cupboard.'

'Then you must see double already, father.'

Old Tom, who was startled at this news, and who imagined that Tom must have gained possession of the other bottle, jumped up and made for the cupboard, to ascertain whether what Tom asserted was correct. This was what Tom wished : he immediately changed pannikins of grog with his father, and remained quiet.

'There *is* another bottle, Tom,' said his father, coming out and taking his seat again. 'I knew there was. You young rascal, you don't know how you frightened me,' and old Tom put the pannikin to his lips. 'Drowned the miller, by heavens !' said he ; 'what could I have been about ?' ejaculated he, adding more spirits to his mixture.

'I suppose, upon the strength of another bottle in the locker, you are doubling the strength of your grog. Come, father,' and Tom held out his pannikin, 'do put a little drop of stuff in mine—it's seven water grog ; and I'm not on the black list.'

'No, no, Tom, your next shall be stronger. Well, master, how do you like your liquor ?'

‘Verily,’ replied the Domine, ‘it is a pleasant and seducing liquor. Lo and behold ! I am at the bottom of my tin utensil.’

‘Stop till I fill it up again, old gentleman. I see you are one of the right sort—you know what the song says—

‘A plague on those musty old lubbers,  
Who tell us to fast and to think,  
And patient fall in with life’s rubbers,  
With nothing but *water to drink*.

‘Water, indeed ! the only use of water I know, is to mix your grog with, and float vessels up and down the world. Why was the sea made salt, but to prevent our drinking too much water ? Water, indeed !

‘A can of good grog, had they swigged it,  
’Twould have set them for pleasure agog,  
And in spite of the rules  
Of the schools,  
The old fools,  
Would have all of them swigged it,  
And swore there was nothing like grog.’

‘I’m exactly of your opinion, father,’ said Tom, holding out his empty pannikin.

‘Always ready for two things, master Tom—grog and mischief ; but, however, you shall have one more *dose*.’

‘It hath, then, medicinal virtues ?’ inquired the Domine.

‘Aye, that it has, master, more than all the quacking medicines in the world. It cures grief and melancholy, and prevents spirits from getting low.’

‘I doubt that, father,’ cried Tom, holding

up the bottle ; ‘ for the more grog we drink, the more the *spirits become low*.’

*Cluck, cluck*, came from the thorax of the Domine. ‘ Verily, friend Tom, it appeareth among other virtues, to sharpen the wits. Proceed, friend Dux, in the medicinal virtues of grog.’

‘ Well, master, it cures love when it’s not returned, and adds to it when it is. I’ve heard say it will cure jealousy ; but that I’ve my doubts of. Now I think on it, I will tell you a yarn about a jealous match between a couple of fools. Jacob, ar’n’t your pannikin empty, my boy ?’

‘ Yes,’ replied I, handing it up to be filled. It was empty, for, not being very fond of it myself, Tom, with my permission, had drunk it as well as his own.

‘ There, Jacob, is a good dose for you—you ar’n’t always craving after it, like Tom.’

‘ He is’n’t troubled with low spirits as I am, father.’

‘ How long has that been your complaint, Tom ?’ inquired I.

‘ Ever since I heard how to cure it. Come, father, give us the yarn.’

‘ Well, then, you must mind that an old ship-mate o’ mine, Ben Leader, had a wife named Poll, a pretty sort of craft in her way, neat in her rigging, swelling bows, taking sort of figure-head, and devilish well-rounded in the counter ; altogether, she was a very fancy girl, and all the men were a’ter her. She’d a roguish eye, and liked to be stared at, as most pretty women do,

because it flatters their vanities. Now, although she liked to be noticed so far by the other chaps, yet Ben was the only one she ever wished to be handled by—it was “Paws off, Pompey,” with all the rest. Ben Leader was a good-looking, active, smart chap, and could foot it in a reel, or take a bout at single-stick with the very best o’ them ; and she was mortal fond of him, and mortal jealous if he talked to any other woman, for the women liked Ben as much as the men liked she. Well, as they returned love for love, so did they return jealousy for jealousy ; and the lads and lasses, seeing that, had a pleasure in making them come to a misunderstanding. So every day it became worse and worse between them. Now I always says that it’s a stupid thing to be jealous, ’*cause* if there be *cause*, there be no *cause* for love ; and if there be no *cause*, there be no *cause* for jealousy.’

‘You’re like a row in a rookery, father—nothing but *caws*,’ interrupted Tom.

‘Well, I suppose I am, but that’s what I call chop logic—ar’n’t it, master?’

‘It was a syllogism,’ replied the Domine, taking the pannikin from his mouth.

‘I don’t know what that is, nor do I want to know,’ replied old Tom ; so I’ll just go on with my story. Well, at last they came to downright fighting. Ben licks Poll, ’cause she talked and laughed with other men, and Poll cries and whines all day ’cause he won’t sit on her knee, instead of going on board and ’tending to his duty. Well, one night, a’ter work was over, Ben goes on shore to the house where he and



Poll used to sleep ; and when he sees the girl in the bar, he says, " Where is Poll ? " Now the girl at the bar was a fresh-comer, and answers, " What girl ? " So Ben describes her, and the bar-girl answers, " She be just gone to bed, with her husband, I suppose ; " for, you see, there was a woman like her who had gone up to her bed, sure enough. When Ben heard that, he gives his trowsers one hitch, and calls for a quartern, drinks it off with a sigh, and leaves the house, believing it all to be true. A'ter Ben was gone, Poll makes her appearance, and when she finds Ben wasn't in the tap, says, " Young woman, did a man go up stairs just now ? " " Yes," replied the bar-girl, " with his wife, I suppose ; they be turned in this quarter of an hour." When Poll hears this, she almost turned mad with rage, and then as white as a sheet, and then she burst into tears and runs out of the house, crying out, " Poor misfortunate creature that I am ! " knocking every thing down undersized, and running into the arms of every man who came athwart her hawse.'

' I understood him but just now, that she was running on foot, yet doth he talk about her *horse*. Expound, Jacob.'

' It was a nautical figure of speech, sir.'

' Exactly,' replied Tom ; ' it meant her figure-head, old gentleman ; but my yarn won't cut a figure, if I'm brought up all standing in this way. Suppose, master, you hear the story first, and understand it afterwards.'

' I will endeavour to comprehend by the context,' replied the Domine.

‘That is, I suppose, that you’ll allow me to stick to my text. Well, then, here’s coil away again. Ben, you see, what with his jealousy, and what with a whole quartern at a draught, became *somehow nohow*, and he walked down to the jetty with the intention of getting rid of himself, and his wife, and all his troubles, by giving his soul back to his Creator, and his body to the fishes.’

‘Bad philosophy,’ quoth the Domine.

‘I agree with you, master,’ replied old Tom.

‘Pray what sort of a thing is philosophy?’ inquired Tom.

‘Philosophy,’ replied old Tom, ‘is either hanging, drowning, shooting yourself, or, in short, getting out of the world without help.’

‘Nay,’ replied the Domine, ‘that is *felo de se*.’

‘Well, I pronounce it quicker than you, master; but it’s one and the same thing: but to go on. While Ben was standing on the jetty, thinking whether he should take one more quid of backey afore he dived, who should come down but Poll, with her hair all adrift, streaming and coach-whipping astarn of her, with the same intention as Ben—to commit *philo-zoffy*. Ben, who was standing at the edge of the jetty, his eyes fixed upon the water, as it eddyed among the piles, looking as dismal as if he had swallowed a hearse and six, with the funeral feathers hanging out of his mouth——’

‘A bold comparison,’ murmured the Domine.

‘Never sees her; and she was so busy with herself, that although close to him, she never sees he—always remembering that the night

was dark. So Poll turned her eyes up, for all the world like a dying jackdaw.'

'Tell me, friend Dux,' interrupted the Domine, 'doth a jackdaw die in any peculiar way?'

'Yes,' replied young Tom; 'he always dies black, master.'

'Then doth he die as he liveth. [*Cluck, cluck.*] Proceed, good Dux.'

'And don't you break the thread of my yarn any more, master, if you wish to hear the end on it. So Poll begins to blubber about Ben. "O Ben, Ben," cried she; "cruel, cruel man; for to come—for to go; for to go—for to come!"

"Who's there?" shouted Ben.

"For to come—for to go," cried Poll.

"Ship ahoy!" hailed Ben, again.

"For to go—for to come," blubbered Poll; and then she couldn't bring out any thing more for sobbing. With that, Ben, who thought he knew the voice, walks up to her, and says, "Be that you, Poll?"

"Be that you, Ben?" replied Poll, taking her hands from her face, and looking at him.

"I thought you were in bed with—with—Oh! Poll!" said Ben.

"And I thought you were in bed with—with—oh! Ben!" replied Poll.

"But I wasn't, Poll."

"Nor more warn't I, Ben."

"And what brought you here, Poll?"

"I wanted for to die, Ben. And what brought you here, Ben?"

‘ “ I didn’t want for to live, Poll, when I thought you false.”

‘ Then Polly might have answered in the words of the old song, master ; but her poor heart was too full, I suppose.’ And Tom sang,

‘ Your Polly has never been false, she declares,  
Since last time we parted at Wapping old stairs.

‘ Howsomever, in the next minute they were both hugging and kissing, sobbing, shivering and shaking in each other’s arms ; and as soon as they had settled themselves a little, back they went, arm in arm, to the house, had a good stiff glass to prevent their taking the rheumatism, went to bed, and were cured of the jealousy ever afterwards—which, in my opinion, was a much better *philo-zoffy* than the one they had both been bound on. There, I’ve wound it all off at last, master, and now we’ll fill up our pannikins.’

‘ Before I consent, friend Dux, pr’ythee inform me how much of this pleasant liquor may be taken without inebriating, *vulgo*, getting tipsy.’

‘ Father can drink enough to float a jolly-boat, master,’ replied Tom ; ‘ so you needn’t fear. I’ll drink pan for pan with you, all night long.’

‘ Indeed you won’t, mister Tom,’ replied the father.

‘ But I will, master.’

I perceived that the liquor had already had some effect upon my worthy pedagogue, and was not willing that he should be persuaded

into excess. I therefore pulled him by the coat as a hint, but he was again deep in thought, and he did not heed me. Tired of sitting so long, I got up, and walked forward to look at the cable.

‘Strange,’ muttered the Domine, ‘that Jacob should thus pull me by the garment. What could he mean?’

‘Did he pull you, sir,’ inquired Tom.

‘Yea, many times; and then he walked away.’

‘It appears that you have been pulled too much, sir,’ replied Tom, dexterously appearing to pick up the tail of his coat, which had been torn off by the dog, and handing it to him.

‘*Eheu! Jacobe—fili dilectissime—quid fecisti?*’ cried the Domine, holding up the fragment of his coat with a look of despair.

‘“A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together,”’ sang out old Tom: and then looking at Tom, ‘now ar’n’t you a pretty rascal, master Tom?’

‘It is done,’ exclaimed the Domine, with a sigh, putting the fragment into the remaining pocket; ‘and it cannot be undone.’

‘Now, I think it is undone, and can be done, master,’ replied Tom. ‘A needle and thread will soon join the pieces of your old coat again—in *holy* matrimony, I may safely say—’

‘True. [*Cluck, cluck.*] My housekeeper will restore it, yet will she be wroth. “*Femina curæque iræque* ;” but let us think no more about it,’ cried the Domine, drinking deeply from his pannikin, and each minute verging

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fast to intoxication. ‘*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus.* I feel as if I were lifted up, and could dance, yea, and could exalt my voice and sing.’

‘ Could you, my jolly old master ? then we’ll both dance and sing.’

‘ Come, let us dance and sing,  
While all Barbadoes’ bells shall ring,  
Mars scrapes the fiddle string  
While Venus plays the lute.  
Hymen gay, trips away,  
Jocund at the wedding day.

‘ Now for chorus.

‘ Come let us dance and sing.’



## CHAPTER XIII

The ' fun grows fast and furious '—The Pedagogue does not scan correctly, and his feet become very unequal—An allegorical compliment almost worked up into a literal quarrel—At length, the mighty are laid low, and the Domine hurts his nose.

I HEARD Tom's treble, and a croaking noise, which I recognized to proceed from the Domine, who had joined the chorus ; and I went aft, if possible, to prevent further excess ; but I found that the grog had mounted into the Domine's head, and all my hints were disregarded. Tom was despatched for the other bottle, and the Domine's pannikin was replenished, old Tom roaring out—

' Come, sling the flowing bowl ;  
Fond hopes arise,  
The girls we prize,  
Shall bless each jovial soul ;  
The can, boys, bring,  
We'll dance and sing,  
While foaming billows roll.

' Now for the chorus again.

' Come, sling the flowing bowl, &c.

' Jacob, why don't you join ? ' The chorus was given by the whole of us. Domine's voice even louder, though not quite so musical, as old Tom's.



*Old Tom, young Tom, and the Donkey's Jollification*



‘*Evoé!*’ cried the Domine, ‘*evoé! cantemus.*’

‘*Amo amas*—I loved a lass,  
For she was tall and slender ;  
*Amas amat*—she laid me flat,  
Though of the feminine gender.

‘Truly do I forget the songs of my youth, and of my hilarious days ; yet doth the potent spirit work upon me like the god in the Cumean sybil ; and I shall soon prophesy that which shall come to pass.’

‘So can I,’ said Tom, giving me a nudge, and laughing.

‘Do thine office of Ganymede, and fill up my pannikin : put not in too much of the element. Once more exalt thy voice, good Dux.’

‘Always ready, master,’ cried Tom, who sung out again in praise of his favourite liquor.

‘Smiling grog is the sailor’s best hope, his sheet anchor,

His compass, his cable, his log,  
That gives him a heart which life’s cares cannot  
canker,

Though dangers around him,  
Unite to confound him,  
He braves them, and tips off his grog.

’Tis grog, only grog  
Is his rudder, his compass, his cable, his log,  
The sailor’s sheet anchor is grog.’

‘Verily, thou art an Apollo—or rather, referring to thy want of legs, half an Apollo—that is, a *demi-god*. [*Cluck, cluck.*] Sweet is thy lyre, friend Dux.’

‘Fair words, master ; I’m no liar,’ cried

Tom. ‘Clap a stopper on your tongue ; or you’ll get into disgrace.’

‘*Ubi lapsus quid feci,*’ exclaimed the Domine, ‘I spoke of thy musical tongue ; and furthermore, I spoke alle—gori—cal—ly.’

‘I know a man lies with his tongue, as well as you do, old chap ; but as for telling a *hell of a* (something) *lie*, as you states, I say, I never did,’ rejoined old Tom, who was getting cross in his cups.

I now interfered, as there was every appearance of a fray ; and in spite of young Tom, who wished, as he termed it, to *kick up a shindy*, prevailed upon them to make friends, which they did, shaking hands for nearly five minutes. When this was ended, I again entreated the Domine not to drink any more, but to go to bed.

‘*Amice Jacobe,*’ replied the Domine ; ‘the liquor hath mounted into thy brain, and thou wouldst rebuke thy master and preceptor. Betake thee to thy couch, and sleep off the effects of thy drink. Verily, Jacob, thou art *plenus Veteris Bacchi* ; or, in plain English, thou art drunk. Canst thou conjugate, Jacob ? I fear not. Canst thou decline, Jacob ? I fear not. Canst thou scan, Jacob ? I fear not. Nay, Jacob, methinks, that thou art unsteady in thy gait, and not over clear in thy vision. Canst thou hear, Jacob ? if so, I will give thee an oration against inebriety, with which thou mayst down on thy pillow. Wilt thou have it in Latin or in Greek ?’

‘O d—n your Greek and Latin,’ cried old

Tom : ‘ keep that for to-morrow. Sing us a song, my old hearty ; or shall I sing you one ? here goes.

‘ For while the grog goes round,  
All sense of danger’s drowned,  
We despise it to a man ;  
We sing a little—’

‘ Sing a little,’ bawled the Domine.

‘ And laugh a little—’

‘ Laugh a little,’ chorused young Tom.

‘ And work a little—’

‘ Work a little,’ cried the Domine.

‘ And swear a little—’

‘ Swear *not* a little,’ echoed Tom.

‘ And fiddle a little—’

‘ Fiddle a little,’ hiccupped the Domine.

‘ And foot it a little—’

‘ Foot it a little,’ repeated Tom.

‘ And swig the flowing can.  
And fiddle a little,  
And foot it a little,  
And swig the flowing can—’

Roared old Tom, emptying his pannikin.

‘ And swig the flowing can—’

Followed the Domine, tossing off his.

‘ And swig the flowing can,’

Cried young Tom, turning up his pannikin empty.



‘ Hurrah ! that’s what I calls glorious. Let’s have it over again, and then we’ll have another dose. Come, now, all together.’ Again was the song repeated ; and when they came to ‘ foot it a little,’ old Tom jumped on his stumps, seizing hold of the Domine, who immediately rose, and the three danced round and round for a minute or two, singing the song and chorus, till old Tom, who was very far gone, tripped against the coombings of the hatchway, pitching his head into the Domine’s stomach, who fell backwards, clinging to young Tom’s hand ; so that they all rolled on the deck together—my worthy preceptor underneath the other two.

‘ Foot it *rather too much* that time, father,’ said young Tom, getting up the first, and laughing. ‘ Come, Jacob, let’s put father on his pins again ; he can’t right without a purchase.’ With some difficulty we succeeded. As soon as he was on his legs again, Old Tom put a hand upon each of our shoulders, and commenced with a drunken leer—

‘ What though his timbers they are gone,  
And he’s a slave to tippie,  
No better sailor ere was born,  
Than Tom, the jovial cripple.

‘ Thanky, my boys, thanky ; now rouse up the old gentleman. I suspect we knocked the wind out of him. Hollo, there, are you hard and fast ? ’

‘ The bricks are hard, and verily my senses are fast departing,’ quoth the Domine, rousing himself, and sitting up, staring around him.

‘Senses going, do you say, master?’ cried old Tom. ‘Don’t throw them overboard till we have made a finish. One more pannikin a-piece, one more song, and then to bed. Tom, where’s the bottle?’

‘Drink no more, sir, I beg; you’ll be ill to-morrow,’ said I to the Domine.

‘*Deprome quadrimum,*’ hiccupped the Domine. ‘*Carpe diem—quam minimum—credula postero—*Sing, friend Dux—*Quem virum—sumes celebrare—musis amicus—*Where’s my pattypan? We are not Thracians—*Natis in usum—lætitiæ scyphis pugnare—*[hiccup]—*Thracum est—*therefore we—will not fight—but we will drink—*recepto dulce mihi furere est amico.—*Jacob, thou art drunk—sing, friend Dux,—or shall I sing?—

‘*Propria quæ maribus* had a little dog,  
*Quæ genus* was his name—

‘My memory faileth me—what was the tune?’

‘That tune was the one the old cow died of, I’m sure,’ replied Tom. ‘Come, old nosey, strike up again.’

‘Nosey, from *nasus*—truly it is a fair epithet; and it remindeth me that my nose——suffered in the fall which I received just now. Yet I cannot sing—having no words——’

‘Nor tune either, master,’ replied old Tom; ‘so here goes for you—

‘Young Susan had lovers so many that she

Hardly knew upon which to decide;

They all spoke sincerely and promised to be

All worthy of such a sweet bride.

In the morning she’d gossip with William, and then

The noon would be spent with young Harry,

The evening with Tom ; so, amongst all the men,  
She never could tell which to marry.

Heigho ! I'm afraid  
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.'

' It pleaseth me—it ringeth in mine ears—  
yea, most pleasantly. Proceed, the girl was as  
the Pyrrha of Horace—

*' Quis multa gracilis—te puer in rosa—  
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus.  
Grato, Pyrrha—sub antro ? '*

' That's all high Dutch to me, master ; but  
I'll go on if I can. My memory box be a little  
out of order. Let me see—oh !

' Now William grew jealous, and so went away ;  
Harry got tired of wooing ;  
And Tom having teased her to fix on the day,  
Received but a frown for so doing ;  
So 'mongst all her lovers, quite left in the lurch,  
She pined every night on her pillow ;  
And meeting one day a pair going to church,  
Turned away, and died under a willow.

Heigho ! I'm afraid  
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

' Now, then, old gentleman, tip off your grog.  
You've got your allowance, as I promised you.'

' Come, master, you're a cup too low,' said  
Tom, who, although in high spirits, was not at  
all intoxicated ; indeed, as I afterwards found,  
he could carry more than his father. ' Come,  
shall I give you a song ? '

' That's right, Tom ; a volunteer's worth two  
pressed men. Open your mouth wide, an' let  
your whistle fly away with the gale. You  
whistles in tune, at all events.'

Tom then struck up, the Domine see-sawing as he sat, and getting very sleepy.

‘ Luck in life, or good or bad,  
 Ne’er could make me melancholy ;  
 Seldom rich, yet never sad,  
 Sometimes poor, yet always jolly.  
 Fortune’s in my scale, that’s poz,  
 Of mischance put more than half in ;  
 Yet I don’t know how it was,  
 I could never cry for laughing—  
 Ha ! ha ! ha ! Ha ! ha ! ha !  
 I could never cry for laughing.

‘ Now for chorus, father.

‘ Ha ! ha ! ha ! Ha ! ha ! ha !  
 I could never cry for laughing.

‘ That’s all I know ; and that’s enough, for it won’t wake up the old gentleman.’

But it did. ‘ Ha, ha, ha—ha, ha, ha ! I could never die for laughing,’ bawled out the Domine, feeling for his pannikin ; but this was his last effort. He stared round him. ‘ Verily, verily, we are in a whirlpool—how every thing turneth round and round ! Who cares ? Am not I an ancient mariner—“ *Qui vidit mare turgidum—et infames scopulos.*” Friend Dux, listen to me—*favete linguis.*’

‘ Well,’ hiccupped old Tom, ‘ so I will—but speak—plain English—as I—do.’

‘ That I’ll be hanged if he does,’ said Tom to me. ‘ In half an hour more, I shall understand old Nosey’s Latin just as well as his—plain English, as he calls it.’

‘ I will discourse in any language—that is—in any tongue—be it in the Greek or the Latin

—nay, even—[hiccups]—friend Dux—hast thou not partaken too freely—of—dear me ! *Quò me, Bacche, rapis tui—plenum*—truly I shall be tipsy—and will but finish my pattypan—*dulce periculum est*—Jacob—can there be two Jacobs—and two old Toms—nay—*mirabile dictu*—there are two young Toms, and two dog Tommies—each with—two tails. *Bacche, parce—precor—precor*—Jacob, where art thou ?—*Ego sum—tu es*—thou art—*sumus*, we are—where am I ? *Procumbit humi bos*—for Bos—read Dobbs—*am oamas*—I loved a lass. *Tityre, tu patulæ—sub teg—mine*—nay—I quote wrong—then must I be—I do believe that—I’m drunk.’

‘ And I’m cock sure of it,’ cried Tom laughing, as the Domine fell back in a state of insensibility.

‘ And I’m—cock sure,’ said old Tom, rolling himself along the deck to the cabin hatch—‘ that I’ve as much—as I can stagger—under, at all events—so I’ll sing myself to sleep—’cause why—I’m happy. Jacob—mind you keep all the watches to-night—and Tom may keep the rest.’ Old Tom then sat up, leaning his back against the cabin hatch, and commenced one of those doleful ditties which are sometimes heard on the forecastle of a man-of-war ; he had one or two of these songs that he always reserved for such occasions. While Tom and I dragged the Domine to bed, old Tom slowly drawled out his ditty—

‘ O ! we sailed to Virgi-ni-a, and thence to Fy-al,  
Where we watered our shipping, and so then  
weigh-ed all,

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Full in view, on the seas—boys—seven sail we did—  
es-py,

O ! we man-ned our capstern, and weighed speedi-ly

O ! we man-ned our capstern, and weighed speedi-ly.

‘ That’s right, my boys, haul and hold——Stow the old Dictionary away—for he can’t command the parts o’ speech.

‘ The very next morning—the engagement proved  
—hot,

And brave Admiral Benbow receiv-ed a chain—  
shot,

O when he was wounded, to his merry men—he—  
did—say,

Take me up in your arms, boys, and car-ry me a-  
way.

‘ Now, boys, come and help me—Tom—none of your foolery—for your poor old father is—drunk——’

We assisted old Tom into the other ‘ bed-place ’ in the cabin. ‘ Thanky, lads—one little bit more, and then I’m done—as the auctioneer says—going, going—

‘ O the guns they did rattle, and the bul-lets—did—  
fly,

When brave Benbow—for help loud—did cry,

Carry me down to the cock-pit—there is ease for  
my smarts,

If my merry men should see me—’twill sure—break  
—their—hearts.

‘ Going—old swan-hopper—as I am—going  
—gone.’

Tom and I were left on deck.

‘ Now, Jacob, if you’ve a mind to turn in.



I'm not sleepy—you shall keep the morning watch.'

'No, Tom, you'd better sleep first. I'll call you at four o'clock. We can't weigh till tide serves ; and I shall have plenty of sleep before that.'

Tom went to bed, and I walked the deck till the morning, thinking over the events of the day, and wondering what the Domine would say when he came to his senses. At four o'clock, as agreed, I roused Tom out and turned into his bed, and was soon as fast asleep as old Tom and the Domine, whose responsive snores had rung in my ears during the whole time that I had walked the deck.

## CHAPTER XIV

Cold water and repentance—The two Toms almost moral, and myself full of wise reflections—The chapter, being full of grave saws, is luckily very short ; and though a very *sensible* one, I would not advise it to be skipped.

ABOUT half-past eight the next morning, I was called up by Tom to assist in getting the lighter under weigh. When I came on deck I found old Tom as fresh as if he had not drunk a drop the night before, very busily stumping about the windlass, with which we hove up first the anchor, and then the mast. ‘ Well, Jacob, my boy, had sleep enough ? Not too much, I dare say ; but a bout like last night don’t come often, Jacob—only once in a way ; now and then I do believe it’s good for my health. It’s a great comfort to me, my lad, to have you on board with me, because as you never drinks, I may now indulge a *little* oftener. As for Tom, can’t trust him—too much like his father—had nobody to trust to for the look-out, except the dog Tommy, till you came with us. I can trust Tommy as far as keeping off the river sharks : he’ll never let them take a rope-yarn off the deck, night or day ; but a dog’s but a dog after all. Now we’ve brought to, so clap on, my boy, and let’s heave up with a will.’

‘ How’s the old gentleman, father ? ’ said

Tom, as we paused a moment from our labour at the windlass.

‘ Oh ! he’s got a good deal more to sleep off yet. There he lies, flat on his back, blowing as hard as a grampus. Better leave him as long as we can. We’ll rouse him as soon as we turn the Greenwich reach. Tom, didn’t you think his nose loomed devilish large yesterday ? ’

‘ Never seed such a devil of a cutwater in my life, father.’

‘ Well, then, you’ll see a larger when he gets up, for it’s swelled bigger than the brandy bottle. Heave and haul ! Now bring to the fall, and up with the mast, boys, while I goes aft and takes the helm.’

Old Tom went aft. During the night the wind had veered to the north, and the frost had set in sharp, the rime covered the deck of the barge, and here and there floating ice was to be seen coming down with the tide. The banks of the river and fields adjacent were white with hoar frost, and would have presented but a cheerless aspect, had not the sun shone out clear and bright. Tom went aft to light the fire, while I coiled away and made all snug forward. Old Tom as usual carolled forth—

‘ Oh ! for a soft and gentle wind,  
 I heard a fair one cry,  
 But give to me the roaring breeze,  
 And white waves beating high,  
 And white waves beating high, my boys,  
 The good ship tight and free,  
 The world of waters is our own,  
 And merry men are we.

‘A nice morning this for cooling a hot head, that’s sartain. Tommy, you rascal, you’re like a court lady, with her velvet *gownd*, covered all over with diamonds,’ continued old Tom, looking at the Newfoundland dog, whose glossy black hair was besprinkled with little icicles, which glittered in the sun. ‘You and Jacob were the only sensible ones of the party last night, for you both were sober.’

‘So was I, father. I was as sober as a judge,’ observed Tom, who was blowing up the fire.

‘May be, Tom, as a judge a’ter dinner ; but a judge on the bench be one thing, and a judge over a bottle be another, and not bad judges in that way either. At all events, if you warn’t *sewed up*, it wasn’t your fault.’

‘And I suppose,’ replied Tom, ‘it was only your misfortune that you were.’

‘No, I don’t say that ; but still, when I look at the dog, who’s but a beast by nature, and thinks of myself who wasn’t meant to be a beast, why then I blushes, that’s all.’

‘Jacob, look at father—now, does he blush ? ’ cried Tom.

‘I can’t say that I perceive it,’ replied I, smiling.

‘Well, then, if I don’t, it’s the fault of my having no legs. I’m sure when they were knocked off, I lost half the blood in my body, and that’s the reason I suppose. At all events, I meant to blush, so we’ll take the will for the deed.’

‘But do you mean to keep sober in future, father ? ’ said Tom.

‘Never do you mind that—mind your own business, Mr. Tom. At all events, I sha’n’t get tipsy till next time, and that’s all I can say with safety, ’cause d’ye see I knows my failing. Jacob, did you ever see that old gentleman sail too close to the wind before?’

‘I never did—I do not think that he was ever tipsy before last night.’

‘Then I pities him—his headache and his repentance. Moreover, there be his nose and the swallow tail of his coat to make him unhappy. We shall be down abreast of the Hospital in half an hour. Suppose you go and give him a shake, Jacob. Not you, Tom, I won’t trust you—you’ll be doing him a mischief; you hav’n’t got no fellow feeling, not even for dumb brutes.’

‘I’ll thank you not to take away my character that way, father,’ replied Tom. ‘Didn’t I put you to bed last night when you were speechless?’

‘Suppose you did—what then?’

‘Why, then, I had a feeling for a dumb brute. I only say that, father, for the joke of it, you know,’ continued Tom, going up to his father and patting his rough cheek.

‘I know that, my boy, you never were unkind, that’s sartain; but you must have your joke—

‘Merry thoughts are linked with laughter,  
Why should we bury them,  
Sighs and tears may come hereafter,  
No need to hurry them :

They who through a spying-glass,  
View the minutes as they pass,  
Make the sun a gloomy mass,  
But the fault's their own, Tom.'

In the meantime I was vainly attempting to rouse the Domine. After many fruitless attempts, I put a large quantity of snuff on his upper lip, and then blew it up his nose. But merciful powers ! what a nose it had become, larger than the largest pear that I ever saw in my life. The whole weight of old Tom had fallen on it, and instead of being crushed by the blow, it appeared as if, on the contrary, it had swelled up, indignant at the injury and affront which it had received. The skin was as tight as the parchment of a drum, and shining as if it had been oiled, while the colour was a bright purple. Verily, it was the Domine's nose in a rage.

The snuff had the effect of partially awakening him from his lethargy. 'Six o'clock—did you say, Mrs. Bately ? Are the boys washed—and in the school-room ? I will rise speedily—yet I am overcome with much heaviness. *Delapsus somnus ab* ——' and the Domine snored again. I renewed my attempts, and gradually succeeded. The Domine opened his eyes, stared at the deck and carlines above him, then at the cupboard by his side ; lastly, he looked at and recognized me. ' *Eheu, Jacobe !*—where am I ? And what is that which presses upon my brain ? What is it so loadeth my cerebellum, even as if it were lead ? My memory—where is it ? Let me recall my scattered senses.' Here the



Domine was silent for some time. 'Ah me ! yea, and verily, I do recollect—with pain of head and more pain of heart—that which I would fain forget, which is, that I did forget myself ; and indeed have forgotten all that passed the latter portion of the night. Friend Dux hath proved no friend, but hath led me into the wrong path ; and as for the potation called *Grog—Eheu, Jacobe !* how have I fallen—fallen in my own opinion—fallen in thine—how can I look thee in the face ! O Jacob ! what must thou think of him who hath hitherto been thy preceptor and thy guide !' Here the Domine fell back on his pillow, and turned away his head.

'It was not your fault, sir,' replied I, to comfort him ; 'you were not aware of what you were drinking—you did not know that the liquor was so strong. Old Tom deceived you.'

'Nay, Jacob, I cannot lay that flattering unction to my wounded heart. I ought to have known, nay, now I recall to mind, that thou wouldst have warned me—even to the pulling off of the tail of my coat—yet I heeded thee not, and I am humbled—even I, the master over seventy boys !'

'Nay, sir, it was not I who pulled off the tail of your coat, it was the dog.'

'Jacob, I have heard of the wonderful sagacity of the canine species, yet could not I ever have believed that a dumb brute would have perceived my folly, and warned me from intoxication. *Mirabile dictu !* Tell me, Jacob, thou who has profited by these lessons which

thy master could give—although he could not follow up his precept by example—tell me, what did take place? Let me know the full extent of my backsliding.’

‘ You fell fast asleep, sir, and we put you to bed.’

‘ Who did me that office, Jacob ? ’

‘ Young Tom and I, sir ; as for old Tom, he was not in a fit state to help anybody.’

‘ I am humbled, Jacob.’

‘ Nonsense, old gentleman, why make a fuss about nothing ? ’ said old Tom, who, overhearing our conversation, came into the cabin.

‘ You had a drop too much, that’s all, and what o’ that ? It’s a poor heart that never rejoiceth. Rouse a bit, wash your face with cold Thames water, and in half an hour you’ll be as fresh as a daisy.’

‘ My head acheth ! ’ exclaimed the Domine, ‘ even as if there were a ball of lead rolling from one temple to the other ; but my punishment is just.’

‘ That is the punishment of making too free with the bottle, for sartain ; but if it is an offence, then it carries its own punishment, and that’s quite sufficient. Every man knows that when the heart’s over light at night, that the head’s over heavy in the morning. I have known and proved it a thousand times. Well, what then ? I puts the good against the bad, and I takes my punishment like a man.’

‘ Friend Dux, for so I will still call thee, thou lookest not at the offence in a moral point of vision.’

‘What’s moral?’ replied old Tom.

‘I would point out that intoxication is sinful.’

‘Intoxication sinful! I suppose that means that it’s a sin to get drunk. Now, master, it’s my opinion that as God Almighty has given us good liquor, it was for no other purpose than to drink it; and therefore it would be ungrateful to him, and a sin not to get drunk, that is, with discretion.’

‘How canst thou reconcile getting drunk, with discretion, good Dux?’

‘I mean, master, when there’s work to be done, the work should be done; but when there’s plenty of time, and every thing is safe, and all ready for a start the next morning, I can see no possible objection to a jollification. Come, master, rouse out; the lighter’s abreast of the Hospital almost by this time, and we must put you on shore.’

The Domine, whose clothes were all on, turned out of his bed-place, and went with us on deck. Young Tom, who was at the helm, as soon as we made our appearance, wished him a good morning very respectfully. Indeed, I always observed that Tom, with all his impudence and waggery, had a great deal of consideration and kindness. He had overheard the Domine’s conversation with me, and would not further wound his feelings with a jest. Old Tom resumed his place at the helm, while his son prepared the breakfast, and I drew a bucket of water for the Domine to wash his face and hands. Of his nose not a word was said; and the Domine made no remarks to me on the

subject, although I am persuaded it must have been very painful, for the comfort he appeared to derive in bathing it with the freezing water. A bowl of tea was a great solace to him, and he had hardly finished it when the lighter was abreast of the Hospital stairs. Tom jumped into the boat and hauled it alongside. I took the other oar, and the Domine shaking hands with old Tom, said, ‘Thou didst mean kindly, and therefore I wish thee a kind farewell, good Dux.’

‘God be with you, master,’ replied old Tom ; ‘shall we call for you as we come back?’

‘Nay, nay,’ replied the Domine, ‘the travelling by land is more expensive, but less dangerous. I thank thee for thy songs, and——for all thy kindness, good Dux. Are my paraphernalia in the boat, Jacob?’

I replied in the affirmative. The Domine stepped in, and we pulled him on shore. He landed, took his bundle and umbrella under his arm, shook hands with Tom and then with me, without speaking, and I perceived the tears start in his eyes as he turned and walked away.

‘Well, now,’ said Tom, looking after the Domine, ‘I wish I had been drunk instead of him. He does so take it to heart, poor old gentleman!’

‘He has lost his self-esteem, Tom,’ replied I. ‘It should be a warning to you. Come, get your oar to pass.’

‘Well, some people be fashioned one way and some another. I’ve been tipsy more than once, and I never lost any thing but my reason,

and that came back as soon as the grog left my head. I can't understand that fretting about having had a glass too much. I only frets when I can't get enough. Well, of all the noses I ever saw, his beats them by chalks ; I did so want to laugh at it, but I knew it would pain him.'

'It was very kind of you, Tom, to hold your tongue, and I thank you very much.'

'And yet that old dad of mine swears I've got no fellow-feeling, which I consider a very undutiful thing for him to say. What's the reason, Jacob, that sons be always cleverer than their fathers ?'

'I didn't know that was the case, Tom.'

'But it is so *now*, if it wasn't in *olden time*. The proberb says, "Young people *think* old people to be fools, but old people *know* young people to be fools." We must alter that, for I says, "Old people *think* young people to be fools, but young people *know* old people to be fools."'

'Have it your own way, Tom, that will do, rowed of all.'

We tossed in our oars, made the boat fast, and gained the deck, where old Tom still remained at the helm. 'Well,' said he, 'Jacob, I never thought I should be glad to see the old gentleman clear of the lighter, but I was—devilish glad ; he was like a load on my conscience this morning ; he was trusted to my charge by Mr. Drummond, and I had no right to persuade him to make a fool of himself. But, however, what's done can't be helped, as

you say sometimes ; and it's no use crying ; still it was a pity, for he be, for all the world, like a child. There's a fancy kind of lass in that wherry, crossing our bows ; look at the streamers from her top-gallant bonnet.

‘ Come o’er the sea,  
Maiden, to me,  
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows,  
Seasons may roll,  
But the true soul,  
Burns the same wherever it goes.  
Then come o’er the sea,  
Maiden with me.’

‘ See you hanged first, you underpinned old hulk,’ replied the female in the boat, which was then close under our bows.

‘ Well, that be civil, for sartain,’ said old Tom, laughing.



## CHAPTER XV

I am unshipped for a short time, in order to record shipments and engross invoices—Form a new acquaintance, what is called in the world ‘a warm man,’ though he passed the best part of his life among icebergs, and one whole night within the ribs of death—His wife works hard at gentility.

WE arrived at Sheerness the next morning, landed the bricks, which were for the government buildings, and returned in ballast to the wharf. My first inquiry was for the Domine, but he had not yet returned ; and Mr. Drummond further informed me, that he had been obliged to send away his under clerk, and wished me to supply his place until he could procure another. The lighter therefore took in her cargo, and sailed without me, which was of no consequence, as my apprenticeship still went on. I now lived with Mr. Drummond as one of his own family, and wanted for nothing. His continual kindness to me made me strive all I could to please him by diligence and attention, and I soon became very expert at accounts, and, as he said, very useful. The advantages to me, I hardly need observe, were considerable, and I gained information every day. Still, although I was glad to be of any use to Mr. Drummond, the confinement to the desk was irksome, and I anxiously looked for

the arrival of the new clerk to take my place, and leave me free to join the lighter. Mr. Drummond did not appear to me to be in any hurry ; indeed, I believe, that he would have retained me altogether, had he not perceived that I still wished to be on the river.

‘ At all events, Jacob, I shall keep you here until you are master of your work ; it will be useful to you hereafter,’ he said to me one day ; and you do not gain much by sailing up and down the river.’

This was true ; and I also derived much advantage from the evenings spent with Mrs. Drummond, who was a very sensible, good woman, and would make me read aloud to her and little Sarah as they sat at their needle. I had no idea, until I was employed posting up the books, that Mr. Drummond’s concern was so extensive, or that there was so much capital employed in the business. The Domino returned a few days after my arrival. When we met his nose had resumed its former appearance, and he never brought up the subject of the evening on board of the lighter. I saw him frequently, mostly on Sundays after I had been to church with the family ; and half an hour, at least, was certain to be dedicated to our reading together one of the classics.

As I was on shore several months, I became acquainted with many families, one or two of which were worth noticing. Among the foremost was Captain Turnbull, at least such was his appellation until within the last two months previous to my making his acquaintance, when

Mrs. Turnbull sent out his cards, *George Turnbull, Esq.* The history of Captain Turnbull was as follows. He had, with his twin brother, been hung up at the knocker, and afterwards had been educated at the Foundling Hospital ; they had both been apprenticed to the sea, grown up thorough-bred, capital seamen, in the Greenland fishery, rose to be mates, then captains, had been very successful, owned part, then the whole, of a ship, afterwards two or three ships, and had wound up with handsome fortunes. Captain Turnbull was a married man without a family ; his wife, fine in person, vulgar in speech, a would-be fashionable lady, against which fashion Captain T. had, for years, pleaded poverty ; but his brother, who had remained a bachelor, died, leaving him forty thousand pounds, a fact which could not be concealed. Captain Turnbull had not allowed his wife to be aware of the extent of his own fortune, more from a wish to live quietly and happily, than from any motive of parsimony, for he was liberal to excess ; but now he had no further excuse to plead, and Mrs. Turnbull insisted upon *fashion*. The house they had lived in was given up, and a marine villa on the borders of the Thames, to a certain degree, met the views of both parties ; Mrs. Turnbull, anticipating dinners and fêtes, and the captain content to watch what was going on in the river, and amusing himself in a wherry. They had long been acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, and Captain Turnbull's character was such as always to command the respect of

Mr. Drummond, as he was an honest, friendly man. Mrs. Turnbull had now set up her carriage, and she was, in her own opinion, a very great personage. She would have cut all her former acquaintance, but on that point the captain was inflexible, particularly as regarded the Drummonds. As far as they were concerned, Mrs. Turnbull gave way, Mrs. Drummond being a lady-like woman, and Mr. Drummond universally respected as a man of talent and information. Captain, or rather, Mr. Turnbull, was a constant visitor at our house, and very partial to me. He used to scold Mr. Drummond for keeping me so close to my desk, and would often persuade him to give me a couple of hours' run. When this was obtained, he would call a waterman, throw him a crown, and tell him to get out of his wherry as fast as he could. We then embarked, and amused ourselves pulling up and down the river, while Mrs. Turnbull, dressed in the extremity of the fashion, rode out in the carriage and left her cards in every direction.

One day Mr. Turnbull called upon the Drummonds, and asked them to dine with him on the following Saturday ; they accepted the invitation. 'By the by,' said he, 'I've got, what my wife calls a *remind* in my pocket ;' and he pulled out of his coat-pocket a large card, 'with Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull's compliments,' etc., which card had been doubled in two by his sitting down upon it, shortly after he came in. Mr. Turnbull straightened it again as well as he could, and laid it on the

table. ‘And Jacob,’ said he, ‘you’ll come too. You don’t want a remind ; but if you do, my wife will send you one.’

I replied, ‘That I wanted no remind for a good dinner.’

‘No, I dare say not, my boy ; but recollect that you come an hour or two before the dinner-hour, to help me ; there’s so much fuss with one thing or another, that I’m left in the lurch ; and as for trusting the keys of the spirit-room to that long-togged rascal of a butler, I’ll see him harpoon’d first ; so do you come and help me, Jacob.’

This having been promised, he asked Mr. Drummond to lend me for an hour or so, as he wished to take a row up the river. This was also consented to ; we embarked and pulled away for Kew Bridge. Mr. Turnbull was as good a hand at a yarn as old Tom, and many were the adventures he narrated to me of what had taken place during the vicissitudes of his life, more especially when he was employed in the Greenland fishery. He related an accident that morning, which particularly bore upon the marvellous, although I do not believe that he was at all guilty of indulging in a traveller’s licence.

‘Jacob,’ said he, ‘I recollect once when I was very near eaten alive by foxes, and that in a very singular manner. I was then mate of a Greenland ship. We had been on the fishing ground for three months, and had twelve fish on board. Finding we were doing well, we fixed our ice-anchors upon a very large ice-

berg, drifting up and down with it, and taking fish as we fell in with them. One morning we had just cast loose the carcass of a fish which we had cut up, when the man in the crow's nest, on the look out for another "fall," cried out that a large polar bear and her cub were swimming over to the iceberg, against the side of which, and about half a mile from us, the carcass of a whale was beating. As we had nothing to do, seven of us immediately started in chase ; we had intended to have gone after the foxes, which had gathered there also in hundreds, to prey upon the dead whale. It was then quite calm ; we soon came up with the bear, who at first was for making off ; but as the cub could not get on over the rough ice as well as the old one, she at last turned round to bay. We shot the cub to make sure of her, and it did make sure of the dam not leaving us till either she or we perished in the conflict. I shall never forget her moaning over the cub, as it lay bleeding on the ice, while we fired bullet after bullet into her. At last she turned round, gave a roar and a gnashing snarl, which you might have heard a mile, and, with her eyes flashing fire, darted upon us. We received her in a body, all close together, with our lances to her breast ; but she was so large and so strong, that she beat us all back, and two of us fell ; fortunately the others held their ground, and as she was then on end, three bullets were put into her chest, which brought her down. I never saw so large a beast in my life. I don't wish to make her out larger than she really was,



but I have seen many a bullock at Smithfield which would not weigh two-thirds of her. Well, after that, we had some trouble in despatching her ; and while we were so employed, the wind blew up in gusts from the northward, and the snow fell heavy. The men were for returning to the ship immediately, which certainly was the wisest thing for us all to do ; but I thought that the snow storm would blow over in a short time, and not wishing to lose so fine a skin, resolved to remain and flay the beast ; for I knew that if left there a few hours, as the foxes could not get hold of the carcase of the whale, which had not grounded, they would soon finish the bear and cub, and the skins be worth nothing. Well, the other men went back to the ship, and as it was, the snow storm came on so thick, that they lost their way, and would never have found her, if it was not that the bell was kept tolling for a guide to them. I soon found that I had done a very foolish thing ; instead of the storm blowing over, the snow came down thicker and thicker ; and before I had taken a quarter of the skin off, I was becoming cold and numbed, and then I was unable to regain the ship, and with every prospect of being frozen to death before the storm was over. At last, I knew what was my only chance. I had flayed all the belly of the bear, but had not cut her open. I ripped her up, tore out all her inside, and then contrived to get into her body, where I lay, and, having closed up the entrance hole, was warm and comfortable, for the animal heat

had not yet been extinguished. This manoeuvre, no doubt, saved my life ; and I have heard that the French soldiers did the same in their unfortunate Russian campaign, killing their horses, and getting inside to protect themselves from the dreadful weather. Well, Jacob, I had not lain more than half an hour, when I knew by sundry jerks and tugs at my new invented hurricane-house, that the foxes were busy—and so they were, sure enough. There must have been hundreds of them, for they were at work in all directions, and some pushed their sharp noses into the opening where I had crept in ; but I contrived to get out my knife and saw their noses across whenever they touched me, otherwise I should have been eaten up in a very short time. There were so many of them, and they were so ravenous, that they soon got through the bear's thick skin, and were tearing away at the flesh. Now I was not so much afraid of their eating me, as I thought that if I jumped up and discovered myself, they would have all fled. No saying, though ; two or three hundred ravenous devils take courage when together ; but I was afraid that they would devour my covering from the weather, and then I should perish with the cold ; and I also was afraid of having pieces nipped out of me, which would of course oblige me to quit my retreat. At last, daylight was made through the upper part of the carcase, and I was only protected by the ribs of the animal, between which every now and then their noses dived and nipped my seal-skin jacket. I was just

thinking of shouting to frighten them away, when I heard the report of half a dozen muskets and some of the bullets struck the carcase, but fortunately did not hit me. I immediately hallooed as loud as I could, and the men hearing me, ceased firing. They had fired at the foxes, little thinking that I was inside of the bear. I crawled out, the storm was over, and the men of the ship had come back to look for me. My brother, who was also a mate on board of the vessel, who had not been with the first party, had joined them in the search, but with little hopes of finding me alive. He hugged me in his arms, covered as I was with blood, as soon as he saw me. He's dead now, poor fellow !— That's the story, Jacob.'

'Thank you, sir,' replied I ; but perceiving that the memory of his brother affected him, I did not speak again for a few minutes. We then resumed our conversation, and pulling back with the tide, landed at the wharf.

On the day of the dinner party, I went up to Mr. Turnbull's at three o'clock, as he had proposed. I found the house in a bustle, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, with the butler and footman, in the dining-room, debating as to the propriety of *this* and *that* being placed *here* or *there*, both servants giving their opinion, and arguing on a footing of equality, contradicting and insisting, Mr. Turnbull occasionally throwing in a word, and each time snubbed by his wife, although the servants dare not take any liberty with him. 'Do, pray, Mr. Turnbull, leave *hus* to settle these matters. Get *hup* your

wine, that is your department. Leave the room, Mr. Turnbull, *hif* you please. Mortimer and I know what we are about, without your *hinterference*.’

‘ Oh ! by the Lord, I don’t wish to interfere ; but I wish you and your servants not to be squabbling, that’s all. If they gave me half the cheek——’

‘ Do pray, Mr. Turnbull, leave the room, and allow me to regulate my own ’ousehold.’

‘ Come, Jacob, we’ll go down into the cellar,’ said Mr. Turnbull ; and accordingly we went.

I assisted Mr. Turnbull in his department as much as I could, but he grumbled very much. ‘ I can’t bear all this nonsense, all this finery and foolery. Every thing comes up cold, every thing is out of reach. The table’s so long, and so covered with uneatables, that my wife is hardly within hail ; and, by jingo, with her, the servants are masters. Not with me, at all events ; for if they spoke to me as they do to Mrs. Turnbull, I would kick them out of the house. However, Jacob, there’s no help for it. All one asks for is quiet, and I must put up with all this sometimes, or I should have no quiet from one year’s end to another. When a woman will have her way, there’s no stopping her : you know the old verse—

‘ A man’s a fool who strives by force or skill,  
To stem the torrent of a woman’s will ;  
For if she will, she will, you may depend on’t,  
And if she won’t, she won’t—and there’s an end on’t.’

Now let’s go up into my room, and we will chat while I wash my hands.’

As soon as Mr. Turnbull was dressed, we went down into the drawing-room, which was crowded with tables, loaded with every variety of ornamental articles. 'Now this is what my wife calls fashionable. One might as well be steering through an ice floe as try to come to an anchor here without running foul of something. It's *hard a port* or *hard a starboard* every minute ; and if your coat-tail *jibes*, away goes something, and whatever it is that smashes, Mrs. T. always swears it was the *most valuable* thing in the room. I'm like a bull in a china-shop. One comfort is, that I never come in here except when there's company. Indeed I'm not allowed, thank God. Sit on a chair, Jacob, one of those spider-like French things, for my wife won't allow *blacks*, as she calls them, to come to an anchor upon her sky-blue silk sofas. How stupid to have furniture that one's not to make use of ! Give me comfort, but it appears that's not to be bought for money.'

## CHAPTER XVI

High life *above* stairs, a little below the mark—Fashion, French, vertu, and all that.

Six o'clock was now near at hand, and Mrs. Turnbull entered the drawing-room in full dress. She certainly was a very handsome woman, and had every appearance of being fashionable ; but it was her language which exposed her. She was like the peacock. As long as she was silent you could but admire the plumage, but her voice spoilt all. ' Now, Mr. Turnbull,' said she, ' I wish to *hex*plain to you that there are certain *him*proprieties in your behaviour which I cannot put *hup* with, particularly that *hof* talking about when you were before the mast.'

' Well, my dear, is that any thing to be ashamed of? '

' Yes, Mr. Turnbull, that *his*—one *hal*ways sinks them ere particulars in fashionable society. To *wirtu*perate in company a'n't pleasant, and *Hive* thought of a plan which may *hact* as an *him*pediment to your vulgarity. Recollect, Mr. T., when*hever* I say that *Hive* an '*eadache*, it's to be a sign for you to old your tongue ; and Mr. T., *hoblige* me by wearing kid gloves all the evening.'

' What, at dinner time, my dear? '



‘ Yes, at dinner time ; your ’ands are not fit to be touched.’

‘ Well, I recollect when you thought otherwise.’

‘ When, Mr. T.? ’ave I not often told you so ? ’

‘ Yes, lately ; but I referred to the time when one Poll Bacon of Wapping took my hand for better or for worse.’

‘ Really, Mr. T., you quite shock me. My name was Mary, and the Bacons are a good old *Hinglish* name. You ’ave their *harms* quartered on the carriage in right o’ me. That’s something, I can tell you.’

‘ Something I had to pay for pretty smartly, at all events.’

‘ The payment, Mr. T., was on account of granting *harms* to you who never ’*ad* any.’

‘ And never wished for them. What do I care for such stuff ? ’

‘ And when you did choose, Mr. Turnbull, you might have consulted me instead of making yourself the laughing-stock of Sir George Naylor and all the ’eralds. Who but a mad-man would have chosen three harpoons *saluims*, and three barrels *couchants*, with a spouting whale for a crest ? Just to point out to every body what should *hever* be buried in *hoblivion* ; and then your beastly motto—which I *would have* changed—‘ *Blubber for ever !* ’ Blubber indeed ! *henough* to make *hany* one *blubber* for ever.’

‘ Well, the heralds told me they were just what I ought to have chosen, and very apposite, as they termed it.’

‘ They took your money and laughed at you. Two pair of griffins, a lion, half a dozen leopards, and a hand with a dagger, wou’dn’t ’ave cost a farthing more. But what can you *hexpect* from an *og* ? ’

‘ But if I was *cured*, I should be what you were—*Bacon*. ’

‘ I won’t demean myself, Mr. Turnbull. ’

‘ That’s right, my dear, don’t ; there’s no curing you. Recollect the motto you chose in preference to mine. ’

‘ Well, and a very proper one—“ *too much familiarity breeds contempt* ”—is it not, Master Faithful ? ’

‘ Yes, madam, it was one of our copies at school. ’

‘ I beg your pardon, sir, it was my *hown* *h*invention. ’

Rap tap, rap tap tap, tap tap.

‘ Mr. and Mrs. Peters, of Petercumb Hall, ’ announced the butler. Enter Mrs. Peters first, a very dimunitive lady, and followed by Mr. Peters, six feet four inches without his shoes, deduct for stooping and curved shoulders seven inches. Mr. Peters had retired from the Stock Exchange with a competence, bought a place, named it Petercumb Hall, and set up his carriage. Another knock, and Mr. and Mrs. Drummond were announced. Compliments exchanged, and a pastile lighted by Mrs. Turnbull.

‘ Well, Drummond, ’ said Mr. Turnbull, ‘ what are coals worth now ? ’

‘ Mr. Turnbull, I’ve got such an *’eadache*. ’

This was of course a matter of condolence from all present, and a stopper upon Mr. Turnbull's tongue.

Another sounding rap, and a pause. 'Monsieur and Madame de Tagliabue coming up.' Enter Monsieur and Madame de Tagliabue. The former a dapper little Frenchman, with a neat pair of legs, and a stomach as round as a pea. Madame sailing in like an outward-bound East Indiaman, with studding sails below and aloft ; so large in her dimensions, that the husband might be compared to the pilot-boat plying about her stern.

'Charmée de vous voir, Madame Tom-bulle. Vous vous portez bien ; n'est-ce pas.'

'*Ve,*' replied Mrs. Turnbull, who thus exhausted her knowledge of the French language ; while the Monsieur tried in vain, first on one side, and then on the other, to get from under the lee of his wife and make his bow. This was not accomplished until the lady had taken possession of a sofa, which she filled most comfortably.

Who these people were, and how they lived, I never could find out ; they came in a fly from Brentford.

Another announcement. 'My Lord Babbleton and Mr. Smith coming up.'

'Mr. T., pray go down and receive his lordship (there are two wax candles for you to light on the hall table, and you must walk up with them before his lordship,' said the lady, aside).

'I'll be hanged if I do,' replied Mr. Turnbull ; 'let the servants light him.'

‘O Mr. T., I’ve such an ’eadache!’

‘So you may have,’ replied Mr. T., sitting down doggedly.

In the mean time Mr. Smith entered, leading Lord Babbleton, a boy of twelve or thirteen years old, shy, awkward, red haired, and ugly, to whom Mr. Smith was tutor. Mrs. T. had found out Mr. Smith, who was residing near Brentford with his charge, and made his acquaintance on purpose to have a lord on her visiting list, and, to her delight, the leader had not forgotten to bring his bear with him. Mrs. Turnbull sprang to the door to receive them, making a prepared courtesy to the aristocratical cub, and then shaking him respectfully by the hand, ‘Won’t your lordship walk to the fire? isn’t your lordship cold? I hope your lordship’s sty is better in your lordship’s eye. Allow me to introduce to your lordship’s notice Mr. and Mrs. Peters—Madame and Mounsheer Tagleebue—Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Babbleton.’ As for Mr. Turnbull and myself, we were left out, as unworthy of introduction. ‘We are ready for dinner, Mr. Turnbull.’

‘Snobbs, get dinner dressed up,’ said Mr. T. to the butler.

‘O Mr. T. I’ve such an ’eadache.’

This last headache was produced by Mr. T. forgetting himself, and calling the butler by his real name, which was Snobbs, but Mrs. Turnbull had resolved that it should be changed to *Mortimer*—or rather, to *Mr. Mortimer*, as the

household were directed to call him, on pain of expulsion.

Dinner was announced. Madame Tagliabue, upon what pretence I know not, was considered the first lady in the room, and Lord Babbleton was requested by Mrs. Turnbull to hand her down. Madame rose, took his lordship's hand, and led him away. Before they were out of the room, his lordship had disappeared among the ample folds of Madame's gown, and was seen no more until she pulled him out, on their arrival at the dinner-table. At last we were all arranged according to Mrs. Turnbull's wishes, although there were several chops and changes about, until the order of precedence could be correctly observed. A French cook had been sent for by Mrs. Turnbull, and not being mistress of the language, she had a card with the names of the dishes to refresh her memory, Mr. Mortimer having informed her that such was always the custom among great people, who, not ordering their own dinners, of course, they could not tell what there was to eat.

'Mrs. Turnbull, what soup have you there?'

'*Consummy* soup, my lord. Will your lordship *make use* of that or of this here, which is *o'juss*.'

His lordship stared, made no answer ; looked foolish ; and Mr. Mortimer placed some soup before him.

'Lord Babbleton takes soup,' said Mr. Smith pompously ; and the little right honourable

supped soup, much to Mrs. Turnbull's satisfaction.

'Madame, do you soup? or do you fish?'

'Merci, no soup—*poisson*.'

'Don't be afraid, madame; we've a French cook; you won't be *poisoned* here,' replied Mrs. Turnbull, rather annoyed.

'Comment, ma chère, madame, I meant to say dat I prefer de cod.'

'Mr. T., some fish for madame. John, a *clean* plate for Lord Babbleton. What will your lordship condescend to *make use* of now?' (Mrs. Turnbull thought the phrase, *make use*, excessively refined and elegant.)

'Ah! madame, votre cuisine est superbe,' exclaimed Monsieur Tagliabue, tucking the corner of his napkin into his button-hole, and making preparations for well filling his little rotundity.

'*Ve*,' replied Mrs. Turnbull. 'Mrs. Peters, will you try the dish next Mr. Turnbull? What is it?' (looking at her card)—'*Agno roty*. Will you, my lord? If your lordship has not yet got into your French—it means roast quarter of lamb.'

'His lordship is very partial to lamb,' said Mr. Smith, with emphasis.

'Mr. Turnbull, some lamb for Lord Babbleton, and for Mr. Peters.'

'Directly, my dear.—Well, Jacob, you see, when I was first mate——'

'Dear! Mr. Turnbull—I've such an 'ead-ache. Do pray cut the lamb. (*Aside*.) Mr. Mortimer, do go and whisper to Mr. Turnbull that I beg he will put on his gloves.'



‘Mrs. Peters, you’re doing nothing. Mr. Mortimer, ’and round the side dishes, and let John serve out the champagne.’

‘Mrs. Peters, there’s a *wolley went o’ weaters*. Will you make use of some? Mrs. Drummond, will you try the dish coming round? it is—let me see—it is *chew farsy*. My Lord Babbleton, I ’ope the lamb’s *to your liking*? Monshere Tagliabue—William, give Monshere a clean plate. What will you take next?’

‘Vraiment, madame tout, est excellent, superbe! Je voudrais embrasser votre cuisinier—c’est un artiste comme il n’y a pas?’

‘*Ve,*’ replied Mrs. Turnbull.

The first course was removed; and the second, after some delay, made its appearance. In the interim, Mr. Mortimer handed round one or two varieties of wine.

‘Drummond, will you take a glass with me?’ said Mr. Turnbull. ‘I hate your sour French wines. Will you take Madeira? I was on shore at Madeira once, for a few hours, when I was before the mast, in the——’

‘Mr. Turnbull, I’ve such an ’eadache,’ cried his lady, in an angry tone. ‘My lord, will you take some of this?—it is—a *ding dong o’ turf*—a turkey, my lord.’

‘His lordship is fond of turkey,’ said Mr. Smith, dictatorially.

Monsieur Tagliabue, who sat on the other side of Mrs. T., found that the turkey was in request—it was some time before he could help himself.

‘C’est superbe!’ said Monsieur, thrusting a

truffle into his mouth. 'Apparemment, madame n'aime pas la cuisine Anglaise ?'

'*Ve,*' replied Mrs. Turnbull. 'Madame, what will you be *hassisted* to?' continued Mrs. T.

'Tout de bon, madame.'

'*Ve* ; what are those by you, Mr. Peters ?' inquired the lady, in continuation.

'I really cannot exactly say ; but they are fritters of some sort.'

'Let me see—hoh ! bidet du poms. Madame, will you eat some *bidet du poms* ?'

'Comment, madame, je ne vous comprends pas——'

'*Ve.*'

'Monsieur Tagliabue, expliquez donc ;' said the foreign lady, red as a quarter of beef.

'Permettez,' said Monsieur, looking at the card. 'Ah c'est impossible, ma chère,' continued he, laughing. 'Madame Turnbull se trompoit, elle voudroit dire *Beignets de pommes*.'

'Vous trouvez notre langue fort difficile, n'est-ce pas' ; continued madame, who recovered her good humour, and smiled graciously at Mrs. T.

'*Ve,*' replied Mrs. Turnbull, who perceived that she had made some mistake, and was anxiously awaiting the issue of the dialogue. It had, however, the effect of checking Mrs. T., who said little more during the dinner and dessert.

At last the ladies rose from the dessert, and left the gentlemen at the table : but we were

not permitted to remain long, before coffee was announced, and we went up stairs. A variety of French liqueurs were handed about, and praised by most of the company. Mr. Turnbull, however, ordered a glass of brandy, as a *settler*.

‘ Oh ! Mr. Turnbull, I’ve such an ’eadache ! ’

After that the party became very dull. Lord Babbleton fell asleep on the sofa. Mr. Peters walked round the room, admiring the pictures, and asking the names of the masters.

‘ I really quite forget ; but, Mr. Drummond, you are a judge of paintings, I hear. Who do you think this is painted by ? ’ said the lady pointing to a very inferior performance. ‘ I am not quite sure ; but I think it is Van—Van *daub*. ’

‘ I should think so too,’ replied Mr. Drummond drily ; ‘ we have a great many pictures in England by the same hand. ’

The French gentleman proposed *écarté*, but no one knew how to play it except his wife ; who sat down with him to pass away the time. The ladies sauntered about the room, looking at the contents of the tables. Mrs. Peters occasionally talking of Petercumb Hall ; Mr. Smith played at patience in one corner ; while Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Drummond sat in another in close conversation ; and the lady of the house divided her attentions, running from one to the other, and requesting them not to talk so loud as to awake the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Babbleton. At last the vehicles were announced, and the fashionable party broke

up, much to the satisfaction of every body, and to none more than myself.

I ought to observe, that all the peculiar absurdities I have narrated, did not strike me so much at the time ; but it was an event to me to dine out, and the scene was well impressed upon my memory. After what occurred to me in my after life, and when I became better able to judge of fashionable pretensions, the whole was vividly brought back to my recollection.

## CHAPTER XVII

The Tomkinses' fête champêtre and fête dansante—  
Lights among the gooseberry-bushes—All went off  
well, excepting the lights, they went out—A wind-  
ing up that had nearly proved a catastrophe—Old  
Tom proves that danger makes friends, by a yarn,  
young Tom, by a fact.

I REMAINED with Mr. Drummond about eight months, when at last the new clerk made his appearance—a little fat fellow, about twenty with a face as round as a full moon, thick lips, and red cheeks. During this time I frequently had the pleasure of meeting with old and young Tom, who appeared very anxious that I should rejoin them ; and I must say that I was equally willing to return to the lighter. Still, Mr. Drummond put his veto on it, and Mrs. Drummond was also constantly pointing out the very desirable situation I might have on shore as a clerk in the office ; but I could not bear it—seated nearly the whole day—perched up on a high stool—turning over Dr., contra Cr., and only occasionally interrupted by the head clerk, with his attempts to make rhymes. When the new clerk came, I expected my release, but I was disappointed. Mr. Drummond discovered him to be so awkward, and the head clerk declared that the time was so busy, that he could not spare me. This was true ; Mr. Drummond

had just come to a final arrangement, which had been some time pending, by which he purchased a wharf and large warehouses, with a house adjoining, in Lower Thames Street—a very large concern, for which he had paid a considerable sum of money. What with the valuations, winding up of the Brentford concern on the old account, etc., there was much to do, and I toiled at the desk until the removal took place ; and when the family were removed, I was still detained, as there was no warehouseman to superintend the unloading and hoisting up of goods. Mr. Tomkins, the head clerk, who had been many years a faithful servant to Mr. Drummond, was admitted as a partner, and had charge of the Brentford wharf, a species of promotion which he and his wife resolved to celebrate with a party. After a long debate, it was resolved that they should give a ball, and Mrs. Tomkins exerted all her taste and ingenuity on the occasion. My friend Tomkins lived at a short distance from the premises, in a small house, surrounded with half an acre of garden, chiefly filled with gooseberry bushes, and perambulated by means of four straight gravel walks. Mr. and Mrs. Drummond were invited, and accepted the invitation, which was considered by the Tomkinses as a great mark of condescension. As a specimen of Mr. Tomkins's poetical talents, I shall give his invitation to Mr. Drummond, written in the very best German text.

‘ Mr. and Mrs. T—

Sincerely hope to see



Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, to a very humble party that they intend to ask their kin To, on the Saturday Of the week ensuing ; When fiddles they will play, And other things be doing.

*Belle Vue House.*

To which *jeu d'esprit* Mr. Drummond answered with a pencil on a card—

‘ Mr. and Mrs. Drummond intend to come.’

‘ Here, give Tomkins that, Jacob ; it will please him better than any formal acceptance.’ Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull were also asked : the former accepted, but the latter indignantly refused.

When I arrived with Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, many of the company were there ; the garden was what they called illuminated, that is, every gooseberry bush had one variegated lamp suspended about the centre ; and, as Mr. Tomkins told me afterwards, the lamps were red and yellow, according to the fruit they bore. It was a cold, frosty, clear night, and the lamps twinkled as brightly among the bare boughs of the gooseberry trees as the stars did in the heavens. The company in general were quite charmed at the novelty. ‘ Quite a *minor Wauxhall*,’ cried one lady, whose exuberance of fat kept her warm enough to allow her to stare about in the open air. The entrance porch had a dozen little lamps, backed with laurel

twigs, and looked very imposing. Mrs. Tomkins received her company upon the steps outside, that she might have the pleasure of hearing their praises of her external arrangements ; still it was freezing, and she shivered not a little. The drawing-room, fourteen feet by ten, was fitted up as a ball-room, with two fiddlers and a fifer sitting in a corner, and a country dance was performing when we arrived. Over the mantle-piece was a square of laurel twigs, enclosing as a frame, this couplet, from the poetical brain of the master of the house, cut out in red paper, and bespangled with blue and yellow tinsel—

‘ Here we are to dance so gay,  
While the fiddlers play away.’

Other appropriate distiches, which I have now forgotten, were framed in the same way on each of the other compartments. But the dining-room was the *chef d’œuvre*. It was formed into a bower, with evergreens, and on the evergreen boughs were stuck real apples and oranges in all directions, so that you could help yourself.

‘ Vell, I do declare, this is a paradise ! ’ exclaimed the fat lady, who entered with me.

‘ In all but one thing, ma’am,’ replied Mr. Turnbull, who, with his coat off, was squeezing lemons for the punch—‘ there’s no *forbidden* fruit. You may help yourself.’

This bon-mot was repeated by Mr. Tomkins to the end of his existence, not only for its own sake, but because it gave him an opportunity of entering into a detail of the whole *fête*—the first he had ever given in his life. ‘ Ah, Jacob,

my boy, glad to see you—come and help here—they'll soon be thirsty, I'll warrant,' said Mr. Turnbull, who was in his glory. The company, although not so very select, were very happy; they danced, drank punch, laughed, and danced again; and it was not till a late hour, long after Mr. and Mrs. Drummond had gone home, that I quitted the 'festive scene,' Mr. Turnbull, who walked away with me, declaring that it was worth a dozen of his party, although they had not such grand people as Mrs. Tagliabue, or the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Babbleton. I thought so, too; every one was happy, and every one at their ease; and I do believe they would have stayed much longer, but the musicians took so much punch, that one fiddler broke his fiddle, the other broke his head in going down the steps into the garden, and the fifer swore he could blow no longer; so as there was an end to the music, clogs, pattens, and lanthorns were called for, the shawls were brought out of the kitchen, and every one went away. Nothing could *go off better*. Mrs. Tomkins had a cold and rheumatism the next day, but that was not surprising, a *minor Wauxhall* not being seasonable in the month of December.

A week after this party, we removed to Thames Street, and I performed the duty of warehouseman. Our quantity of lighters were now much increased, and employed in carrying dry goods, etc. One morning old Tom came under the crane to discharge his lighter, and wishing to see me, when the fall had been over-

hauled down, to heave up the casks with which the lighter was laden, instead of hooking on a cask, held on by his hands, crying, 'Hoist away,' intending to be hoisted himself up to the door of the warehouse where I was presiding. Now there was nothing unusual in this whim of old Tom's, but still he ran a very narrow chance, in consequence of an extra whim of young Tom's, who, as soon as his father was suspended in the air, caught hold of his two wooden stumps, to be hoisted up also ; and as he caught hold of them, standing on tiptoe, they both swung clear of the lighter, which could not approach to within five feet of the buildings. The crane was on the third story of the warehouse, and very high up. 'Tom, Tom, you rascal, what the devil are you about ?' cried the old man, when he felt the weight of his son's body hanging to him.

'Going up along with you, father—hope we shall go to heaven the same way.'

'More likely to go to the devil together, you little fool ; I never can bear your weight. Hoist away, there, quick.'

Hearing the voices, I looked out of the door, and perceiving their situation, ordered the men to hoist as fast as they could, before old Tom's strength should be exhausted ; but it was a compound movement crane, and we could not hoist very fast, although we could hoist very great weights. At last, as they were wound up higher and higher, old Tom's strength was going fast. 'O Tom, Tom, what must be done ? I can't—I can't hold on but a little

longer, and we shall be both dashed to pieces. My poor boy !’

‘ Well then, I’ll let go, father ; it was all my folly, and I’ll be the sufferer.’

‘ Let go !’ cried old Tom ; ‘ no, no, Tom—don’t let go, my boy, I’ll try a little longer. Don’t let go, my dear boy—don’t let go !’

‘ Well, father, how much longer can you hold on ?’

‘ A little—very little longer,’ replied the old man, struggling.

‘ Well, hold fast now,’ cried young Tom, who, raising his head above his arms, with a great exertion shifted one of his hands to his father’s thigh, then the other ; raising himself as before, he then caught at the seat of his father’s trousers with his teeth ; old Tom groaned, for his son had taken hold of more than the garments ; he then shifted his hands to round his father’s body—from thence he gained the collar of his jacket—from the collar he climbed on his father’s shoulders, from thence he seized hold of the fall above, and relieved his father of his weight. ‘ Now, father, are you all right ?’ cried Tom, panting as he clung to the fall above him.

‘ I can’t hold on ten seconds more, Tom—no longer—my clutch is going now.’

‘ Hang on by your eyelids, father, if you love me,’ cried young Tom, in agony.

It was indeed an awful moment ; they were now at least sixty feet above the lighter, suspended in the air ; the men whirled round the wheel, and I had at last the pleasure of hauling

them both in on the floor of the warehouse, the old man so exhausted that he could not speak for more than a minute ; young Tom, as soon as all was safe, laughed immoderately. Old Tom sat upright. 'It might have been no laughing matter, Mr. Tom,' said he, looking at his son.

'What's done can't be helped, father, as Jacob says. After all, you're more frightened than hurt.'

'I don't know that, you young scamp,' replied the old man, putting his hand behind him, and rubbing softly ; you've bit a piece clean out of my *starn*. Now let this be a warning to you, Tom. Jacob, my boy, couldn't you say that I've met with an *accident*, and get a drop of something from Mr. Drummond ?'

I thought, after his last observation, I might honestly say that he had met with an accident, and I soon returned with a glass of brandy, which old Tom was drinking off, when his son interrupted him for a share.

'You know, father, I shared the danger.'

'Yes, Tom, I know you did,' replied the father ; 'but this was sent to me on account of my *accident*, and as I had that all to myself, I shall have all this too.'

'But, father, you ought to give me a drop, if it were only to *take the taste out of my mouth*.'

'Your own flesh and blood, 'Tom,' replied his father, emptying his glass.

'Well, I always heard it was quite unnatural not to like your own flesh and blood,' replied



Tom ; ‘ but I see now that there may be reasons for it.’

‘ Be content, Tom,’ replied his father, putting down the glass ; ‘ we’re now just square. You’ve had your *raw nip*, and I’ve had mine.’

Mr. Drummond now came up, and asked what had been the matter. ‘ Nothing, sir—only an accident. Tom and I had a bit of a *hoist*.’

As this last word had a double meaning, Mr. Drummond thought that a cask had surged, when coming out of the lighter and struck them down. He desired old Tom to be more careful, and walked away, while we proceeded to unload the lighter. The new clerk was a very heavy, simple young man, plodding and attentive certainly, but he had no other merit ; he was sent into the lighter to take the marks and numbers of the casks as they were hoisted up, and soon became a butt to young Tom, who gave him the wrong marks and numbers of all the casks, to his interrogations.

‘ What’s that, boy ? ’ cried the pudding-faced fellow, with his pencil in one hand, and his book in the other.

‘ Pea soup, 13,’ replied Tom ; ‘ ladies’ bonnets, 24. Now, then, master, chalk again, pipe-clay for sodgers, 3 ; red herrings, 26.’ All of which were carefully noted down by Mr. Gubbins, who, when the lighter was cleared, took the memoranda to Mr. Drummond.

Fortunately, we had checked the number of the casks as they were received above—their contents were flour. Mr. Drummond sent for

young Tom, and asked him how he dared play such a trick. Tom replied very boldly, 'That it was meant as a good lesson to the young man, that in future he did his own work, and did not trust to others.' To this Mr. Drummond agreed, and master Tom was dismissed without punishment.

As the men had all gone to dinner, I went down into the lighter to have a little chat with my old shipmates. 'Well, Jacob,' said old Tom, 'Tom's not a bit wiser than he was before—two scrapes to-day, already.'

'Well, father, if I prove my folly by getting into scrapes, I prove my wit by getting out of them.'

'Yes, that may be true, Tom ; but suppose we had both come down with a run, what would you have thought, then ?'

'I suspect, father, that I should have been past all thinking.'

'I once did see a thing of that kind happen,' said old Tom, calling to mind former scenes in his life ; 'and I'll tell you a yarn about it, boys, because they say danger makes friends.' Tom and I sat down by old Tom, who narrated as follows.

'When I was captain of the main-top in the *La Minerve*, forty-four gun frigate, we were the smartest ship up the Mediterranean ; and many's the exercise we were the means of giving to other ships' companies, because they could not beat us—no, not even hold a candle to us. In both fore and main-top we had eight-and-twenty as smart chaps as ever put

their foot to a rattling, or slid down by an a'ter backstay. Now the two captains of the fore-top were both prime young men, active as monkeys, and bold as lions. One was named Tom Herbert, from North Shields, a dark, good-looking chap, with teeth as white as a nigger's, and a merry chap he was, always a showing them. The other was a Cockney chap. Your Lunnuners ar'n't often good seamen ; but when they are seamen there's no better ; they never allow any one to show them the way, that's for sartain, being naturally spunky sort of chaps, and full of tricks and fun. This fellow's name was Bill Wiggins, and between him and Herbert there was always a jealousy, who should be the smartest man. I've seen both of them run out on the yard, in fine weather, without holding to nothing, seize the lift and down to their station, haul up the earing, in no time ; up by the lift again, and down on deck, by the backstay, before half the men had time to get clear of the top. In fact, they often risked their lives in bad weather, when there was no occasion for it, that one might outdo the other. Now this was all very well, and a good example to the other men ; the captain and officers appeared to like these contests for superiority, but it ended in their hating each other, and not being even on speaking terms, which, as the two captains of the top, was bad. They had quarrelled often, and fought five times, neither proving the better man ; either both done up or parted by the master-at-arms, and reported to the first lieutenant, so that at

last they were not so much countenanced by the officers, and were out of favour with the captain, who threatened to disrate them both if ever they fought again.

‘We were cruising off the Gulf of Lyons, where sometimes it blows hard enough to blow the devil’s horns off, though the gales never last very long. We were under close-reefed fore and maintop sail, storm staysail and trysail, when there was a fresh hand at the bellows, and the captain desired the officer of the watch, just before dinner, to take in the fore-top sail. Not to disturb the watch below, the main-top men were ordered up forward, to help the fore-top men of the watch ; and I was of course aloft, ready to lie out on the lee yard-arm—when Wiggins, who had the watch below, came up in the top, not liking that Herbert should be at work in such weather, without he being there too.

“ ‘Tom,” says Wiggins to me, “ I’ll take the yard arm.”

“ ‘Very well,” says I, “ with all my heart, then I’ll look to the bunt.”

‘Just at that time there came on a squall with rain, which almost blinded us ; the sail was taken in very neatly, clew-lines chock-a-block, bunt-lines and leech-lines well up, reef-tackles overhauled, rolling-tackles taut, and all as it should be. The men lied out on the yard, the squall wore worse and worse, but they were handing in the leech of the sail, when snap went one bunt-line, then the other, the sail flapped and flagged, till away went the leech-lines, and

the men clung to the yards for their lives ; for the sail mastered them, and they could do nothing. At last it split like thunder, buffeting the men on the yardarms, till they were almost senseless, until to windward it wore away into long coach-whips, and the whole of the canvas left was at the lee yardarm. The men laid in at last with great difficulty, quite worn out by fatigue and clinging for their existence ; all but Wiggins, who was barred by the sail to leeward from making his footing good on the horse ; and there he was, poor fellow, completely in irons, and so beaten by the canvas that he could hardly be said to be sensible. It takes a long while to tell all this, but it wasn't the work of a minute. At last he made an attempt to get up by the lift, but was struck down, and would have been hurled overboard, if it hadn't been that his leg fell over the horse, and there he was head downwards, hanging over a raging sea, ready to swallow him up as soon as he dropt into it. As every one expected he would be beat off before any assistance could be given, you may guess that it was an awful moment to those below who were looking up at him, watching for his fall and the roll of the ship, to see if he fell clear into the sea or was dashed to pieces in the fore-chains.

' I couldn't bear to see a fellow-creature, and good seaman in the bargain, in that state, and although the captain dared not *order* any one to help him, yet there were one or two midshipmen hastening up the fore-rigging, with the intent, I have no doubt, of trying to save

him, (for midshipmen don't value their lives at a quid of tobacco,) so I seizes the studding-sail halyards, and runs up the topmost rigging, intending to go down by the lift, and pass a bowling knot round him before he fell, when who should I meet at the cross-trees but Tom Herbert, who snatched the rope out of my hand, bawling to me through the gale, "This is my business, Tom."

'Down he goes by the lift, the remainder of the canvas flapped over him, and I seed no more until I heard a cry from all below, and away went Herbert and Wiggins, both together, flying to leeward just as the ship was taking her recovery to windward. Fortunately they both fell clear of the ship about two feet, not more, and as their fall was expected, they had prepared below. A master's mate, of the name of Simmonds, and the captain of the forecastle, both went overboard in bowling knots, with another in their hands, and in a minute or two they were all four on board again ; but Herbert and Wiggins were both senseless, and a long while coming to again. Well, now, what do you think was the upshot of it ? why, they were the best friends in the world ever afterwards, and would have died for one another ; and if one had a glass of grog from the officers for any little job, instead of touching his forelock and drinking it off to the officer's health, he always took it out of the gun-room, that he might give half of it to the other. So, d'ye see, my boys, as I said before I began my yarn, that danger makes friends.



‘ ’Tis said we ventrous die hard,  
 When we leave the shore,  
 Our friends may mourn, lest we return  
 To bless their sight no more.  
 But this is all a notion,  
 Bold Jack can’t understand,  
 Some die upon the ocean,  
 And some upon dry land.’

‘ And if we had tumbled, father, we should have just died betwixt and between, not water enough to float us. It would have been *woolez wous parlez wous*, plump in the mud, as you say sometimes.’

‘ Why yes, Tom. I’ve a notion that I should have been planted too deep, ever to have struck root,’ replied the old man, looking at his wooden stumps.

‘ Why yes, father, *legs* are *legs*, when you tumble into six foot of mud. How you would have *dibbled* down, if your *daddles* hadn’t held on.’

‘ Well, then, Tom, recollect that you never *sell* your father for a *lark* again.’

Tom laughed, and catching at the word, although used in a different sense, sung,

‘ Just like the *lark*, high poised in air.

‘ And so were you, father, only that you didn’t sing as he does, and you didn’t leave your young one below in the nest.’

‘ Aye, it is the young uns which prevent the old ones from rising in the world—that’s very true, Tom. Holla, who have we got here? My service to you, at all events.’

## CHAPTER XVIII

The art of hard lying made easy, though I am made very uneasy by hard lying—I send my ruler as a missive, to let the parties concerned know, that I'm a rebel to tyrannical rule—I am arraigned, tried, and condemned without a hearing—What I lose in speech is made up in feeling, the whole wound up with magnanimous resolves and a little sobbing.

It was the captain of the American schooner, from out of which we were then taking the casks of flour.

‘We’ve no *sarvice* in our country, I’ve a notion, my old bob-tail roarer,’ said he. ‘When do you come alongside of my schooner for t’other lading, with this raft of yours? Not to-night, I guess.’

‘Well you’ve guessed right this time,’ replied old Tom, ‘we shall lie on the mud till to-morrow morning, with your permission.’

‘Yes, for all the world like a Louisiana alligator. You take things coolly, I’ve a notion, in the old country. I don’t want to be hanging head and starn in this little bit of a river of your’n. I must be back to New York afore fever time.’

‘She be a pretty craft, that little thing of yours,’ observed old Tom; ‘how long may she take to make the run?’

‘How long? I expect in just no time; and

she'd go as fast again, only she won't wait for the breeze to come up with her.'

'Why don't you heave-to for it?' said young Tom.

'Lose too much time I guess. I've been chased by an easterly wind all the way from your Land's End to our Narrows, and it never could overhaul me.'

'And I presume the porpoises give it up in despair, don't they?' replied old Tom, with a leer; 'and yet I've seen the creatures playing across the bows of an English frigate at her speed, and laughing at her.'

'They never play their tricks with me, old snapper; if they do, I cuts them in halves, and a-starn they go, head part floating on one side, and tail part on the other.'

'But don't they join together again when they meet in your wake?' inquired Tom.

'Shouldn't wonder,' replied the American captain.

'Pray, captain, what may be that vessel they talk so much about at New York?' Old Tom referred to the first steam vessel, whose qualities at that time had been tried, and an exaggerated report of which had been copied from the American papers. 'That ship, or whatever she may be, that sails without masts, yards, or canvas; it's quite above my comprehension.'

'Old country heads can't take it in. I'll tell you what—she goes slick through the water, a-head or a-starn, broadside on, or up or down, or any way; and all you have to do is to poke

the fire and warm your fingers ; and the more you poke, the faster she goes, 'gainst wind and tide.'

' Well, I must see that, to believe it, though,' replied old Tom.

' No fear of a capsize, I calculate. My little craft did upset with me one night, in a pretty considerable heavy *gal* ; but she's *smart*, and came up again on the other side in a moment, all right as before. Never should have known any thing about it, if the man at the wheel had not found his jacket wet, and the men below had a round turn in all the clues of their hammocks.'

' After that round turn, you may belay,' cried young Tom, laughing.

' Yes, but don't let us have a stopper over all, Tom,' replied his father. ' I consider all this excessively *divarting*. Pray, captain, does every thing else go fast in the new country ? '

' Every thing with us *clean slick*, I guess.'

' What sort of horses have you in America ? ' inquired I.

' Our Kentucky horses, I've a notion, would surprise you. They're almighty goers, at a trot, beat a N.W. *gal* of wind. I once took an Englishman with me in a gig up Allibama country, and he says, " What's this great churchyard we are passing through ? " " And stranger," says I, " I calculate it's nothing but the milestones we are passing so *slick*." But I once had a horse, who, I expect, was a deal quicker than that. I once seed a flash of lightning chace him for half an hour round the

clearance, and I guess it couldn't catch him. But I can't wait no longer. I expect you'll come alongside to-morrow afore meridian.'

'Aye, aye, master,' replied old Tom, tuning up.

'Twas post meridian, half-past four,  
By signal I from Nancy parted,  
At five she lingered on the shore,  
With uplift eyes and broken-hearted.'

'I calculate you are no fool of a screamer,' said the American, shoving off his boat from the barge, and pulling to his vessel.

'And I calculate you're no fool of a liar,' said young Tom, laughing.

'Well, so he is; but I do like a good lie, Jacob, there's some fun in it. But what the devil does the fellow mean by calling a gale of wind—*a gal*?''

'I don't know,' replied Tom, 'unless for the same reason that we call a girl—*a blowing*.'

Our conversation was here interrupted by Mr. Hodgson, the new head-clerk, of whom I have hitherto said nothing. He came into the establishment in the place of Mr. Tomkins, when we quitted the Battersea wharf, and had taken an evident dislike to me, which appeared to increase every day, as Mr. Drummond gave me fresh marks of his approbation. 'You, Faithful, come out of that barge directly, and go to your desk. I will have no eye-servers under me. Come out, sir, directly.'

'I say, Mr. Quilldriver,' cried old Tom, 'do you mean for to say that Jacob is an eye-sarver?'

‘ Yes, I do : and want none of your impertinence, or I’ll unship you, you old blackguard.’

‘ Well, then, for the first part of your story, my sarvice to you, and you *lies* ; and as for the second, that remains to be proved.’

Mr. Hodgson’s temper was not softened by this reply of old Tom. My blood was also up, for I had borne much already ; and young Tom was bursting with impatience to take my part. He walked carelessly by the head-clerk, saying to me as he passed by, ‘ Why I thought, Jacob, you were ’prentice to the river ; but it seems that you’re bound to the counting-house. How long do you mean to sarve ? ’

‘ I don’t know,’ replied I, as I walked away sulkily ; ‘ but I wish I was out of my time.’

‘ Very well, sir, I shall report your behaviour to Mr. Drummond. I’ll make him know your tricks.’

‘ Tricks ! you won’t let him know his tricks. His duty is to take his trick at the wheel,’ replied old Tom ; ‘ not to be brought up at your cheating tricks at the desk.’

‘ Cheating tricks, you old scoundrel, what do you mean by that ? ’ replied Mr. Hodgson in a rage.

‘ My father means *ledgerdemain*, I suppose,’ replied young Tom.

This repartee from a quarter so little expected, sent off the head-clerk more wroth than ever.

‘ You seemed to hit him hard there, Tom,’ said his father ; ‘ but I can’t say that I understand how.’



‘ You’ve had me taught to read and write, father,’ replied young Tom ; ‘ and a’ter that, a lad may teach himself every thing. I pick up every day, here and there ; and I never see a thing or a word that I don’t understand, but I find out the meaning when I can. I picked up that hard word at Bartlemy fair.’

‘ And very hard you hit him with it.’

‘ Who wouldn’t, to serve a friend ? But mark my words, father, this won’t last long. There’s a squall blowing up, and Jacob, quiet as he seems to be, will show his teeth ere long.’

Tom was correct in his surmise. I had not taken my seat at my desk more than a minute, when Mr. Hodgson entered, and commenced a tirade of abuse, which my pride could no longer allow me to submit to. An invoice, perfectly correct and well written, which I had nearly completed, he snatched from before me, tore into fragments, and ordered me to write it over again. Indignant at this treatment, I refused, and throwing down my pen, looked him determinedly in the face. Irritated at this defiance, he caught up a Directory, and threw it at my head. No longer able to command myself, I seized a ruler and returned the salute. It was whizzing through the air as Mr. Drummond entered the room ; and he was just in time to witness Mr. Hodgson struck on the forehead and felled to the ground, while I remained with my arm raised, standing upon the cross-bar of my high stool, my face glowing with passion.

Appearances were certainly against me. Assistance was summoned, and the head-clerk

removed to his chamber, during all which time I remained seated on my stool before the desk, my breast heaving with tumultuous feelings. How long I remained there I cannot say, it might have been two hours ; feelings long dormant had been aroused, and whirled round and round in a continual cycle in my feverish brain. I should have remained probably much longer in this state of absorption had I not been summoned to attend Mr. Drummond. It appeared that in the mean time, Mr. Hodgson had come to his own senses, and had given his own version of the fracas, which had been to an unjustifiable degree corroborated by the stupid young clerk, who was no friend of mine, and who sought favour with his principal. I walked up to the drawing-room, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, and little Sarah, whose eyes were red with crying. I entered without any feeling of alarm, my breast was too full of indignation. Mrs. Drummond looked grave and mournful. Mr. Drummond severe.'

'Jacob Faithful, I have sent for you to tell you, that in consequence of your disgraceful conduct to my senior clerk, you can no longer remain under my roof. It appears that what I have been a witness to, this day, has been but a sequel to behaviour equally improper, and impertinent ; that so far from having, as I thought, done your duty, you have constantly neglected it ; and that the association you have formed with that drunken old man and his insolent son, has led you into this folly. You may say that it was not your wish to remain on

shore, and that you preferred being on the river. At your age, it is too often the case that young people consult their wishes rather than their interests ; and it is well for them if they find those who are older, and wish them well, to decide for them. I had hoped to have been able to place you in a more respectable situation in society, than was my original intention when you were thrown upon me a destitute orphan ; but I now perceive my error. You have proved yourself not only deceitful but ungrateful.'

'I have not,' interrupted I, calmly.

'You have. I have been a witness myself to your impropriety of conduct, which it appears has long been concealed from me ; but no more of that. I bound you apprentice to the river, and you must now follow up your apprenticeship ; but expect nothing farther from me. You must now work your own way up in the world, and I trust that you will reform and do well. You may return to the lighter until I can procure you a situation in another craft, for I consider it my duty to remove you from the influence of those who have led you astray, and with the old man and his son you shall not remain. I have one thing more to say. You have been in my counting-house for some months, and you are now about to be thrown upon the world. There are ten pounds for your services,' (and Mr. Drummond laid the money on the table). 'You may also recollect that I have some money belonging to you, which has been laid by until you shall be out

of your apprenticeship. I consider it my duty still to retain that money for you ; as soon as your apprenticeship is expired, you may demand it, and it shall be made over to you. I trust, sincerely trust, Jacob, that the severe lesson you are now about to receive, will bring you to a sense of what is right, and that you will forget the evil counsel you have received from your late companions. Do not attempt to justify yourself, it is useless.' Mr. Drummond then rose, and left the room.

I should have replied, had it not been for this last sentence of Mr. Drummond's, which again roused the feelings of indignation which, in their presence, had been gradually giving way to softer emotions. I therefore stood still, and firmly met the glance of Mr. Drummond, as he passed me. My looks were construed into hardness of heart.

It appeared that Mr. Drummond had left the room by previous arrangement, that he might not be supposed to be moved from his purpose, and that Mrs. Drummond was then to have talked to me, and to have ascertained how far there was a chance of my pleading guilty, and begging for a mitigation of my sentence ; but the firm composure of innocence was mistaken for defiance ; and the blood mounting to my forehead from a feeling of injustice—of injustice from those I loved and venerated—perhaps the most poignant feeling in existence to a sensitive and generous mind—was falsely estimated as proceeding from impetuous and disgraceful sources. Mrs. Drummond, looked upon me

with a mournful face, sighed, and said nothing ; little Sarah watching me with her large black eyes, as if she would read my inmost soul.

‘Have you nothing to say, Jacob,’ at last observed Mrs. Drummond, ‘that I can tell Mr. Drummond when his anger is not so great?’

‘Nothing, madam,’ replied I, ‘except that I’ll try to forgive him.’

This reply was offensive even to the mild Mrs. Drummond. She rose from her chair. ‘Come, Sarah,’ said she : and she walked out of the room, wishing me, in a kind, soft voice, a ‘good bye, Jacob,’ as she passed me.

My eyes swam with tears. I tried to return the salutation, but I was too much choked by my feelings ; I could not speak, and my silence was again looked upon as contumacy and ingratitude. Little Sarah still remained—she had not obeyed her mother’s injunctions to follow her. She was now nearly fourteen years old, and I had known her as a companion and a friend for five years. During the last six months that I had resided in the house, we had become more intimately acquainted. I joined her in the evening in all her pursuits, and Mr. and Mrs. Drummond appeared to take a pleasure in our intimacy. I loved her as a dear sister ; my love was based on gratitude. I had never forgotten her kindness to me when I first came under her father’s roof, and a long acquaintance with the sweetness of her disposition had rendered the attachment so firm, that I felt I could have died for her. But I

never knew the full extent of the feeling until now that I was about to leave her, perhaps for ever. My heart sank when Mr. Drummond left the room—a bitter pang passed through it as the form of Mrs. Drummond vanished from my sight ; but now was to be the bitterest of all. I felt it, and I remained with the handle of the door in my hand, gasping for breath—blinded with the tears that coursed each other rapidly down my cheeks. I remained a minute in this state, when I felt that Sarah touched my other listless hand.

‘Jacob!’ she would have said, but before half my name was out, she burst into tears, and sobbed on my shoulder. My heart was too much surcharged not to take the infection—my grief found vent, and I mingled my sobs with those of the affectionate girl. When we were more composed, I recounted to her all that had passed, and one, at least in the world, acknowledged that I had been treated unjustly. I had but just finished, when the servant interrupted us with a message to Sarah, that her mother desired her presence. She threw herself into my arms, and bade me farewell. When I released her, she hastened to obey her mother, but perceiving the money still upon the table, she pointed to it. ‘Your money, Jacob!’

‘No, Sarah, I will not accept it. I would accept of any thing from those who treat me kindly, and feel more and more grateful to them ; but that I will not accept—I cannot, and you must not let it be left here. Say that I could not take it.’



Sarah would have remonstrated, but perceiving that I was firm, and at the same time perhaps, entering into my feelings, she again bade me farewell, and hastened away.

The reader may easily imagine that I did not put off my departure. I hastened to pack up my clothes, and in less than ten minutes after Sarah had quitted me, I was on board the lighter, with old Tom and his son, who were then going to supper. They knew a part of what had happened, and I narrated the rest.

‘Well,’ replied old Tom, after I had finished my story, ‘I don’t know that I have done you any harm, Jacob, and I’m sorry that Mr. Drummond should suppose so. I’m fond of a drop, that’s true ; but I appeals to you, whether I ever force it on you—and whether I don’t check that boy as much as I can ; but then, d’ye see, although I preach, I don’t practice, that’s the worst of it ; and I know I’ve to answer for making Tom so fond of grog ; and though I never says any thing about it, I often think to myself, that if Tom should chance to be pressed some of these days, and be punished for being in liquor, he’ll think of his old father, and curse him in his heart, when he eyes the cat flourishing round before it strikes.’

‘I’ll curse the cat, father, or the boatswain’s mate, or the officer who complained of me, or the captain who flogs me, or my own folly, but I’ll be hanged if ever I curse you, who have been so kind to me,’ replied Tom, taking his father’s hand.

‘Well, we must hope for the best, my dear

boy,' replied old Tom ; ' but, Jacob, you've not had fair play, that's sartain. It's very true, that master did take you as an orphan, and help you to an education ; but that's no reason why he should take away your free will, and after binding you 'prentice to the river, perch you up on a high stool, and grind your nose down to the desk. If so be he was so kind to you only to make you a slave, why then there was no kindness at all in my opinion ; and as for punishment without hearing what a man has to say in his own defence—there's ne'er a Tartar in the sarvice but would allow a man to speak before he orders him to strip. I recollect a story about that in the sarvice, but I'm in no humour to spin a yarn now. Now you see, Jacob, Master Drummond has done a great deal for you, and now he has undone a great deal. I can't pretend to balance the account, but it does appear to me that you don't owe him much ; for what thanks is there if you take a vessel in tow, and then cast her off, half way, when she most needs your assistance ? But what hurts me most, is his saying that you sha'n't stay in the lighter with us ; if you had, you shouldn't have wanted, as long as pay and pension are forthcoming. Never mind—Tom, my boy, bring out the bottle—hang care : it killed the cat.'

The grog did not, however, bring back old Tom's spirits ; the evening passed heavily, and we retired to our beds at a seasonable hour, as we were to drop down to the schooner early the next morning. That night I did not close

my eyes. I ran over, in my mind, all that had occurred, and indignation took full possession of my soul. My whole life passed in review before me. I travelled back to my former days—to the time which had been almost obliterated from my memory, when I had navigated the barge with my father. Again was the scene of his and my mother's death presented to my view ; again I saw him disappear, and the column of black smoke ascend to the sky. The Domine, the matron, Marables, and Fleming, the scene in the cabin—all passed in rapid succession. I felt that I had done my duty, and that I had been unjustly treated ; my head ached with tumultuous and long suppressed feelings. Reader, I stated that when I was first taken in hand by Mr. Drummond I was a savage, although a docile one, to be reclaimed by kindness, and kindness only. You may have been surprised at the rapid change which took place in a few years ; that change was produced by kindness. The conduct of Mr. Drummond, of his amiable wife and daughter, had been all kindness ; the Domine and the worthy old matron had proved equally beneficent. Marables had been kind ; and, although now and then, as in the case of the usher at the school, and Fleming on board the lighter, I had received injuries, still, these were but trifling checks to the uninterrupted series of kindness with which I had been treated by every body. Thus was my nature rapidly formed by a system of kindness assisted by education ; and had this been followed up, in a few years my

new character would have been firmly established. But the blow was now struck, injustice roused up the latent feelings of my nature, and when I rose the next morning I was changed. I do not mean to say that all that precept and education had done for me was overthrown ; but if not overthrown, it was so shaken to the base, so rent from the summit to the foundation, that, at the slightest impulse, in a wrong direction, it would have fallen in and left nothing but a mixed chaos of ruined prospects. If any thing could hold it together, it was the kindness and affection of Sarah, to which I would again and again return in my revolving thoughts, as the only and bright star to be discovered in my clouded horizon.

How dangerous, how foolish, how presumptuous, is it in adults to suppose that they can read the thoughts and the feelings of those of a tender age ! How often has this presumption, on their part, been the ruin of a young mind, which, if truly estimated and duly fostered, would have blossomed and produced good fruit ! The blush of honest indignation is as dark as the blush of guilt—and the paleness of concentrated courage as marked as that of fear—the firmness of conscious innocence is but too often mistaken as the effrontery of hardened vice—and the tears springing from a source of injury, the tongue tied from the oppression of a wounded heart, the trembling and agitation of the little frame convulsed with emotion, have often and often been ascribed by prejudging and self-opinionated witnesses, to the very

opposite passions to those which have produced them. Youth should never be judged harshly, and even when judged correctly, should it be in an evil course, may always be reclaimed ;—those who decide otherwise, and leave it to drift about the world, have to answer for the *cast-away*.

## CHAPTER XIX

The breach widened—I turn sportsman, poacher, and desperado—Some excellent notions propounded of common law upon common rights—The common-keeper uncommonly savage—I warn him off—He prophesies that we shall both come to the gallows—Some men are prophets in their own country—The man right after all.

‘ HOLLO ! in the lighter there—I say, you *lighter boy* ! ’ were the words I heard, as I was pacing the deck of the vessel in deep cogitation. Tom and his father were both in the cabin ; there could be no doubt but that they were addressed to me. I looked up and perceived the grinning, stupid, sneering face of the young clerk, Gubbins. ‘ Why don’t you answer when you’re called to, heh ? ’ continued the numscull. ‘ You’re wanted up here ; come up directly.’

‘ Who wants me ? ’ replied I, reddening with anger.

‘ What’s that to you ? Do you mean to obey *my* order or not ? ’

‘ No, I do not,’ replied I ; ‘ I’m not under the orders of such a fool, thank God ; and if you come within my reach, I’ll try if I can’t break your head, thick as it is, as well as your master’s.’

The lout disappeared, and I continued to pace up and down.



As I afterwards discovered, the message was from Mrs. Drummond, who requested to speak to me. Sarah had communicated the real facts of my case, and Mrs. Drummond had been convinced that what I had said was correct. She had talked with her husband ; she pointed out to him that my conduct under Mr. Tomkins had been so exemplary, that there must have been some reason for so sudden a change. Sarah had gone down into the counting-house, and obtained the invoice which the senior clerk had torn up. The correctness of it established the fact of one part of my assertions, and that nothing but malice could have warranted its having been destroyed. Mr. Drummond felt more than he chose to acknowledge ; he was now aware that he had been too precipitate ; even my having refused the money assumed a different appearance ; he was puzzled and mortified. Few people like to acknowledge that they have been in error. Mr. Drummond therefore left his wife to examine further into the matter, and gave her permission to send for me. The message given, and the results of it, have been stated. The answer returned was, that I would not come, and that I had threatened to break the clerk's head as well as that of Mr. Drummond ; for although the scoundrel knew very well that in making use of the word 'master,' I referred to the senior clerk, he thought it proper to substitute that of Mr. Drummond. The effect of this reply may easily be imagined. Sarah was astonished, Mrs. Drummond shocked, and Mr. Drummond

was almost pleased to find that he could not have been in the wrong. Thus was the breach made even wider than before, and all communication broken off. Much depends in this world upon messages being correctly given.

In half an hour we had hauled out of the tier and dropped down to the American schooner, to take out a cargo of flour, which old Tom had directions to land at the Battersea wharf ; so that I was, for the time, removed from the site of my misfortune. I cannot say that I felt happy, but I certainly felt glad that I was away. I was reckless to a degree that was insupportable. I had a heavy load on my mind which I could not shake off—a prey upon my spirits—a disgust at almost every thing. How well do I recollect with what different feelings I looked upon the few books which Mr. Drummond and the Domine had given me to amuse my leisure hours. I turned from them with contempt, and thought I would never open them again. I felt as if all ties on shore were now cut off, and that I was again wedded to the Thames ; my ideas, my wishes, extended no farther, and I surveyed the river and its busy scene, as I did before I had been taken away from it, as if all my energies, all my prospects, were, in future, to be bounded by its shores. In the course of four-and-twenty hours, a revulsion had taken place, which again put me on the confines of barbarism.

My bargemates were equally dull as I was : they were too partial to me, and had too much of kindness of heart, not to feel my situation,

and anger at the injustice with which I had been treated. Employment, however, for a time relieved our melancholy thoughts. Our cargo was on board of the lighter, and we were again tiding it through the bridges.

We dropped our anchor above Putney Bridge a little after twelve o'clock, and young Tom, with the wish of amusing me, proposed that we should go on shore and walk. 'Ah! do, my lads, do—it will do you good, Jacob; no use moping here a whole tide. I'll take care of the 'barkey. Mind you make the boat well fast, and take the sculls into the public-house there. I'll have the supper under weigh when you come back, and then we'll have a night on't. It's a poor heart that never rejoices; and Tom, take a bottle on shore, get it filled, and bring it off with you. Here's the money. But I say, Tom, honour bright.'

'Honour bright, father;' and to do Tom justice, he always kept his promise, especially after the word had passed of 'honour bright.' Had there been gallons of spirits under his charge, he would not have tasted a drop after that pledge.

'Haul up the boat, Jacob, quick,' said Tom, as his father went into the cabin to fetch an empty bottle. Tom hastened down below forward, and brought up an old gun, which he put under the stern sheets before his father came out on the deck. We then received the bottle from him, and Tom called out for the dog Tommy.

'Why, you're not going to take the dog.

What's the use of that? I want him here to keep watch with me,' said old Tom.

'Pooh! father; why can't you let the poor devil have a run on shore? He wants to eat grass, I'm sure, for I have watched him this day or two. We shall be back before dark.'

'Well, well, just as you please, Tom.' Tommy jumped into the boat, and away we went.

'And now, Tom, what are you after?' said I, as soon as we were ten yards from the lighter.

'A'ter, Jacob, going to have a little shooting on Wimbledon Common; but father can't bear to see a gun in my hand, because I once shot my old mother. I did pepper her, sure enough; her old flannel petticoat was full of shot, but it was so thick that it saved her. Are you any thing of a shot?'

'Never fired a gun in my life.'

'Well, then, we'll fire in turns, and toss up, if you like, for first shot.'

We landed, carried the skulls up to the public-house, and left the bottle to be filled, and then, with Tommy bounding before us, and throwing about his bushy tail with delight, ascended Putney Hill, and arrived at the Green Man public-house, at the corner of Wimbledon Common. 'I wonder where green men are to be found?' observed Tom, laughing; 'I suppose they live in the same country with the *blue* dogs my father speaks about sometimes. Now, then, it's time to load.'

The bowl of a tobacco-pipe full of powder was then inserted, with an equal dose of shot,

and all being ready, we were soon among the furze. A half-penny decided it was my first shot, and fate further decided that a water-wagtail should be the mark. I took good aim as I thought, at least I took sufficient time, for I followed him with the muzzle of the gun for three or four minutes at least, as he ran to and fro ; at last I fired, Tommy barked with delight, and the bird flew away. ' I think I must have hit it,' said I, ' I saw it wag its tail.'

' More proof of a miss than a hit,' replied Tom. ' Had you hit it, he'd never have wagged his tail again.'

' Never mind,' said I, ' better luck next time.'

Tom then knocked a blackbird off a furze bush, and loading the gun, handed it to me. I was more successful than before ; a cock sparrow three yards distant yielded to the prowess of my arm, and I never felt more happy in my life, than in this first successful attempt at murder.

Gaily did we trudge over the common, sometimes falling in with gravel-pits half full of water, at others bogs and swampy plains, which obliged us to make a circuit. The gun was fired again and again, but our game-bag did not fill very fast. However, if we were not quite so well pleased when we missed as when we hit, Tommy was, every shot being followed up with a dozen bounds, and half a minute's barking. At last we began to feel tired, and agreed to repose a while in a cluster of furze bushes. We sat down, pulled out our game,

and spread it in a row before us. It consisted of two sparrows, one greenfinch, one blackbird, and three tomtits. All of a sudden we heard a rustling in the furze, and then a loud squeal. It was the dog, who scenting something, had forced his way into the bush, and had caught a hare, which having been wounded in the loins by some other sportsman, had dragged itself there to die. In a minute we had taken possession of it, much to the annoyance of Tommy, who seemed to consider that there was no copartnership in the concern, and would not surrender his prize until after sundry admonitory kicks. When we had fairly beaten him off we were in an ecstasy of delight. We laid the animal out between us, and were admiring it from the ear to the tip of his tail, when we were suddenly saluted with a voice close to us. ‘Oh ! you blam’d young poachers, so I’ve caught you, have I ?’ We looked up and beheld the common-keeper. ‘Come—come along with me ; we’ve a nice clink at Wandsworth to lock you up in. I’ve been looking a’ter you some time. Hand your gun here.’

‘I should rather think not,’ replied I. ‘The gun belongs to us and not to you ;’ and I caught up the gun, and presented the muzzle at him.

‘What ! do you mean to commit murder ? Why, you young villains !’

‘Do you mean to commit a robbery ?’ retorted I fiercely ; ‘because if you do, I mean to commit murder. Shall I shoot him, Tom ?’



‘No, Jacob, no ; you mustn’t shoot men,’ replied Tom, who perceived that I was in a humour to keep my word with the common-keeper. ‘Indeed you can’t,’ continued he, whispering to me, ‘the gun’s not loaded.’

‘Do you mean to refuse to give me up your gun ?’ repeated the man.

‘Yes, I do,’ replied I, cocking the lock, ‘so keep off.’

‘Oh ! you young reprobates—you’ll come to the gallows before long, that’s certain. Then do you refuse to come with me ?’

‘I should rather think we do,’ replied I.

‘You refuse, do you ? Recollect I’ve caught you in the fact, poaching, with a dead hare in your possession.’

‘Well, it’s no use crying about it. What’s done can’t be helped,’ replied I.

‘Don’t you know that all the game, and all the turf, and all the bog, and all the gravel, and all the furze on this common, belong to the Right Hon. Earl Spencer ?’

‘And all the blackbirds, and all the greenfinches, and all the sparrows, and all the tom-tits too, I suppose ?’ replied I.

‘To be sure they do—and I’m common-keeper. Now you’ll give me up that hare immediately.’

‘Look you,’ replied Tom, ‘we didn’t kill that hare, the dog caught it, and it is his property. We sha’n’t interfere in the matter. If Tommy chooses to let you have it, well and good. Here, Tommy, this here gentleman says,’ (and Tom pointed to the keeper,) ‘that



*John's Shooting Excursion*



this hare,' (and Tom pointed to the hare,) 'is not yours ; now will you "watch it," or let him have it.'

At the word, 'watch it,' Tommy laid down with his fore-paws over the hare, and showing a formidable set of ivories, looked fiercely at the man, and growled.

'You see what he says : now you may do as you please,' continued Tom, addressing the man.

'Yes—very well—you'll come to the gallows, I see that ; but I'll just go and fetch half a dozen men to help me, and then we'll have you both in gaol.'

'Then be smart,' replied I, jumping up and levelling the gun. Tommy jumped up also to fly at the man, but Tom caught him by the neck and restrained him. The common-keeper took to his heels, and as soon as he was out of gun-shot, turned round, shook his fist, and then hastened away to obtain the reinforcement he desired.

'I wish the gun had been loaded,' said I. 'Why, Jacob, what's come over you ? Would you have fired at him ? The man is only doing his duty—we have no business here.'

'I think otherwise,' replied I. 'A hare on a common is as much mine as Lord Spencer's. A common belongs to every body.'

'That's my opinion, too ; but, nevertheless, if he gets hold of us, he'll have us in gaol ; and therefore I propose we make off as fast as we can in the opposite way to which he is gone.'

We started accordingly, and as the keeper

proceeded in the direction of Wandsworth, we took the other direction ; but it so happened, that on turning round, after a quarter of an hour's walk, we perceived the man coming back with three or four others. ' We must run for it,' cried Tom, ' and then hide ourselves.' After ten minutes' hard run we descended into a hollow and swampy place, looking round to see if they could perceive us, and finding that they were not in sight, we plunged into a thick closter of furze bushes, which completely concealed us. Tommy followed us, and there we lay. ' Now they never will find us,' said Tom, ' if I can only keep the dog quiet. Lie down, Tommy. Watch, and lie down.' The dog appeared to understand what was required ; he lay between us perfectly still.

We had remained there about half an hour when we heard voices. I motioned to Tom to give me the powder to load the gun, but he refused. The voices came nearer, Tommy gave a low growl. Tom held his mouth with his hands. At last they were close to the bushes, and we heard the common-keeper say, ' They never went over the hill, that's for certain, the little wagrants ; they can't be far off—they must be down in the hollow. Come along.'

' But I'm blessed if I'm not up to my knees in the bog,' cried one of the men.

' I'll not go further down, dang me if I do.'

' Well, then, let's try the side of the bog,' replied the keeper, ' I'll show you the way.' And the voices retreated, fortunately for us, for

there had been a continual struggle between us and the dog for the last minute, I holding his fore-paws, and Tom jamming up his mouth. We were now all quiet again, but dare not leave our hiding-place.

We remained there for half an hour, when it became nearly dark, and the sky, which had been quite clear, when we set out, clouded over. Tom put up his head, looked all round, and perceiving nobody, proposed that we should return as fast as we could, to which I agreed. But we were scarcely clear of the furze in which we had been concealed, when a heavy fall of snow commenced, which, with the darkness, prevented us from distinguishing our way. Every minute the snow-storm increased, the wind rose, and hurled the flakes into our faces until we were blinded. Still we made good way against it, and expected every minute to be on the road, after which our task would be easy. On we walked in silence, I carrying the gun, Tom with the hare over his shoulder, and Tommy at our heels. For upwards of an hour did we tread our way through the furze, but could find no road. Above us all was dark as pitch, the wind howled, our clothes were loaded with snow, and we began to feel no inconsiderable degree of fatigue.

At last, quite tired out, we stopped. ‘Tom,’ said I, ‘I’m sure we’ve not kept a straight course. The wind was on our starboard side, and our clothes were flaked with snow on that side, and now you see we’ve got it on our quarter. What the devil shall we do?’



‘We must go on till we fall in with something, at all events,’ replied Tom.

‘And I expect that will be a gravel-pit,’ replied I: ‘but never mind, “better luck next time.” I only wish I had that rascal of a common-keeper here. Suppose we turn back again, and keep the wind on the starboard side of us as before ; we must pitch upon something at last.’

We did so, but our difficulties increased every moment ; we floundered in the bogs, we tumbled over the stumps of the cut furze, and had I not caught hold of Tom as he was sliding down, he would have been at the bottom of a gravel-pit. This obliged us to alter our course, and we proceeded for a quarter of an hour in another direction, until worn out with cold and fatigue, we began to despair.

‘This will never do, Tom,’ said I, as the wind rose and roared with double fury. ‘I think we had better get into the furze, and wait till the storm is over.’

Tom’s teeth chattered with the cold, but before he could reply, they chattered with fear. We heard a loud scream *overhead*. ‘What was that?’ cried he. I confess that I was as much alarmed as Tom. The scream was repeated, and it had an unearthly sound. It was no human voice—it was between a scream and a creak. Again it was repeated, and carried along with the gale. I mustered up courage sufficient to look up to where the sound proceeded from, but the darkness was so intense, and the snow blinded me so completely, that I

could see nothing. Again and again did the dreadful sound ring in our ears, and we remained fixed and motionless with horror ; even the dog crouched at our feet trembling. We spoke not a word—neither of us moved ; the gun had fallen from my hand, the hare lay at Tom's feet ; we held each other's hand in silence, and there we remained for more than a quarter of an hour, every moment more and more sinking under the effects of cold, fatigue, and horror. Fortunately for us, the storm, in which, had it continued much longer, we should in all probability have perished, was by that time over ; the snow ceased to fall, the clouds were rolled away to leeward, and a clear sky, bespangled with a thousand twinkling lights, roused us from our state of bodily and mental suffering. The first object which caught my eye was a post within two yards of us. I looked at it, followed it up with my eyes, and, to my horror, beheld a body suspended and swinging in chains over our heads.

As soon as I recovered from the shock which the first view occasioned, I pointed it out to Tom, who had not yet moved. He looked up, started back, and fell over the dog—jumped up again, and burst out into as loud a laugh as his frozen jaws would permit. ' It's old Jerry Abershaw,' said he, ' I know him well, and now I know where we are.' This was the case : Abershaw had, about three years before, been hung in chains on Wimbledon Common, and the unearthly sound we had heard was the creaking of the rusty iron as the body was

swung to and fro by the gale. 'All's right, Jacob,' said Tom, looking up at the brilliant sky, and then taking up the hare, 'We'll be on the road in five minutes.' I shouldered the gun, and off we set. 'By the Lord, that rascally common-keeper was right,' continued Tom, as we renewed our steps ; he prophesied we should come to the gallows before long, and so we have. Well, this has been a pretty turn out. Father will be in a precious stew.'

'Better luck next time, Tom,' replied I, 'it's all owing to that turf-and-bog rascal. I wish we had him here.'

'Why, what would you do with him?'

'Take down old Abershaw, and hang him up in his place, as sure as my name's Jacob.'

## CHAPTER XX

Our last adventure not fatal—Take to my grog kindly—Grog makes me a very unkind return—Old Tom at his yarns again—How to put your foot in a mischief, without having a hand in it—Candidates for the cat-o'-nine-tails.

WE soon recovered the road, and in half an hour were at Putney Bridge ; cold, wet, and tired, but not so bad as when we were stationary under the gallows ; the quick walking restored the circulation. Tom went in for the bottle of spirits, while I went for the skulls and carried them down to the boat, which was high and dry, and nearly up to the thwarts with snow. When Tom joined me, he appeared with two bottles under his arms. ‘ I have taken another upon tick, Jacob,’ said he, ‘ for I’m sure we want it, and so will father say, when he hears our story.’ We launched our boat, and in a couple of minutes were close to the lighter, on the deck of which stood old Tom.

‘ Boat ahoy ! is that you, lads ? ’ cried he.

‘ Yes, father, all’s right,’ replied Tom, as we laid in our oars.

‘ Thank God ! ’ replied the old man. ‘ Boys, boys, how you frightened me ! where have you been ? I thought you had met with some disaster. How have I been peeping through the snow storm these last two hours, watching

for the boat, and I'm as wet as a shag, and as cold as charity. What has been the matter? Did you bring the bottle, Tom?'

'Yes, father; brought two, for we shall want them to-night, if we go without for a week; but we must all get on dry rigging as fast as possible, and then you shall have the story of our cruise.'

In a few minutes we had changed our wet clothes and were seated at the cabin-table, eating our supper and narrating our adventures to the old man. Tommy, poor fellow, had his share, and now lay snoring at our feet, as the bottles and pannikins were placed upon the little table.

'Come, Jacob, a drop will do you good,' said old Tom, filling me one of the pannikins. 'A'ter all, it's much better being snug here in this little cabin, than shivering with fear and cold under old Abershaw's gallows; and Tom, you scamp, if ever you go gunning again, I'll disinherit you.'

'What have you got to leave, father, except your wooden legs?' replied Tom. 'Yours would be but a *wooden-leg-acy*.'

'How do you know but what I can "*post the coal*?"'

'So you will, if I boil a pot o' 'tatoes with your legacy—but it will only be char-coal.'

'Well, I believe you are about right, Tom; still, somehow or other, the old woman always picks out a piece or two of gold when I'm rather puzzled how to raise the wind. I never keeps no 'count with her. If I follow my legs before

she, I hope the old soul will have saved something ; for you know when a man goes to kingdom come, his pension goes with him. However, let me only hold on another five years, and then you'll not see her want ; will you, Tom ?'

'No, father, I'll sell myself to the king, and stand to be shot at, at a shilling a day ; and give the old woman half.'

'Well, Tom, 'tis but natural for a man to wish to serve his country ; so here's to you, my lad, and may you never do worse ! Jacob, do you think of going on board of a man-of-war ?'

'I'd like to serve my apprenticeship first, and then I don't care how soon.'

'Well, my boy, you'll meet more fair play on board of a king's ship, than you have from those on shore.'

'I should hope so,' replied I bitterly.

'And I hope to see you a man before I die, yet, Jacob. I shall very soon be laid up in ordinary—my toes pain me a good deal lately !'

'Your toes !' cried Tom and I, both at once.

'Yes, boys ; you may think it odd, but sometimes I feel them just as plain as if they were now on, instead of being long ago in some shark's maw. At nights I has the cramp in them till it almost makes me halloo out with pain. It's a hard thing, when one has lost the sarvice of his legs, that all the feelings should remain. The doctor says as how it's narvous. Come, Jacob, shove in your pannikin. You seem to take it more kindly than you did.'

'Yes,' replied I, 'I begin to like grog now.'



The *now*, however, might be comprehended within the space of the last twenty-four hours. My depressed spirits were raised with the stimulus, and, for the time, I got rid of the eternal current of thought which pressed upon my brain.

‘I wonder what your old gentleman, the Domine, as you call him, thought, after he got on shore again,’ said old Tom. ‘He seemed to be mighty cut up. I suppose you’ll give him a hail, Jacob?’

‘No,’ replied I, ‘I shall not go near him, nor any body else, if I can help it. Mr. Drummond may think I wish to make it up again. I’ve done with the shore. I only wish I knew what is to become of me ; for you know I am not to serve in the lighter with you.’

‘Suppose Tom and I look out for another craft, Jacob? I care nothing for Mr. Drummond. He said t’other day I was a drunken old swab—for which, with my sarvice to him, he lies. A drunken fellow is one who can’t, for the soul of him, keep from liquor, when he can get it, and who’s overtaken before he is aware of it. Now that’s not the case with me ; I keep sober when there’s work to be done ; and when I knows that every thing is safe under hatches, and no fear of nothing, why then I gets drunk like a rational being, with my eyes open—’cause why—’cause I chooses.’

‘That’s exactly my notion of the thing,’ observed Tom, draining his pannikin, and handing it over to his father for a fresh supply.

‘Mind you keep to that notion, Tom, when

you gets in the king's sarvice, that's all ; or you'll be sure to have your back scratched, which I understand is no joke, a'ter all. Yet I do remember once, in a ship I was in, when half a dozen fellows were all fighting, who should be flogged.'

'Pray give us that yarn, father ; but before you begin, just fill my pannikin. I shoved it over half an hour ago, just by way of a hint.'

'Well, then,' said old Tom, pouring out some spirits into Tom's pannikin, 'it was just as follows. It was when the ship was lying at anchor in Bermuda harbour, that the purser sent a breaker of spirits on shore, to be taken up to some lady's house, whom he was very anxious to splice, and I suppose that he found a glass of grog helped the matter. Now there were about twenty of the men who had liberty to go on shore to stretch their limbs—little else could they do, poor fellows, for the first lieutenant looked sharp after their kits, to see that they did not sell any of their rigging ; and as for money, we had been five years without touching a farthing of pay, and I don't suppose there was a matter of threepence among the men before the mast. However, liberty's liberty, a'ter all ; and if they couldn't go ashore and get glorious, rather than not go on shore at all—they went ashore, and kept sober per force. I do think, myself, it's a very bad thing to keep the seamen without a farthing for so long—for you see a man who will be very honest with a few shillings in his pocket, is often tempted to help himself, just for the sake of getting a glass

or two of grog, and the temptation's very great, that's sartain, 'ticularly in a hot climate, when the sun scorches you, and the very ground itself is so heated, that you can hardly bear the naked foot to it.<sup>1</sup> But to go on. The yawl was ordered on shore for the liberty men, and the purser gives this breaker, which was at least half full, and I dare say there might be three gallons in it, under my charge, as coxswain, to deliver to madam at the house. Well, as soon as we landed, I shoulders the breaker, and starts with it up the hill.

“ “What have you there, Tom ? ” said Bill Short.

“ “What I wish I could share with you, Bill,” says I ; “ it's some of old Nipcheese's *eighths*, that he has sent on shore to bowse his jib up with, with his sweetheart.”

“ “ I've seen the madam,” said Holmes to me—for you see all the liberty men were walking up the hill at the same time—“ and I'd rather make love to the breaker than to her. She's as fat as an ox, as broad as she's long, built like a Dutch schuÿt, and as yellow as a nabob.”

“ “ But old Tummings knows what he's about,” said a Scotch lad, of the name of M'Alpine ; “ they say she has lots of gold dust, more ducks and ingons, and more inches of water in her tank, than any one on the island.”

‘ You see, boys, Bermuda be a queer sort of

<sup>1</sup>This has been corrected ; the men have for some time received a portion of their pay on foreign stations, and this portion has been greatly increased during Sir James Graham's administration.

place, and water very scarce ; all they get there is a God-send, as it comes from heaven ; and they look sharp out for the rain, which is collected in large tanks, and an inch or two more of water in the tank is considered a great catch. I've often heard the ladies there talking after a shower :—

‘ “ Good morning, marm. How do you do this fine morning ? ”

‘ “ Pretty well, I tank you, marm. Charming shower hab last night.”

‘ “ Yes, so all say ; but me not very lucky. Cloud not come over my tank. How many inches of water you get last night, marm.”

‘ “ I get good seven inches, and I tink a little bit more, which make me very happy.”

‘ “ Me no so lucky, marm ; so help me God, me only get four inches of water in my tank ; and dat noting.”

‘ Well, but I've been yawing again, so now to keep my course. As soon as I came to the house I knocked at the door, and a little black girl opens the jalousies, and put her finger to her thick lips.

‘ “ No make noise ; missy sleep.”

‘ “ Where am I to put this ? ”

‘ “ Put down there ; by-and-by I come fetch it ; ” and then she closed the jalousies, for fear her mistress should be woke up, and she get a hiding, poor devil. So I puts the breaker down at the door, and walks back to the boat again. Now you see these liberty men were all by when I spoke to the girl, and seeing the liquor left with no one to guard it, the temptation

was too strong for them. So they looked all about them, and then at one another, and caught one another's meaning by the eye ; but they said nothing. " I'll have no hand in it," at last says one, and walked away. " Nor I," said another, and walked away too. At last all of them walked away except eight, and then Bill Short walks up to the breaker and says,

' " I won't have no *hand* in it either ; " but he gave the breaker a kick, which rolls it away two or three yards from the door.

' " Nor more will I," said Holmes, giving the breaker another kick, which rolled it out in the road. So they all went on, without having a *hand* in it, sure enough, till they had kicked the breaker down the hill to the beach. Then they were at a dead stand, as no one would spile the breaker. At last a black carpenter came by, and they offered him a glass, if he would bore a hole with his gimlet, for they were determined to be able to swear, every one of them, that they had *no hand in it*. Well, as soon as the hole was bored, one of them borrowed a couple of little mugs from a black woman, who sold beer, and then they let it run, the black carpenter shoving one mug under as soon as the other was full, and they drinking as fast as they could. Before they had half finished, more of the liberty men came down ; I suppose they scented the good stuff from above, as a shark does any thing in the water, and they soon made a finish of it ; and when it was all finished, they were all drunk, and made sail for a cruise, that they might not be found

too near the empty breaker. Well, a little before sunset, I was sent on shore with the boat to fetch off the liberty men, and the purser takes this opportunity of going ashore to see his madam, and the first thing he falls athwart of is his own empty breaker.

“How’s this?” says he, “didn’t you take this breaker up as I ordered you?”

“Yes, sir,” replied I, “I did, and gave it in charge to the little black thing; but madam was asleep, and the girl did not allow me to put it inside the door.” At that he began to storm, and swore that he’d find out the malefactors, as he termed the liberty men, who had emptied his breaker; and away he went to the house. As soon as he was gone, we got hold of the breaker, and made a *bull* of it.”

‘How did you manage that?’ inquired I.

‘Why, Jacob, a *bull* means putting a quart or two of water into a cask which has had spirits in it; and what with the little that may be left, and what has soaked in the wood, if you roll it and shake it well, it generally turns out pretty fair grog. At all events it’s always better than nothing. Well, to go on,—but suppose we fill up again and take a fresh departure, as this is a tolerably long yarn, and I must wet the threads, or they may chance to break.’

Our pannikins, which had been empty, were all replenished, and then old Tom proceeded.

‘It was a long while before we could pick up the liberty men, who were reeling about every corner of the town, and quite dark before I came on board. The first lieutenant was on



deck, and had no occasion to ask me why I waited so long, when he found they were all lying in the stern sheets. "Where the devil could they have picked up the liquor?" said he, and then he ordered the master-at-arms to keep them under the half-deck till they were sober. The next morning the purser comes off, and makes his complaint on the quarter-deck, as how somebody had stolen his liquor. The first lieutenant reports to the captain, and the captain orders up all the men who came off tipsy.

"Which of you took the liquor?" said he. They all swore that they had no hand in it. "Then how did you get tipsy? Come now, Mr. Short, answer me; you came off beastly drunk—who gave you the liquor?"

"A black fellow, sir," replied Short; which was true enough, as the mugs were filled by the black carpenter, and handed by him.

"Well, they all swore the same, and then the captain got into a rage, and ordered them all to be put down on the report. The next day the hands were turned up for punishment, and the captain said, "Now, my lads, if you won't tell who stole the purser's grog, I will flog you all round. I only want to flog those who committed the theft, for it is too much to expect of seamen, that they would refuse a glass of grog when offered to them."

"Now Short and the others had a parley together, and they had agreed how to act; they knew that the captain could not bear flogging, and was a very kind-hearted man. So Bill

Short steps out, and says, touching his forelock, to the captain, "If you please, sir, if all must be flogged, if nobody will peach, I think it better to tell the truth at once. It was I who took the liquor."

"Very well, then," said the captain; "strip, sir." So Bill Short pulls off his shirt, and is seized up. "Boatswain's mate," said the captain, "give him a dozen."

"Beg your honour's pardon," said Jack Holmes, stepping out of the row of men brought out for punishment; "but I can't bear to see an innocent man punished, and since one must be flogged, it must be the right one. It warn't Bill Short that took the liquor: it was I."

"Why how's this?" said the captain; "didn't you own that you took the liquor, Mr. Short?"

"Why, yes, I did say so, 'cause I didn't wish to see *every body* flogged—but the truth's the truth, and I had no hand in it."

"Cast him loose—Holmes, you'll strip, sir," Holmes stripped and was tied up. "Give him a dozen," said the captain; when out steps M'Alpine, and swore it was him, and not Holmes; and axed leave to be flogged in his stead. At which the captain bit his lips to prevent laughing, and then they knew all was right. So another came forward, and says it was him, and not M'Alpine; and another contradicts him again, and so on. At last the captain says, "One would think flogging was a very pleasant affair, you are all so eager to be tied up; but, however, I sha'n't flog, to

please you. I shall find out who the real culprit is, and then punish him severely. In the mean time, you keep them all on the report, Mr. P——,” speaking to the first lieutenant. “Depend upon it, I’ll not let you off, although I do not choose to flog innocent men.” So they piped down, and the first lieutenant, who knew that the captain never meant to take any more notice of it, never made no inquiries, and the thing blew over. One day, a month or two after, I told the officers how it was managed, and they laughed heartily.’

We continued our carouse till a late hour, old Tom constantly amusing us with his long yarns ; and that night, for the first time, I went to bed intoxicated. Old Tom and his son assisted me into my bed-place, old Tom observing, ‘Poor Jacob, it will do him good ; his heart was heavy, and now he’ll forget it all, for a little time, at all events.’

‘Well but, father, I don’t like to see Jacob drunk,’ replied young Tom. ‘It’s not like him—it’s not worthy of him ; as for you or me, it’s nothing at all ; but I feel Jacob was never meant to be a toper. I never saw a lad so altered in a short time, and I expect bad will come of it, when he leaves us.’

I awoke, as might be supposed, after my first debauch, with a violent headache, but I had also a fever, brought on by my previous anxiety of mind. I rose, dressed, and went on deck, where the snow was nearly a foot deep. It now froze hard, and the river was covered with small pieces of floating ice. I rubbed my burn-

ing forehead with the snow, and felt relief. For some time I assisted Tom to heave it overboard, but the fever pressed upon me, and in less than half an hour I could no longer stand the exertion. I sat down on the water cask, and pressed my hands to my throbbing temples.

‘ You are not well, Jacob ? ’ inquired Tom, coming up to me with the shovel in his hand, and glowing with health and exercise.

‘ I am not indeed, Tom,’ replied I ; ‘ feel how hot I am.’

Tom went to his father who was in the cabin, padding, with extra flannel, his stumps, to defend them from the cold, which always made him suffer much, and then led me into the cabin. It was with much difficulty I could walk ; my knees trembled, and my eyesight was defective. Old Tom took my hand as I sank on the locker.

‘ Do you think that it was taking too much last night ? ’ inquired Tom of his father.

‘ There’s more here than a gallon of liquor would have brought about,’ replied old Tom.

‘ No, no—I see it all. Go to bed again, Jacob.’

They put me into bed, and I was soon in a state of stupor, in which I remained until the lighter had arrived at the Brentford Wharf, and for many days afterwards.

## CHAPTER XXI

On a sick bed—Fever, firmness, and folly—‘Bound  
'prentice to a waterman’—I take my first lesson in  
love, and give my first lesson in Latin—The love  
lesson makes an impression on my auricular organ  
—Verily, none are so deaf as those who won’t hear.

WHEN I recovered my senses, I found myself  
in bed, and Captain Turnbull sitting by my  
side. I had been removed to his house when  
the lighter had arrived at the wharf. Captain  
Turnbull was then talking with Mr. Tomkins,  
the former head clerk, now in charge. Old  
Tom came on shore and stated the condition  
I was in, and Mr. Tomkins having no spare  
bed in his house, Captain Turnbull immediately  
ordered me to be taken to his residence, and  
sent for medical advice. During the time I  
had remained in this state, old Tom had in-  
formed Captain Turnbull, the Domine, and  
Mr. Tomkins, of the circumstances which had  
occurred, and how much I had been misre-  
presented to Mr. Drummond ; and not saying  
a word about the affair of Wimbledon Common,  
or my subsequent intemperance, had given it  
as his opinion that ill-treatment had produced  
the fever. In this, I believe, he was nearly  
correct, although my disease might certainly  
have been aggravated and hastened by those  
two unmentioned causes. They all of them

took my part, and Mr. Turnbull went to London to state my condition to Mr. Drummond, and also to remonstrate at his injustice. Circumstances had since occurred which induced Mr. Drummond to lend a ready ear to my justification, but the message I had sent was still an obstacle. This, however, was partly removed by the equivocating testimony of the young clerk, when he was interrogated by Captain Turnbull and Mr. Drummond ; and wholly so by the evidence of young and old Tom, who, although in the cabin, had overheard the whole of the conversation ; and Mr. Drummond desired Captain Turnbull to inform me, as soon as I recovered, that all was forgotten and forgiven. It might have been on his part, but not on mine ; and when Captain Turnbull told me so, with the view of raising my spirits, I shook my head as I lay on the pillow. As the reader will have observed, the feeling roused in me by the ill-usage I had received was a *vindictive* one—one that must have been deeply implanted in my heart, although, till then, it had never been roused into action, and now, once roused, was not to be suppressed. That it was based on pride was evident, and with it my pride was raised in proportion. To the intimation of Captain Turnbull, I therefore gave a decided dissent. ‘No, sir, I cannot return to Mr. Drummond : that he was kind to me, and that I owe much to his kindness, I readily admit ; and now that he has acknowledged his error in supposing me capable of such ingratitude, I heartily forgive him ; but



I cannot and will not receive any more favours from him. I cannot put myself in a situation to be again mortified as I have been. I feel I should no longer have the same pleasure in doing my duty as I once had, and I never could live under the same roof with those who at present serve him. Tell him all this, and pray tell little Sarah how grateful I feel to her for all her kindness to me, and that I shall always think of her with regret, at being obliged to leave her.' And at the remembrance of little Sarah, I burst into tears, and sobbed on my pillow. Captain Turnbull, whether he rightly estimated my character, or felt convinced that I had made up my mind, did not renew the subject.

'Well, Jacob,' replied he, 'we'll not talk of that any more. I'll give your messages just in your own words. Now, take your draught, and try to get a little sleep.'

I complied with this request, and nothing but weakness now remaining, I rapidly regained my strength, and with my strength, my feelings of resentment increased in proportion. Nothing but the very weak state that I was in when Captain Turnbull spoke to me, would have softened me down to give the kind message that I did ; but my vindictive mind was subdued by disease, and better feelings predominated. The only effect this had was to increase my animosity against the other parties who were the cause of my ill-treatment, and I vowed that they, at least, should one day repent their conduct.

The Domine called upon me the following Sunday. I was dressed and looking through the window when he arrived. The frost was now intense, and the river was covered with large masses of ice, and my greatest pleasure was to watch them as they floated down with the tide. ‘Thou hast had a second narrow escape, my Jacob,’ said he, after some preliminary observations. ‘Once again did death (*pallida mors*) hover over thy couch ; but thou hast arisen, and thy fair fame is again established. When wilt thou be able to visit Mr. Drummond, and be able to thank him for his kindness ? ’

‘Never, sir,’ replied I. ‘I will never again enter Mr. Drummond’s house.’

‘Nay, Jacob, this savoureth of enmity. Are not we all likely to be deceived—all likely to do wrong ? Did not I, even I, in thy presence, backslide into intemperance and folly ? Did not I disgrace myself before my pupil—and shalt thou, in thy tender years, harbour ill-will against one who hath cherished thee when thou wert destitute, and who was deceived with regard to thee by the base and evil speaking ? ’

‘I am obliged to Mr. Drummond for all his kindness, sir,’ replied I ; ‘but I never wish to enter his house. I was turned out of it, and never will again go into it.’

‘*Eheu ! Jacobe*, thou art in error ; it is our duty to forgive, as we hope to be forgiven.’

‘I do forgive, sir, if that is what is requested ; but I cannot, and will not, accept of further favours.’

The Domine urged in vain, and left me. Mr. Tomkins also came, and argued the point without success. I was resolved. I was determined to be independent ; and I looked to the river as my father, mother, home, and every thing. As soon as my health was reinstated, Captain Turnbull one day came to me. ‘Jacob,’ said he, ‘the lighter has returned ; and I wish to know if you intend to go on board again, and afterwards go into the vessel into which Mr. Drummond proposes to send you.’

‘I will go into no vessel through Mr. Drummond’s means or interest,’ replied I.

‘What will you do then ?’ replied he.

‘I can always enter on board a man-of-war,’ replied I, ‘if the worst comes to the worst ; but if I can serve out my apprenticeship on the river, I should prefer it.’

‘I rather expected this answer, Jacob, from what you have said to me already ; and I have been trying if I cannot help you to something which may suit you. You don’t mind being obliged to me ?’

‘O no ; but promise you will never doubt me—never accuse me.’ My voice faltered, and I could say no more.

‘No, my lad, that I will not ; I know you, as I think, pretty well ; and the heart that feels a false accusation as yours does, is sure to guard against committing what you are so angry at being accused of. Now, Jacob, listen to me. You know old deaf Stapleton, whose wherry we have so often pulled up and down the river ? I have spoken to him to take you as his help,

and he has consented. Will you like to go? He has served his time, and has a right to take a 'prentice.'

'Yes,' replied I, 'with pleasure; and with more pleasure, from expecting to see you often.'

'O, I promise you all my custom, Jacob,' replied he, laughing. 'We'll often turn old Stapleton out, and have a row together. Is it agreed?'

'It is,' replied I; 'and many thanks to you.'

'Well, then, consider it settled. Stapleton has a very good room, and all that's requisite on shore, at Fulham. I have seen his place, and I think you will be comfortable.'

I did not know at the time how much Captain Turnbull had been my friend—that he had made Stapleton take better lodgings, and had made up the difference to him, besides allowing him a trifle per week, and promising him a gratuity occasionally, if I were content with my situation. In a few days I had removed all my clothes to Stapleton's, had taken my leave of Mr. Turnbull, and was established as an apprentice to a waterman on the Thames. The lighter was still at the wharf when I left, and my parting with old Tom and his son was equally and sincerely felt on both sides.

'Jacob,' said old Tom, 'I likes your pride after all, 'cause why, I think you have some right to be proud; and the man who only asks fair play, and no favour, always will rise in this world. But look you, Jacob, there's sometimes a current 'gainst a man, that no one can make head against; and if so be that should be your

case for a time, recollect the old house, the old woman, and old Tom, and there you'll always find a hearty welcome, and a hearty old couple, who'll share with you what they have, be it good, bad, or indifferent. Here's luck to you, my boy ; and recollect, I means to go to the expense of painting the sides of my craft blue, and then you'll always know her as she creeps up and down the river.'

'And Jacob,' said young Tom ;—' I may be a wild one, but I'm a true one ; if ever you want me, in fair weather and in foul—good or bad—for fun or for mischief—for a help, or for a friend in need, through thick or thin, I'm yours even to the gallows ; and here's my hand upon it.'

'Just like you, Tom,' observed his father ; ' but I know what you mean, and all's right.'

I shook hands with them both, and we parted.

Thus did I remove from the lighter, and at once take up the profession of a waterman. I walked down to the Fulham side, where I found Stapleton at the door of a public-house, standing with two or three others, smoking his pipe. ' Well, lad, so you're chained to my wherry for two or three years ; and I'm to 'nitate you into all the rules and regulations of the company. Now, I'll tell you one thing, which is, d'ye see, when the river's covered with ice as it is just now, haul your wherry up high and dry, and smoke your pipe till the river is clear, as I do now.'

' I might have guessed that,' replied I, bawling in his ear, ' without your telling me.'

‘ Very true, my lad ; but don’t bawl in my ear quite so loud, I hears none the better for it ; my ears require coaxing, that’s all.’

‘ Why, I thought you were as deaf as a post.’

‘ Yes, so I be with strangers, ’cause I don’t know the pitch of their voice ; but with those about me I hear better when they speak quietly—that’s human natur. Come, let’s go home, my pipe is finished, and as there’s nothing to be done on the river, we may just as well make all tidy there.’

Stapleton had lost his wife, but he had a daughter, fifteen years old, who kept his lodgings, and *did for him*, as he termed it. He lived in part of some buildings leased by a boat-builder, his windows looked out on the river ; and, on the first floor, a bay-window was thrown out, so that at high water the river ran under it. As for the rooms, consisting of five, I can only say, that they could not be spoken of as large and small, but as small and smaller. The sitting-room was eight feet square, the two bedrooms at the back, for himself and his daughter, just held a small bed each, and the kitchen, and my room below, were to match ; neither were the tenements in the very best repair, the parlour especially, hanging over the river, being lopsided, and giving you the uncomfortable idea that it would every minute fall into the stream below. Still the builder declared that it would last many years without sinking further and that was sufficient. At all events, they were very respectable accommodations for a waterman, and Stapleton paid for them 10*l.* per



annum. Stapleton's daughter was certainly a very well-favoured girl. She had rather a large mouth, but her teeth were very fine, and beautifully white. Her hair was auburn—her complexion very fair, her eyes were large, and of a deep blue, and from her figure, which was very good, I should have supposed her to have been eighteen, although she was not past fifteen, as I found out afterwards. There was a frankness and honesty of countenance about her, and an intellectual smile, which was very agreeable.

'Well, Mary, how do you get on?' said Stapleton, as we ascended to the sitting-room. 'Here's young Faithful come to take up with us.'

'Well, father, his bed's all ready ; and I have taken so much dirt from the room, that I expect we shall be indicted for filling up the river. I wonder what nasty people lived in this house before us.'

'Very nice rooms, nevertheless ; a'n't they, boy?'

'O yes, very nice for idle people ; you may amuse yourself looking out on the river, or watching what floats by, or fishing with a pin at high water,' replied Mary, looking at me.

'I like the river,' replied I, gravely ; 'I was born on it, and hope to get my bread on it.'

'And I like this sitting-room,' rejoined Stapleton ; 'how mighty comfortable it will be to sit at the open window, and smoke in the summer time, with one's jacket off!'

'At all events, you'll have no excuse for dirtying the room father ; and as for the lad,

I suppose his smoking days have not come yet.'

'No,' replied I ; ' but my days for taking off my jacket are, I suspect.'

'O yes,' replied she, ' never fear that ; father will let you do all the work you please, and look on—won't you, father ? '

'Don't let your tongue run quite so fast, Mary ; you're not over fond of work yourself.'

'No ; there's only one thing I dislike more,' replied she, ' and that's holding my tongue.'

'Well, I shall leave you and Jacob to make it out together ; I am going back to the Feathers.' And old Stapleton walked down stairs, and went back to the inn, saying, as he went out, that he should be back to his dinner.

Mary continued her employment, of wiping the furniture of the room with a duster for some minutes, during which I did not speak, but watched the floating ice on the river. 'Well,' said Mary, ' do you always talk as you do now ? if so, you'll be a very nice companion. Mr. Turnbull, who came to my father, told me that you was a sharp fellow, could read, write, and do every thing, and that I should like you very much ; but if you mean to keep it all to yourself, you might as well not have had it.'

'I am ready to talk when I have any thing to talk about,' replied I.

'That's not enough. I'm ready to talk about nothing, and you must do the same.'

'Very well,' replied I. 'How old are you ? '

'How old am I ! O then you consider me nothing. I'll try hard but you shall alter your

opinion, my fine fellow. However, to answer your question, I believe I'm about fifteen.'

'Not more ! well, there's an old proverb, which I will not repeat.'

'I know it, so you may save yourself the trouble, you saucy boy ; but now, for your age?'

'Mine ! let me see ; well, I believe that I am nearly seventeen.'

'Are you really so old ! well now, I should have thought you no more than fourteen.'

This answer at first surprised me, as I was very stout and tall for my age ; but a moment's reflection told me that it was given to annoy me. A lad is as much vexed at being supposed younger than he really is, as a man of a certain age is annoyed at being taken for so much older. 'Pooh !' replied I : that shows how little you know about men.'

'I wasn't talking about men, that I know of ; but still, I do know something about them. I've had two sweethearts already.'

'Indeed ! and what have you done with them ?'

'Done with them ! I jilted the first for the second, because the second was better looking ; and when Mr. Turnbull told me so much about you, I jilted the second to make room for you ; but now, I mean to try if I can't get him back again.'

'With all my heart,' replied I, laughing. 'I shall prove but a sorry sweetheart, for I never made love in my life.'

'Have you ever had any body to make love to ?'

‘No.’

‘That’s the reason, Mr. Jacob, depend upon it. All you have to do, is to swear that I’m the prettiest girl in the world, that you like me better than any body else in the world ; do any thing in the world that I wish you to do—spend all the money you have in the world in buying me ribbons and fairings, and then——’

‘And then, what?’

‘Why, then I shall hear all you have to say, take all you have to give, and laugh at you in the bargain.’

‘But I shouldn’t stand that long.’

‘O yes you would. I’d put you out of humour, and coax you in again ; the fact is, Jacob Faithful, I made my mind up, before I saw you, that you should be my sweetheart, and when I will have a thing, I will, so you may as well submit to it at once ; if you don’t, as I keep the key of the cupboard, I’ll half starve you ; that’s the way to tame any brute, they say. And I tell you why, Jacob, I mean that you shall be my sweetheart, it’s because Mr. Turnbull told me that you knew Latin ; now tell me, what is Latin?’

‘Latin is a language which people spoke in former times, but now they do not.’

‘Well, then, you shall make love to me in Latin, that’s agreed.’

‘And how do you mean to answer me?’

‘O in plain English, to be sure.’

‘But how are you to understand me?’ replied I, much amused with the conversation.

‘O, if you make love properly, I shall soon

understand you ; I shall read the English of it in your eyes.'

'Very well, I've no objection ; when am I to begin ?'

'Why directly, you stupid fellow, to be sure. What a question !'

I went close up to Mary, and repeated a few words of Latin—'Now,' says I, 'look into my eyes, and see if you can translate them.'

'Something impudent, I'm sure,' replied she, fixing her blue eyes on mine.

'Not at all,' replied I ; 'I only asked for this,' and I snatched a kiss, in return for which I received a box on the ear, which made it tingle for five minutes. 'Nay,' replied I, 'that's not fair ; I did as you desired—I made love in Latin.'

'And I answered you, as I said I would, in plain English,' replied Mary, reddening up to the forehead, but directly after bursting out into a loud laugh. 'Now, Mr. Jacob, I plainly see that you know nothing about making love. Why, bless me, a year's dangling, and a year's pocket-money should not have given you what you have had the impudence to take in so many minutes. But it was my own fault, that's certain, and I have no one to thank but myself. I hope I didn't hurt you—I'm very sorry if I did ; but no more making love in Latin, I've had quite enough of that.'

'Well, then, suppose we make friends,' replied I, holding out my hand.

'That's what I really wished to do ; although I've been talking so much nonsense,' replied

Mary. ‘I know we shall like one another, and be very good friends. You can’t help feeling kind towards a girl you’ve kissed ; and I shall try by kindness to make up to you for the box on the ear ; so now sit down, and let’s have a long talk. Mr. Turnbull told us that he wished you to serve out your apprenticeship on the river with my father, so that if you agree, we shall be a long while together. I take Mr. Turnbull’s word, not that I can find it out yet, that you are a very good-tempered, good-looking, clever, modest, lad ; and as an apprentice who remains with my father must live with us, of course I had rather it should be one of that sort, than some ugly, awkward brute who——’

‘Is not fit to make love to you,’ replied I.

‘Who is not fit company for me,’ replied Mary. ‘I want no more love from you, at present. The fact is, that father spends all the time he can spare from the wherry, at the ale-house, smoking ; and it’s very dull for me, and having nothing to do, I look out of window, and make faces at the young men as they pass by, just to amuse myself. Now there was no great harm in that a year or two ago ; but now, you know, Jacob——’

‘Well now, what then ?’

‘O, I’m bigger, that’s all ; and what might be called sauciness in a girl, may be thought something more of in a young woman. So I’ve been obliged to leave it off ; but being obliged to remain at home, with nobody to talk to, I never was so glad as when I heard that you were to come ; so you see, Jacob, we must be



friends. I daren't quarrel with you long, although I shall sometimes, just for variety, and to have the pleasure of making it up again. Do you hear me—or what are you thinking of?'

'I'm thinking that you're a very odd girl.'

'I dare say that I am, but how can I help that? Mother died when I was five years old, and father couldn't afford to put me out, so he used to lock me in all day, till he came home from the river; and it was not till I was seven years old, and of some use, that the door was left open. I never shall forget the day when he told me that in future he should trust me, and leave the door open. I thought I was quite a woman, and have thought so ever since. I recollect, that I often peeped out, and longed to run about the world, but I went two or three yards from the door, and felt so frightened, that I ran back as fast as I could. Since that I have seldom quitted the house for an hour, and never have been out of Fulham.'

'Then you have never been at school?'

'O no—never. I often wish that I had. I used to see the little girls coming home, as they passed our door, so merrily, with their bags, from the school-house; and I'm sure, if it were only to have the pleasure of going there and back again for the sake of the run, I would have worked hard, if for nothing else.'

'Would you like to learn to read and write?'

'Will you teach me?' replied Mary, taking me by the arm, and looking me earnestly in the face.

‘Yes, I will, with pleasure,’ replied I, laughing. ‘We will pass the evening better than making love, after all, especially if you hit so hard. How came you so knowing in those matters?’

‘I don’t know,’ replied Mary, smiling; ‘I suppose, as father says, it’s human nature, for I never learnt any thing; but you will teach me to read and write?’

‘I will teach you all I know myself, Mary, if you wish to learn. Every thing but Latin—we’ve had enough of that.’

‘Oh! I shall be so much obliged to you. I shall love you so!’

‘There you are again.’

‘No, no, I didn’t mean that,’ replied Mary, earnestly. ‘I meant that——after all, I don’t know what else to say. I mean that I shall love you for your kindness, without your loving me again, that’s it.’

‘I understand you; but now, Mary, as we are to be such good friends, it is necessary that your father and I should be good friends; so I must ask you what sort of a person he is, for I know little of him, and of course wish to oblige him.’

‘Well, then, to prove to you that I am sincere, I will tell you something. My father, in the first place, is a very good-tempered sort of man. He works pretty well, but might gain more, but he likes to smoke at the public-house. All he requires of me is his dinner ready, his linen clean, and the house tidy. He never drinks too much, and is always civil spoken; but he

leaves me too much alone, and talks too much about human nature, that's all.'

'But he's so deaf—he can't talk to you.'

'Give me your hand—now promise—for I'm going to do a very foolish thing, which is to trust a man—promise you'll never tell it again.'

'Well, I promise,' replied I ; supposing her secret of no consequence.

'Well, then—mind—you've promised. Father is no more deaf than you or I.'

'Indeed !' replied I ; 'why he goes by the name of Deaf Stapleton ?'

'I know he does, and makes everybody believe that he is so ; but it is to make money.'

'How can he make money by that ?'

'There's many people in business who go down the river, and they wish to talk of their affairs without being overheard as they go down. They always call for Deaf Stapleton : and there's many a gentleman and lady, who have much to say to each other, without wishing people to listen—you understand me ?'

'O yes, I understand—Latin !'

'Exactly—and they call for Deaf Stapleton ; and by this means he gets more good fares than any other waterman, and does less work.'

'But how will he manage now that I am with him ?'

'O I suppose it will depend upon his customers ; if a single person wants to go down, you will take the sculls ; if they call for oars, you will both go ; if he considers Deaf Stapleton only is wanted, you will remain on shore ;

or, perhaps, he will insist upon your being deaf too.'

'But I do not like deceit.'

'No, it's not right ; although it appears to me that there is a great deal of it. Still I should like you to sham deaf, and then tell me all that people say. It would be so funny. Father never will tell a word.'

'So far, your father, to a certain degree, excuses himself.'

'Well, I think he will soon tell you what I have now told you, but till then you must keep your promise ; and now you must do as you please, as I must go down in the kitchen, and get dinner on the fire.'

'I have nothing to do,' replied I ; 'can I help you ?'

'To be sure you can, and talk to me, which is better still. Come down and wash the potatoes for me, and then I'll find you some more work. Well, I do think we shall be very happy.'

I followed Mary Stapleton down into the kitchen, and we were soon very busy, and very noisy, laughing, talking, blowing the fire, and preparing the dinner. By the time that her father came home, we were sworn friends.











